EMPIRE CLUB SPEECHES

1941-42

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THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

Portrait by W. Eason Humphreys

C. R. SANDERSON, ESQ., M.A., B.Sc.
President of the Empire Club of Canada, 1941-42

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO THE
MEMBERS DURING THE
YEAR 1941-42

Thirty-ninth Year of Issue

GOD SAVE THE KING

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TORONTO, ONT.

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The Royal Empire Society of London, England, and The Empire Club of Canada at Toronto were both founded for a single purpose and with a common aim:—The strengthening of the bonds of unity within the Empire. This mutual objective is prosecuted with vigorous enthusiasm by the members of these organizations on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

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THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

"WINSTON CHURCHILL"

AN ADDRESS BY

MISS PHYLLIS MOIR

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, May 15, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a double privilege today to extend on behalf of The Empire Club of Canada a welcome to so many guests and also at the same time to present to this extensive audience Miss Phyllis Moir, who is known to us all as the authoress of a book which is being talked about in Britain, in Canada, in the United States, and even in Australia. To be able to say: "I was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary" is an achievement. To be able to tell that story in so interesting a way as Miss Moir has done is perhaps even a greater achievement

Miss Moir has divided her life almost equally between Europe and this continent. Her family is still in England. Her brother is a clergyman in Suffolk, where he is also an Air Raid Precautions Warden, responsible for the civilian air defence programme on one of the most badly harassed fronts in the country. And when she was in Britain herself she was Private Secretary to other internationally known people besides Winston Churchill,—Lord Derby, Sir Neville Henderson, Lord Robert Cecil.

After she came to live in the United States she was the Managing Editor of *The Forum* magazine, until it was joined with *Current History*. She is still on the staff of the combined journal. In addition to that she presides over the destinies of one of the important United States lecture agencies. It is obvious that Miss Moir's drive and energy are just as great today as when her talents were being applied to the affairs of Winston Churchill.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have great pleasure in presenting to you Miss Phyllis Moir. (Applause.)

MISS PHYLLIS MOIR: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Thank you very much indeed for this cordial welcome. This visit to Toronto brings back vivid recollections of the last time I was here. I came in the company of the Right Honourable Winston Churchill and his daughter, and we stayed in this hotel. As a man who is easily pleased with the best of everything, Mr. Churchill and his party took over the Royal Suite—every inch of it!

We were nearing the end of an extensive lecture tour which had taken us across the United States and finally brought us here, where Mr. Churchill addressed an enormous gathering in the Maple Leaf Gardens.

It was here in Toronto an incident occurred that demonstrated the fighting quality in his make-up that we all admire, a quality that exults in meeting difficulties and mastering them.

Some of you here today may remember that in the middle of his speech at Maple Leaf Gardens, the amplifying system broke down. Mr. Churchill didn't notice it until cries of "Louder, Louder," began to echo from all parts of the enclosure. Now, here was a situation to unnerve many an experienced speaker. The thought of it makes me quail, but not Mr. Churchill. I can still see him advancing resolutely to the edge of the platform and raising his hands for quiet. Then he took the portable microphone which was attached to his lapel, held it aloft for everyone to see, and with a dramatic gesture, flung it to the floor. In a loud resonant voice he thundered, "Now that we have exhausted the resources of science we shall fall back upon Mother Nature and do our best." Then, just as though nothing had happened, he went on with his speech and held his audience spellbound to the end. I remember they gave him a great ovation—cries of "Good

Old Winnie! You've done it again! Nothing downs you!"

When an American publisher asked me to write a book about Winston Churchill the man—not the statesman—for the statesman is his own best biographer—I was faced with the problem of how to make this incredibly gifted man credible to the reader. We all know close contact with the great is generally disappointing. No so with Mr. Churchill. The more closely and carefully you observe him the more his stature grows.

I think *prodigious* is the word that best describes Winston Churchill the man—artist, orator, soldier, journalist, proud father and devoted husband, a connoisseur of food and wine and beauty, a passionate lover of life, of its great moments and its small pleasures.

It was this side, the human side of Churchill, that I saw as his secretary throughout the lecture tour. There were five of us—Mr. Churchill, his daughter Diana, Louis J. Allier his lecture-manager, Sergeant Thompson from Scotland Yard, who is still with him by the way, and myself. We travelled together, visiting and sight-seeing together for some months.

Under such conditions, of course, one gets to know a person very well, especially a man like Winston Churchill, who is always completely himself.

The thing that strikes everyone who meets him for the first time is his overwhelming personality. It seems to fill any room he is in and to overflow it on all sides. I remember a prominent American impressario, a man who for twenty years had been introducing celebrities to the public, came away from his first meeting with Churchill in a daze. "All I could consciously think of was how in the world I could get out of the man's way", he afterward confessed to me rather ruefully.

Mr. Churchill's personality is an army with banners, and the banners are many and different. But one thing they have in common: all are patterned on the heroic scale. In his character there is no twilight, no smallness, no petty compromise. His talents are the product of the most extraordinary combination of brains and breeding, hard work and good fortune, self-conscious and unbounded patriotism, that have ever been assembled under one chimney pot hat.

One of his former secretaries, who is now a well known novelist, has described the experience of working for Mr. Churchill as "an exercise in exhaustion". I wouldn't go quite as far as that but I admit I found it fairly strenuous.

That 100-horsepower Churchillian mind can generate more ideas in a day than some people have in a lifetime.

In 1914, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and the world still had an uneasy peace, Churchill used to amuse himself by writing a series of memoranda to his fellow Cabinet Ministers. He called them "Imaginative exercises, designed to disturb complacency." All his life he has taken keen delight in disturbing the complacent. It is no wonder that a few years ago the *London Economist* called him "an uncomfortable person to have around".

Today, Britain's Prime Minister has six secretaries, I believe. But I still think it isn't enough. He could keep a round dozen busy all the time. Mr. Churchill's idea of relaxing from politics and speech-making is merely to indulge in different forms of activity, such as brick-laying, painting, or writing. But I have always thought that good conversation is probably his favourite hobby.

They tell a story around New York of Winston Churchill's meeting with Mark Twain, when the young Englishman came to the United States for his first lecture tour in 1900. Even then Churchill was known as a passionate conversationalist and so, of course, was Twain. A friend who saw the two men going off together after dinner took a wager that Twain would succeed in doing most of the talking. When they emerged some time later, somebody asked Twain how he had made out. "Well," said Twain, laconically, "I had a good smoke".

During my association with Mr. Churchill I came early to the conclusion that he is always at his best when his back is to the wall. It is for this reason that he seems to the whole English-speaking world, including the United States, to have become the spokesman for the democratic way of life. As Dorothy Thompson has so aptly said: "When Churchill speaks there are no neutral hearts".

Of course Mr. Churchill has always been an eloquent speaker. Today when his voice reaches us over the air it is not merely the magic of his words that moves us. It is the compelling sense that this man is in himself the pledge that "liberty shall not perish from the earth", that the things of the spirit are unconquerable.

Only two months after Churchill had shouldered Chamberlain's legacy of defeat, a young British soldier wrote these words to a friend in America: "England, at last, is a real nation, really led; a handful of brave, resolute men, and one genuinely great man at the top. The whole rhythm of our national life has changed. We think virilely; we hold ourselves as men who know what we must face and what we must do. We are alive again".

How did Mr. Churchill, in so short a time, succeed in dispelling the doubts, the fears, the hesitations, that had plagued England throughout the first winter of war? How did he infuse in his countrymen the spirit that is now the wonder of the democratic world? He did it, I think, by his own unquestioning faith in the greatness of ordinary men and women. It has always been his belief that mankind can rise to any ordeal, however terrible, can endure untold suffering, even death, for the sake of a good cause. After he himself had once been at death's door, he wrote these very revealing words: "Nature is merciful and does not try her children, man or beast, beyond their compass. Live dangerously, dread naught, and all will be well".

It is this resolute will in the face of danger that has so captured the admiration and affection of the American public. The American estimate of a man is apt to be simple, founded on his ability to take defeat in his stride, to triumph over adversity, to win through to victory when the chances of victory seem negligible. There would have been far less sympathy for England among the people of the United States had things gone well for England from the outset of the war. From the moment that Great Britain became an island fortress with every man, woman, and child in the front line, the tide of American feeling turned strongly toward England.

What happened? Volunteer organizations in aid of Britain appeared everywhere. Even the foreign policy of the country was transformed by the passage of the Lend-Lease Bill. Today most people in the United States believe that aid to Britain must be made effective. What still divides them, however, is the question of the most expedient means of insuring this. From being merely the agitated fringe of the crisis the United States has become the centre of the crisis.

You know, it is really astonishing to come from the strife of a country at peace to the peace of a country at war. Here in Canada your decisions are taken, your course is clear, and you have peace within yourselves. But in the United States we are uncertain and confused. We stand on the brink of momentous decisions. We know that they must be made, and that, whatever they may be, the consequences will affect the lives of all Americans for long years to come. That is why today there is raging in the United States a debate more tense, more violent, and more widespread, than any since the Civil War.

I have been told by Canadian friends that echoes of that debate are heard in Canada but the causes are not understood. Let me say very humbly that I am no expert in these matters. I speak only as one born in England, but a resident of the United States for some twenty years. The American people know they are confronted with a life and death issue—whether to continue the present policy of aid to Britain, short of war, or whether to adopt more drastic measures regardless of the consequences. There is no question of ceasing aid to Britain. The crucial question is: What risks are we willing to adopt in giving that aid?

Now, in this debate there are many varying shades of opinion, but there are in general two major divisions. There are those who, led by members of Mr. Roosevelt's entourage, notably Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Bullitt, Secretary of War Stimson, and Secretary of Navy Knox, believe that the United States must now assume any risks required to secure an eventual British victory. The other group, as most Americans recognize, is a minority. This minority is not overwhelmingly important numerically, but it is very important vocally. It commands certain channels of communication and publicity, and it commands these largely because its leaders have a high publicity value. Colonel Lindbergh, one of the leaders of the "America First Committee", is its most notorious spokesman. Many Americans regard him with sympathy because of his heroic exploit in flying the Atlantic, and also because of the tragic disaster in his personal life. This sympathy is what secures him a hearing with the public, but he is not heard because anybody assumes that he speaks with either knowledge or authority on foreign affairs. He has the prestige of a confused and slightly tarnished hero.

Senators Wheeler and Nye, and other less well-known isolationist Senators, are relics of a period in which American disillusion with European politics crystallized in a determination to stay out of foreign entanglements. The bitterness of the attack made by Colonel Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler on aid to Britain has, however, served one significantly useful purpose. It has given the majority something to shoot at. It has, in a sense, focussed and made articulate majority opinion.

Under the American democratic system a decision on a great issue is supposed to reflect not the opinion of the Administration but the actual wishes of a majority of the people. In this crisis, therefore, President Roosevelt is pursuing two courses simultaneously. Through the public utterances of members of his Cabinet he is furnishing such lead as he can for public opinion; but he is withholding his final decision so that the wishes of the people may phrase it for him.

Now you might think that Mr. Churchill, more profoundly aware of dire emergency than any other individual in the world at this time, would betray some impatience—for he is by nature an impatient person—with American indecision. The fact that he does not is probably due to his own personal experience. I do not think he has forgotten that for years he was a prophet in the wilderness, a minority of one against the complacency and inertia of British leadership and British opinion.

There is a tragic irony in the fact that only when Mr. Churchill's prophecies of disaster had been proved true, was he called upon to lend his wisdom, his intellectual brilliance, and the force of his personality, to the counsels of His Majesty's Government.

I was in London on the memorable 28th of September, 1938, when Mr. Churchill stood alone against the general desire for peace at all costs. The evening papers called him "an alarmist", "a Tory Cassandra", and lightly discarded his prophecies of disaster. Just before returning to the United States I visited Virginia Wolfe and her husband. They, too, were convinced that Munich was only a reprieve, a breathing space in which to prepare for the conflict ahead. We talked of the possibility of new leaders. Mrs. Wolfe reminded me that England's greatest strength was her ability to produce a leader when one was needed.

Well, we all know England did produce a leader. Mr. Churchill was assigned the role he had so long waited for, but only when the whole stage threatened to collapse under him at any moment. Almost instantaneously he rallied the morale of the British people. To the world it looked like a miracle, but, knowing Mr. Churchill, I believe that he accomplished it by the power of his own belief in the ability of every man, woman, and child, to do what he expected of them. There is no such word as "impossible" in Mr. Churchill's vocabulary. I know that from experience. When I worked with him I found myself blithely accomplishing seeming impossibilities which I would never otherwise have attempted.

Now, he has welded the whole British nation together—Duke's son and cook's son—in a bond of human solidarity before the common danger.

My mother, who lives in a town that is being very heavily bombed, wrote to me recently. She told me that they were not afraid of anything. She has several times been blown out of her bed but she still insists on going to it. She will have nothing to do with an air raid shelter—she is a very intrepid old lady—and she ended up with these words (and Mr. Sanderrson has asked me to tell them to you): "I trust in God and why should I be afraid?" (Applause.)

How far Mr. Churchill has infused the common people of England with his own resolute spirit of defiance must be clear to you if you have seen a picture that has been widely reproduced in the United States. It is a news picture of a little boy from London's East End, Frederick Harrison, aged 6, standing feet squarely planted on the ruins of his home, his jaw set in a grim challenge, his arm protectively around his baby sister whom he has just dug out of the debris. To me that childish figure will always be a symbol of the indomitable spirit of Britain and its great leader.

June, 1940, was perhaps the grimmest month in England's history. It is characteristic of Winston Churchill that danger should have wrung from him the most stirring and the most beautiful utterances of his career. It was characteristic of him to call the darkest hour in England's history her "finest hour". At the moment when the world assumed defeat to be imminent Britain's Prime Minister asserted the power of a moral victory, a victory over fear, doubt, and recrimination. More than two thousand years ago a Greek poet voiced what Mr. Churchill in that dark hour achieved:

"To stand, from fear set free, to breathe and wait,
To hold a hand uplifted over hate".

A few nights ago the Nazis bombed Westminster

Abbey. It was impossible for any English-speaking person to read of the damage to that ancient shrine without a feeling of profound emotion. The Abbey belongs to all of us. It is much more than a physical symbol of our great past. It is the spiritual meeting place of the past with the present, a haven of refuge in time of trouble. I think of it as I saw it last, during the Munich crisis. Through its stately doors there came and went a silent stream of men and women. They came to kneel and pray for the peace that was denied them, or for strength to endure the ordeals that might be ahead.

By his attack on that symbol of much that is great and noble in English life, Hitler has kindled in our hearts a flame that will burn brightly long after the bombing of London has become a memory. I think that I speak for you all when I say that, though Hitler may destroy every stick and stone of our great heritage, he cannot destroy the spirit that has made that heritage endure through the ages.

Two hundred years ago the English poet, Thomas Gray, author of the famous Elegy, wrote a little-known poem, in Latin, and it has just been translated. In it he prophesied another war and an ultimate victory, anticipating by a flight of imagination what has actully come to pass today:

> "The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes,
> To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
> While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
> Stare at the flying fleets of wondrous birds.
>
> England, so long the mistress of the sea,
> Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
> Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
> And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air".

I should like to leave this with you as an expression of what England knows, Canada believes, and the United States hopes for. (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Miss Moir said that whatever Hitler does he will never destroy the spirit of Britain. In that we whole-heartedly believe. What Britain is prepared to face is shown by the arrangements which have been made all over the country for what are called Local Information Committees. A time is envisaged when communities may be completely isolated; when there may be no rail communication, no road communication, no mail, no telegraph, no telephone, no newspaper. And yet plans have been developed to get a bulletin of news to each one of these communities, where a Local Information Committee is prepared to distribute that information within its own area. England has already steeled herself to face physical destruction without moral disruption.

Miss Moir didn't mention Winston Churchill's lisp. I clearly remember the first time I heard him speak, almost thirty years ago. For about the opening two minutes of his address his lisp was a dominant feature; one's mind almost tended to wander from what he was saying. Yet, after the first moment or so, so amazing was the man's personality that one ceased to have the slightest consciousness of any lisp. Frankly, I do not know today whether he has a lisp or whether he hasn't. If he has I do not hear it.

Miss Moir, we owe you a debt of gratitude for talking to us about a man who at this moment is guiding the destinies of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Because of the position which he holds I do not think our desire to know as much as we can of him is intrusive. Certainly, everything that we know, everything that we learn, increases not only our admiration of him but increases our confidence in him.

It is very often said that this is a man's world. *Men* don't say that—they know it isn't so. It is as much a woman's world as a man's. One realizes that the limitless energy, the brilliance of mind, the very genius of men like Churchill, reach their enormous volume of achievement through the assistance of their secretaries. The secretaries of all great men are, so to speak, the essential amplifiers through which the voice of genius is able to speak to a wider world.

But I think, Miss Moir, that you share some of Mr. Churchill's own gift of phraseology. Both what you have said today and the very charming language in which you have expressed it are things we shall remember. We thank you for coming to Toronto; we thank you for coming here and talking to us; and we thank you because you have said so many of the things we hoped you would say, from personal, intimate contact with perhaps the greatest figure in the world at this moment. Miss Moir, will you accept this expression of the appreciation of The Empire Club of Canada and of our visitors for your attendance with us today. (Applause.)

"DEFENCE OF LIBERTY—THERE AND HERE"

An Address By

THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE MALCOLM MacDONALD

High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

A joint meeting with The Canadian Club.

Chairman: The Honorary Secretary of The Canadian Club, Mr. J. Gerald Godsoe.

Wednesday, May 21, 1941

Mr. J. Gerald Godsoe: Gentlemen: Today it is my privilege, and my very proud privilege, to be able to introduce to you one who is only forty years of age, who is a Privy Councillor, and who has been Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Overseas Dominions, Secretary of State for the Colonies and for Dominion Affairs, and, in the Churchill Administration, Minister of Health, which portfolio he resigned to accept that of High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom,—hard-working and able Malcolm MacDonald. It is said of him that at all times he knows where he is going, and, if I may be permitted to say so, in this day and age, when we are able to open our papers and to learn much of Mr. MacDonald's activities and interests—and sometimes even more than he feels he knows himself—we also know where he is going, and we know that he is destined to play an important role in the history of the Empire and in the history of the that grand old citadel across the sea, which today more than ever before means so much to all of us.

In now asking Mr. MacDonald to address the members of the Canadian and Empire Clubs, may I say that it has been our proud privilege to be addressed on a previous occasion by his distinguished father whom we all remember with esteem and with affection—(applause)—and may I say further that today we greet Mr. MacDonald as a worthy son of his father, who in his own way and by his own efforts has reached a position high in the counsels of his country.

Gentlemen: the Right Honourable Malcolm MacDonald. (Applause.)

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MALCOLM MACDONALD: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I thank you sincerely for your welcome and your hospitality this afternoon. It is indeed a great privilege and honour to meet the members of these two famous clubs, The Canadian Club and The Empire Club of Toronto.

Of course, the thoughts of all of us are turned in the same direction, towards a certain little "sceptred isle". When we read the brief prose of those war communiques which announce that the Island's young men have been bombing German invasion barges gathered along the northern coast of Europe, we reflect how apt is the majestic description of that beloved place which was written in poetry more than 300 years ago—

"This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!"
(Applause.)

There have been many testing times in the long and remarkable history of that "happy breed of men", but there was never one so testing as the present. Their Island is being battered, their homes are being smashed, their bodies are being broken, but none can break their hearts! (Applause.) Hitler has some strong suits. He can lead tanks, he can lead mechanized units, he can lead aeroplanes. But, my friends, *hearts* are trumps in this great conflict, the high stakes of which are the destiny of mankind; and the people of the Island have hearts, which are strong and serene and even jubilant because they know, through all their suffering, that their cause is right and good.

I remember one morning when the King was visiting some shattered streets in a poor part of a city which had suffered a terrible bombardment during the evening before. The inhabitants of the place crowded around him. Amongst them were many who had lost their homes and all their material possessions during the night's evil work, but they were laughing and they were cheering. They pressed around the King, seeking to shake his hand, and one burly costermonger shouted to him, "Thank God for a good king". And His Majesty laid his hand on the costermonger's shoulder and replied, "Thank God for a good people". (Applause.) In that democratic exchange of greetings on that ruined street is told the whole story of what is happening in Britain today,—an entire generation of British citizens without any distinction of persons just doing its duty. There are no doubts and no questionings, there are no waverings. They are certain that what they are doing is the "rightest" thing that they ever did, and King and costermonger, dustman and dockman, and maid servant, labourers, professional men, typists, housewives, Prime Minister—every single man and woman there is prepared to conquer or die. They are defending the most precious possession that they have. Without it they don't wish to go on living,—it is their liberty.

We know in Britain what our fate would be sooner or later if we made any compromise whatever with Hitler. He and his brutal narrrow-souled confederates cannot live beside a great independent people. They demand that everyone shall conform to their will. That is their philosophy, the philosophy of a superior, a master race. If ever a philosophy was practised, they are practising theirs. Ask the Jews, ask the Czechs, ask the Poles. When the Jews in Germany and the Christian leaders in Germany, when the Czechs in their native country and the Poles in theirs, refused to bend to the Nazi will, then the Nazi rulers determined to break them to it. They held them in concentration camps, they revived the vilest forms of mediæval torture, and then, when red-hot persecution did not succeed, they turned to a policy of cold extermination. They organized in Czecho-Slovakia and in Poland mass executions by which they got rid of every man who had a glimmering of a pretence to be a leader. They deliberately rendered women who were loyal to their race incapable of bearing more children. They closed the universities and the national schools. They destroyed every emblem and every relic which might keep alive the national spirit, and they calculated that, by these brutal policies, within a generation or so, those ancient independent, courageous nations in Europe would be dead and buried deep in their graves.

Now we know that that is the fate that would await us in Britain if we were to compromise with Hitler, and if Hitler's will were to prevail. But the British people cherish their liberty more than they cherish anything else. The main theme of British history for many centuries has been the struggle of those people to establish their own liberty. And when they had established their own liberty, they set to work to establish the liberty of other peoples as well, for one of the extraordinary characteristics of the British people is that, when they think a thing is good for themselves, they think it is good for everyone else. The most significant feature of British Imperial policy during the last two or three generations has been the deliberate endeavour by a process of constitutional advance similar to their own, to extend freedom amongst all His Majesty's subjects in whatever part of the world they live,--in the Dominions, in India, and in the Colonies. I say "the Colonies" deliberately. I have sat in the chair of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and I know that the main purpose of British administration, even amongst the most backward races in Africa and the South Sea Islands, is to train those peoples always to stand a little bit more securely on their own political feet. We believe in freedom, we believe in the right of people to be themselves. Everything that is good in local ways of life and local beliefs of every tribe, every community, and every nation inside the British Commonwealth, is cherished and preserved, because it is an underlying principle of British thought that all separate peoples in the world shall be free to develop themselves according to their own characteristics, their own native traditions, their own idiosyncracies, their own genius, to the end that each one of them may make its own particular contribution towards a human civilization rich in proportion to its magnificent variety.

And so there you have the central issue in this war,—the issue between a regimented dictatorship as it is today in Greater Germany and the development of an ever greater freedom for all peoples as it is today in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

That theme of the steady spread of freedom for themselves and for other peoples, with but one or two unfortunate breaks, runs true right through British history. In the past we have often had to engage in grim and painful struggles in defence of liberty. The present generation of British citizens who are fighting for liberty again today are only acting in the character and tradition of their own ancestors. We have not always had good and wise kings. I regret to state that some of the Scotsmen amongst them were the most troublesome. (Amusement.) There were two or three of them in the 17th century who sought to establish a personal tyranny by claiming the Divine right of kings. We overthrew them. Well, if we refused to yield our liberty in the 17th century to the Divine right of a king, we are certainly not going to yield it in the 20th century to the diabolical right of a house painter. (Applause.) I have no objection to the fact that Hitler was a house painter; the pity is that he ever became anything else. I believe in the common sense and innate decency and the sterling character of the working man. No society will ever be good which does not recognize and place the highest value upon the dignity of labour. I am proud of the fact that my father was a prime minister, but I am equally proud of the fact that my grandfather was an agricultural worker. Our quarrel with Hitler, Britain's quarrel with Hitler, is not that he started as a house painter but that he ever abandoned that honourable trade for the trade of a gangster who demands that we shall not be free to call our souls our own. On that issue the people of the British Isles will never give way. (Applause.) They will fight, confidently, even though others fail. If the French now choose to default further, they will do us grievous injury, but we shall not be dismayed and we shall not be deterred: we have suffered that kind of experience before and we have survived it.

If ever you feel a little uneasy or a little critical of the reverses which sometimes come to our arms in North Africa and the Balkans and the Middle East, remember that we never expected that we should have to fight alone in the basin of the Mediterrranean. We anticipated that we should have French armies as our allies in that quarter and French territories upon which to fight. We were entitled to expect that we could count firmly on that fact, and all our plans, all our dispositions there, were made on that firm assumption. Then suddenly the French collapsed and deserted us, and the wonder is that, so swiftly after that tragic event, we were able to achieve such successes as we have had. It is a tribute to our resourcefulness and our resilience. It is a tribute to the generalship of our leaders over there, and it is a tribute to the intrepid valour of the Australians, the New Zealanders, the South Africans, and the Indians, who have come from far-distant and various shores to share the honour of fighting and dying for human liberty. (Applause.)

I do not believe that the issue of this war is in any doubt, because the spiritual strength of these free peoples of the British Empire will long outlast the brittle discipline of the enslaved German nation, long outlast it. Even in our moments of greatest material weakness those spiritual qualities have given us a certain advantage. Remember this: we shall never be so weak in relation to the enemy as we were last June when France collapsed and we were left alone with an army which had lost almost all its equipment and weapons and ammunition, waiting for the invasion of the Island. If we were able to survive those black days last June we shall survive anything that the enemy can do to us now. (Applause.)

It is quite true that the enemy has built up a mighty armament. It is quite true that his material strength is much greater than ours today. But remember this: he has been preparing for this war for six or seven years; he has come to the maximum of his tremendous output of war weapons and ammunition; we have not yet come to our maximum. By gigantic leaps and bounds we and our friends are still increasing our production of guns and shells, of tanks and ships and aeroplanes. And when our material strength is the equal of his, then those other spiritual qualities of our people will make decisive the victory that we shall gain. (Applause.)

The issue of this war is not in doubt. The only question is this: when is that day of victory going to come? Well, you people in North America can answer that question better than anybody else. The answer to that question lies in the shipyards and the factories and the arsenals of the United States of America and of Canada. It is from them that there will come the material resources which will be decisive in this conflict.

Canada has a magnificent work to do in this war. Canadian labour has as honourable and as vital a part to play in bringing victory as has any other element of any of the belligerents in any part of the world. Every blow of the Canadian hammer forging a war weapon, every rivet driven into a Canadian ship in a Canadian shipyard, every successive completed stage of a gun or ship or tank or aeroplane in a Canadian factory, is shortening the war. I know how good is the spirit of Canadian munition workers in your factories here. It is as good as the spirit of their comrades in munition factories in Great Britain. I am beginning to familiarize myself with the manifold practical details of Canada's great war effort. For instance, I visited a munitions factory the other day *somewhere in Canada.* I went into the shops, I saw the giant machines at work, I watched every stage in the production of a certain important implement of war, and I watched the finished products leaping out of the presses, 1,000 of them, 10,000, 20,000, 30,000, 40,000, 50,000, 60,000—more than 60,000 every week out of that one factory, out of one shop in that one factory. And I watched the men at work and I was told that those men had worked seven days a week every week since the factory first came into production last October. That is the stuff to give us victory. That is the stuff to give our troops in Britain, to give your troops in Britain, to give the Commonwealth troops around the Mediterranean, and to give the men, women and children who are the citizen soldiers in Britain, defending today your liberty and mine. We are in honour bound in Canada to see that those people do not suffer their present ordeal one minute longer than is absolutely necessary.

Let me say something about another activity here in Canada, which is a most powerful reinforcement to the Commonwealth's gigantic war effort. There are many such activities but I want to refer to only one of them. It is the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. In numerous air-training schools scattered throughout this Dominion, safe beyond the reach of the marauding enemy, there are thousands not only of young Canadians but also of young Australians and New Zealanders, men from Great Britain and from Newfoundland, all learning to use their wings.

The Dominion authorities in the Air Ministry and the Royal Canadian Air Force, who are responsible for the organization of that great air-training plan, are to be warmly congratulated. They have been so efficient that the air-training plan is already months ahead of its schedule and has grown far beyond the bounds of the original plan. (Applause.)

Now one of the most important elements in this war, from the military point of view, is mastery over the air. The Air Training Plan in Canada has gained us priceless material advantage, and I believe that it is going to make decisive our air-mastery over Germany before many months are out. (Applause.) I have been to some of those air-training schools, and I do not know of a more thrilling experience anywhere. I went, for instance, four or five days ago, to one of the biggest of them. There was an enormous area of cleared flat ground. On its edge were grouped the school buildings. Across its length and its breadth there stretched a number of wide, long runways. There were hundreds of young men actively engaged over the ground on their various tasks, and all day long the ground and air were alive with those yellow-bodied training aircraft. I watched pupil after pupil in plane after plane practising taking-off, circling around, and landing again. Taking-off, circling around, and landing again. Taking-off, circling around, and landing again. Perfecting themselves. And I tell you that sight gave me tremendous confidence. There is a famous statue of the Classic Age of Greece which is called "The Winged Victory". Those young men in the air-training plan are the winged victory of the modern age. They and the Canadian workmen whom I have spoken about, and all the rest of you here, know perfectly well that the troops and the citizens who are fighting in Great Britain are defending not only the liberty of that Island, but also the liberty of Canada. They are defending the liberty of all the Dominions; they are defending the liberty of free men in every part of the world.

The difference between this war and many of the wars of the past is most significantly illustrated in the titles of their battles. In those old wars battles were called by the names of small towns and villages—Waterloo, St. Julien. Those famous names are the names of villages and they were events in campaigns which were designed to conquer countries. But this war is on a much more gigantic scale. In this war the battles are called by the names of whole countries and they are successive events in a campaign which was designed to conquer the world. There were the battle of Poland, the battle of Norway, the battle of Holland, the battle of Belgium, the battle of France, the battle of Greece. They have all been lost, one after another, but the battle of Britain is still going on. (Applause.) And as sure as you and I sit here, if any mishap were to occur which caused us to lose that battle of Britain, it would be followed before very long by the battle of America. It might start with the battle of South America, but the battle of North America would follow very shortly afterwards. You have the Germans already trying to procure from the North African and West African colonies of the French, bases for waging that battle when the time comes.

However, my friends, I have seen the people in Britain fighting the battle of Britain; they are not going to lose that battle. With your help, they are going to win it, and so avert the danger which threatens the shores of North America. They are not alone. The peoples of the Commonwealth are not alone. We have many brave and faithful allies. There may be small nations whose bodies are lying prostrate under the feet of the conquerror today, but the spirits of those nations live on in their armed forces who are gallantly fighting by our side. We have a Polish army and a Polish air force in Britain; we have a Czech army and a Czech air force in Britain. There are Norwegian sailors and men of the Norwegian air force in Britain, and I am going to have the honour this afternoon of visiting other Norwegian airmen training in Little Norway.

There are by our side fighting forces of many more of those small peoples. I tell you, the British people are guarding today the hopes and the liberties of all mankind. It is the greatest enterprise that we have ever undertaken. It is the most sacred trust that has ever been placed in our hands. Let us fight on today and every day until our ideal is accomplished, let us conduct ourselves so that we shall prove worthy of that trust. (Applause.)

MR. J. GERALD GODSOE: The Honourable G. Howard Ferguson will thank Mr. MacDonald for his address.

THE HONOURABLE G. HOWARD FERGUSON: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I am indeed grateful to you for giving me the honour and pleasure of saying a word in appreciation of the splendid address we heard from Mr. MacDonald. I would like to say at the moment that I have a rather close relationship with Mr. MacDonald. He served with conspicuous success as Secretary of the Dominions when I was in England, and I must tell you that in England, in all England, Canada had no greater friend and no one more deeply interested in the welfare of this country than Mr. MacDonald. He was a great inspiration to me as he has been to you today. He was always anxious to co-operate in any feeble efforts I made while I was there.

And moreover, I think it is fitting that you should select one forty-year-old to congratulate another forty-year-old on an occasion of this kind. Mr. MacDonald does not need any introduction to Canada. You know he has been here already six times, and we have begun to look upon him as a Canadian living abroad when he is in England.

We are to be congratulated again in having amongst us one who has had such an excellent training and such a splendid background, and who has the diligence and the enthusiasm required for his work.

As Mr. MacDonald said to us so exceedingly well, this war is unique in the history of wars. Usually it is a question of territory. Usually it is a case of aggrandisement of some kind. But in this war the issue is much wider and broader and more significant. We are fighting not for a country alone but for a cause, and a cause that is confined within no geographical limits and knows no national boundaries, a cause that spreads throughout the world, a cause for betterment and security of the individual rights of the human race. Mr. MacDonald has pressed that home to us, and has done a great deal not only to portray to us the actual conditions that exist over there but also to enthuse us in the cause in which we are so deeply interested. I am bound to say we have plenty of enthusiasm if we only knew some place to use it. All over this country thousands of young men are clamoring to be permitted to take an active part in this war, and Canada in the end will be able to produce and put into the field many times more men than we have already in our enrolment. That is not by any means confined to this loyal old province. I have just recently returned from a trip to the far west where I spent a good deal of time in British Columbia and Alberta. I found the same spirit existing everywhere. Local issues have been submerged, the political spirit has been restrained. Everybody is concerned and determined to make a success of the cause that means so much for humanity.

Mr. MacDonald, speaking on behalf of this splendid audience composed of these two major groups in Toronto, I take very great pleasure in thanking you for a very excellent address which we shall all remember long.

"THE SECRET OF THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN"

AN ADDRESS BY

SIR NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.

A joint meeting with The Canadian Club.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Tuesday, September 16, 1491

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: The Canadian Bar Association, the Province, and the City, have already extended to Sir Norman Birkett the full warmth of their reception. Today it is the privilege of this joint meeting of The Empire Club of Canada and The Canadian Club to welcome him and to express to him our very sincere appreciation of his kindness in sparing time to come and talk to us.

Even before the war, Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, urged that Democracy should be extremely watchful of its liberties. During this generation, legislation has been extending more and more into social life. The aim undoubtedly is to establish a higher standard of life. But the tendency is that it becomes progressively difficult for any single legislature to deal with the increasing volume and extending minuteness of that legislation. The result is that details in statutes are left to be filled in by Orders in Council, and Government Departments and Commissions themselves become law-making bodies. They make law, they administer law, and they try offences against the very laws which they have made. Lord Hewart urged that we should be watchful lest Democracy might be supplanted by Bureaucracy.

Our own Chief Justice, Sir William Mulock, whose chair is here, and whom we had hoped to have with us, has put his own finger on that same weakness. Perhaps I might say he has hit with his fist at that same weakness, because he is no gentle fighter.

Along similar lines Sir Norman Birkett is urging that even now, at this time when Democracy is fighting for its existence against a foreign foe, it should be watchful lest its liberties are internally weakened. There is an urgent need, when a country is fighting for its life, that it should shut up—and keep shut up—those who are enemies within its own borders and who may strangle or sabotage its efforts for self-preservation. But Sir Norman Birkett urges that, even at such a moment and under such conditions, the inalienable right, in a Democracy, of the individual to an unprejudiced and impartial trial should be preserved.

Many years ago, a friend of mine, an Austrian Jew, told me that in his country they had a maxim: "As upright as a British judge". Gentlemen, British legal traditions, British legal character, British legal integrity, ride high, whether in the Mother Country or in the Dominions. And our guest speaker is one of the influential and outstanding representatives of the ethics of his profession. (Applause.)

There is no need for me to introduce Sir Norman Birkett to this audience. But for the benefit of those people who are more distant and who are listening on the air, may I say that he was educated at Cambridge; he had the privilege which is given to the outstanding member of the University in his year of being President of its famous Union; he has been a member of the British House of Commons; he is a King's Counsel; he has been a leader in some of the most outstanding trials of our time; he has been knighted by his King; and when war came, he abandoned his practice and offered his services to the British Government. One thing that perhaps isn't quite so well known is that Sir Norman and Lady Birkett made their house in the country available for use as a convalescent home for Canadian soldiers, (Applause.) Gentlemen, I present to you Sir Norman Birkett. (Applause.)

SIR NORMAN BIRKETT: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: My first manifest duty is to acknowledge the very great honour you do me in inviting me to address this large and representative assembly; and if anything could heighten and deepen that pleasure, Sir, it was the kindness of your introductory observations which made me for the first time almost fail to recognize myself.

When I was honoured by the invitation both from The Empire Club and from The Canadian Club, I said I would be glad to address them separately or to address them jointly, for when I came to Canada I determined to come in the spirit of the old local preacher in England who was overheard praying before he went out to his important duties, "O, Lord, use me; use me, O, Lord, even if it is only in an advisory capacity".

Mr. Chairman, I well remember my visit of four years ago, and the kindness which I then received upon every hand made me a lover of Canada and of all things Canadian. So you will understand the sense of honour and pleasure I experience at this moment in being invited for the second time.

You, Sir, referred to my very dear friend, Lord Hewart, from whom I received a cable only yesterday, expressing his admiration and affection for the people of Canada. I well remember when he came to Canada he said, "When the Queen of Sheba went to visit King Solomon, it is recorded she came 'with a very great train'. That was before the days of the C.P.R." Four years ago, when I came to Canada, I came by a noble ship, the Empress of Britain, and when the Empress of Britain was lost, I felt that something fine and something noble had gone out of the world. But I felt at the same time the absolute surety that the day will come when another Empress will ride the sea, a symbol of the indomitable, the unconquerable spirit of man, and of Canada, and a symbol also that, though the enemy may damage, may destroy, there are certain things which are indestructible. One is the unconquerable spirit of man.

This time, Mr. Chairman, I didn't come by a noble ship sailing the seas but—I can scarcely believe it even now as I stand here—I came all the way through the skies and found the world literally contracted to a span. Canada brought physically closer. But I have also found in all the meetings and in all the people that I have met that the spirit of Canada also is closer and dearer than ever. (Applause.)

So, Mr. Chairman, in whatever else I fail, let me succeed in this, that you understand how deep, how profound is the sense of honour and privilege I experience at this moment.

Now, Sir, I came fresh from a country which has endured two years of war, and I should like to take the opportunity which presents itself today of saying one or two things about that country, about its people, and about its experience. For I am one of those, Sir, who believe that, when the historian of the future comes to recount the glories and the trials of our day, its hopes, its fears, its triumphs, its disasters, its moments of heartbreak, its moments of exultation, he will write it with a golden pen, and, in that detached, judicial atmosphere of that far-away historian, he will record of a surety, in the words of the British Prime Minister, "This was their finest hour". (Applause.)

It will be quite impossible for me within the short compass of an address of this nature to present to you a full picture. The scene is too large and the emotions are too near. But there are one or two things one can pick out as illustrative, which are symbolic and suggestive, and the first is this. It is an almost astonishing thing that in Britain at this moment there is a law upon the statute books under the Emergency Powers Defence Act, which places at the disposal of His Majesty the person and the property of everybody in Britain. All we have, all we are, at the disposal of His Majesty! But, Gentlemen, the real importance of it lies here. That statute, that order, binding upon all the citizens of Britain, was passed by the British House of Commons in a very dark moment, when the news spread through London that France was no longer to be found fighting at our side. It was at that moment that the free representatives of the people in that home of freedom, the British Parliament, gathered all their resources, all their strength, all their power, and by that decisive and symbolic act flung it in the face of the enemy. And the astonishing thing which runs through every phase of British life at the moment is that, although the compulsory powers are there, they are scarcely needed.

It is true that we have conscription for the army, from 18 to 41, and all the classes from 19 to 37 are already called up. Britain is an armed camp. But we have over a million and a half in the Home Guard who responded to the call when the threats of invasion loomed near, and manned every town and village throughout the land within the space of a few short days. We have nearly a million women recruits in the Women's Voluntary Service for civil defence. Ninety per cent of our Civil Defence workers—our fire fighters, our A.R.P. wardens, our shelter wardens, our ambulance drivers—are voluntary, and the important, vital matter to remember is that the real spirit of Britain, despite criticisms here and criticisms there, mainly directed to the fact that our war effort is not as powerful as it ought to be, the whole spirit of the nation may be described in those famous words, "Here am I, send me".

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, there must be some reason for this remarkable manifestation, and there is. Let me try to state it to you in a few simple words. The people of Britain, like the people of Canada, like most people, were lovers of peace. Many in Britain were living for too close to the last war to wish for any repetition of the carnage, of the suffering, that came then upon untold millions. They loved peace. They were ready to make sacrifices for peace and, even during the years when it was known that Germany was arming, the hope was still kept alive in the minds of men that the disaster would be averted, and that peace would still reign. And there were many who believed in 1938 that in that desire for peace we had gone very near to the part of dishonour. But in March of 1939, when Moravia and Bohemia were seized in flagrant violation of sacred promises given, there was an instantaneous change. Men knew then and knew with certainty and faced it with clear eyes, that the disaster could not longer be postponed. The danger could be no longer averted and in their hearts men took the resolution that there could be no more peace, that there could be no more safety, that there could be no more security, until this evil thing should be destroyed and we should stand upon the further shore, and from that moment there began to arise that spirit which in these later days has so gloriously manifested itself. (Applause.)

Now, what were the reasons, Mr. Chairman, for the remarkable spirit which then did manifest itself? Again, let me try in a sentence or two to enumerate them. The first was this, and it has been growing day by day until now it is recognized everywhere. All the things that the ordinary people in Britain love, all the things which make up for them their way of life, all the things which they have prized and treasured, all the things for which their fathers have fought, the people of Britain realized and realize now, were in danger, every single one of them, and they were determined to preserve them, whatever the cost might be. They saw with their own eyes this first thing, that the word of Hitler was a broken reed. It could never be relied upon. They had hoped against hope through the years that peace might be preserved, and, when they suddenly found that, in dealing with our own statesmen, lies, deceit, trickery, were continuously employed, and whatever you may say about the British people—and don't let me for one moment put them on a pedestal where they ought not to be; they are very much like you in almost every way—one thing that they are keen about, as you are too, is that, in the ordinary concerns of life, let alone in the high domain of statesmanship, a man's word should be his bond. (Applause.)

And then they saw equally clearly, because the record was before their eyes, they saw that innocent people, going about their peaceful tasks, loving their institutions as we love ours, were suddenly struck down and struck down with the accompaniment of the same pretexts, the same lies, the same deceits. And all over Europe at this moment in which I am speaking to you, there are millions of people who treasured their institutions as you treasure yours, and as we treasure ours, people who desired nothing more than to live their lives in peace and to make such contributions as they were able to the good of mankind, suddenly, without any reason whatever, struck down, their freedom taken, their rights abolished. And the British people saw this on an increasing scale.

The third thing they saw which struck very deeply into their hearts and consciences was that individual rights were of no account, that those things which have been our very life blood and, indeed, the life blood of many other nations, to the aggressor nations were of no account whatever. The individual counted not at all. And more than individual rights were struck. There were great communities, Jewish communities, who were treated with a barbarity and a cruelty which shocked mankind.

There were the British people, desiring peace but irrevocably determined that a peace where such things could be was not worth having, and that life itself under such terms was not worth having.

So it came about that, day by day, and hour by hour, through these long two years of war, the British people have been serene, unshaken, undismayed, though passing through the greatest ordeal that any people have ever been asked to pass through.

What is the secret, therefore, of what I have called "The spirit of Britain"? It requires more than courage, I always think, to evoke and manifest and display that spirit about which I have been speaking. Where you have a people utterly unaccustomed to this kind of warfare—warfare from the skies with all the unimaginable horrors of the unknown—it requires more than courage to display the spirit which quite ordinary people in Britain have displayed. Mr. Chairman, I firmly believe that, if such things came to the people of Canada, to the people of Toronto, exactly the same spirit would be displayed. I am convinced of it because the thing which sustains, the thing which inspires, is that what the people are passing through must be endured because of the greatness of the issues at stake.

I could tell you of the remarkable manifestations. The British people have never been very good at explaining, they have never been very articulate, but I think they have been rather good at a crisis. There was one old lady down in one of the worst bombed areas of London. The authorities were trying to get her moved to a safer area, and she wouldn't go. Despite all appeals, all adjurations, she wouldn't go. So they said, "Well, why won't you go?" "Well", she said, "when the shells begin to burst at night and the bombs begin to fall, somehow it takes my mind off the war".

It is a most common sight on the morning after a raid, to find the little shopkeeper trying to open his devastated premises, and putting up little notices: "More Open Than Usual", or the deeper tone, "More Blasted Open Than Usual". Everywhere, that same fine spirit is displayed. And, as I say, the secret of it is that the people of Britain realize that all that they value in life is now at stake. And let us make no mistake about this. The aggressor nations have made it quite plain that they do intend to destroy freedom. The aggressor nations have made it quite plain by their actions that they are already engaged upon that task of destroying freedom, and although the British people—I dare say like the people of Canada for the most part—have never read Magna Charta, wouldn't know a great deal about the Petition of Rights, or the Bill of

Rights, or the Habeas Corpus Act, or any other of the great constitutional documents—they would be mere words—and although freedom, in that sense, is not upon the lips, yet, believe me, freedom is in the heart, and the people of Britain are lovers of freedom, and lovers of justice, and they realize at this crisis in the world's history that those things are at stake.

Some years ago in Britain, as illustrative of the deep-seated desire for justice, there was a case in which I was myself concerned, in which the allegation was that a young girl who was going to give evidence in an important case had been bullied by the police. That was all. She had been bullied by the police. And there was such a stir in the House of Commons that the Home Secretary of that day appointed a Special Commission, quite a rare thing, presided over by one of the most eminent of the Lord Justices, which took many days simply to ascertain the truth or falsity of the allegation that the police had exceeded their authority. The whole of England was alert, vigilant, because the rights of that unknown girl were alleged to have been infringed by the police.

In the midst of this very war in which we are now engaged and in one of its very darkest moments, the Government brought into the House of Commons Regulation 18 (b), which is a regulation, as you probably know, which gives the Home Secretary power to make an order interning any British citizen, upon the grounds named in the order, but the British House of Commons said to the Government, "Take it away, take it away, and, until you put in more safeguards for the citizen, we won't let you have it". The Government wisely bowed to the decision of the House of Commons, and withdrew the Regulation, and brought it back after consultation with the House of Commons, putting into that Regulation the important safeguards for all people who are interned under the Regulation, so that no man in Britain is at the mercy of an arbitrary power. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I mention these things to illustrate how deep-seated in Britain is the sense of justice. I say that the great books of our literature are not read by all. Milton is not on every tongue, but the thing which is instinct in the word "freedom" is very, very deeply engraved in the heart and in the conscience of the ordinary folk.

Just let us for a moment, and only for a moment, analyze it. So often it is said in these days that freedom is the issue, that liberty is at stake—and indeed it is—that the expressions become mere phrases and begin to lose their import, their significance, their meaning. Let us just examine them together for a moment. What do the British people themselves understand when they think about freedom and about justice? Simply this: their right to live their ordinary lives, without undue interference from the state or from their neighbours, secure from tyranny, secure from oppression, and, above all, secure from fear. That is what they understand. The love of home, the sacredness of home, that a man's house is still his castle, that the power of the secret police or of any other police to invade it should be confined by law, the right to worship, the right to speak, the right to think, the right to read. In a word, the right to live the ordinary man's life as to him seems best, so that he may develop his individuality and make such contribution as he can to the common rule. That is the kind of idea which invades the minds of the British people, the kind of idea which, although not put into words as I am putting it, is nevertheless felt in the blood. The British people at this moment really know that the issue which is being fought out is whether those things are still to live, whether, as a people, they are to be deprived of them or whether they are to continue to possess them—all those things which to them have become so very dear.

And the other strong and abiding matter which the British people feel so deeply and so keenly, is that not only must they be secure from any oppression of their rights by their neighbours, but that also they must be made secure from any oppression by the State. (Applause.)

And we feel in Britain that it is the law, it is the law, which can maintain those liberties which are so dear to the people of Britain.

I had the very great pleasure of addressing The Canadian Bar Association. It is my purpose to travel to the United States of America to address The American Bar Association, and I have spoken here, and hope to speak there, about the contribution which has been made in days past by the law to the preservation and the maintenance of those liberties which we now enjoy. Perhaps I might just say now, though reference was made from the Chair today to the part played by lawyers, that in my own country wherever oppression raised its head, whether it was from the autocratic ruler, or whether it was from an autocratic government, it was the lawyers of that day and generation who made war upon it, and the contribution which has been made by the lawyers of Britain to the liberties we enjoy is beyond all praising and beyond all calculation.

But, for my part, I always feel that I should like to end what I have to say upon this note. I always feel that there is laid upon the lawyers a very special obligation, a very special trust. If you were to see, as I have seen, the ordinary folk—the plain people, as Abraham Lincoln used to call them—if you had seen what I have seen, how, in disaster and difficulty and in the long trials which they are called upon to face, they have displayed such magnificent spirit, you would feel, as I feel, that lawyers are constituted, and in a very high sense constituted, trustees for such noble people.

When I speak of the big things like the bombings—a city bombed for fifty-eight nights in succession—the great cities with all their centres devastated—people homeless—that is only one side of the picture. There are other sides—blackouts—rationing—all the necessary restrictions and regulations which war time brings and imposes. But all are meant and all are received in that same magnificent spirit of good humour, with spirit serene, unshaken and undismayed.

And I say it to the lawyers, particularly, to whom liberty has in a very special sense been entrusted, that there is a very special and solemn obligation. I should like to say also that, to everybody who cares for these things, that same obligation comes with immense force.

I have found myself over in Canada, in this lovely sun, with the lights on at night, with the cars with their headlights—things which I hadn't seen for nearly two years—and I sometimes find it very difficult to cast my mind back to the blackouts and the restrictions. It is to me the most heartening thing, the most inspiring thing, to feel that in Canada, where there might be a temptation to say, "Well, it is no business of ours, we have had too much trouble with Europe, you get into your troubles, you get into your difficulties, you get into your wars, and you expect us to come and help you out",—thank God, nothing of that kind *is* ever said. And it has been the most inspiring and the most heartening thing to me to find that, everywhere I have gone in Canada, there is the same eager desire to help.

My kind host, who drove me down here today, said a thing which also inspired. Speaking about some matter, he said, "Tell us what to do and we will do it". That is the spirit which I have found and I would like to say to you that it is the greatest help and the greatest inspiration and the greatest encouragement to the people at home.

I have drawn you a picture, not too highly coloured, about some of the things the brave people have had to pass through and the way they have done it, but you know, in your own life, what a grand thing it is in time of difficulty to have a friend by your side, somebody whom you trust, ready and eager and willing to help. That is just how the people of Britain feel about the people of Canada, and, when I see every day of my life the Canadian soldiers walking down the streets, see them in the country towns, see them everywhere, I realize that, if that invasion comes —and for twelve months we were living in the belief that it might be around the corner—it will be the grandest thing in the world to have the help of such fine, upright, soldierly men, who are there to defend our land from every act of the aggressor.

Now, my time is practically done. Would you allow me to finish with a quotation which the Prime Minister of Britain used, because I can think of nothing better with which to finish, even though it be well known:

> "Say not the struggle naught availeth,
> The labour and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, nor faileth
> And as things have been they remain.
>
> If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
> It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
> Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
> And, but for you, possess the field.
>
> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
>
> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward, look, the land is bright!"

(Applause—prolonged.)

MR. A. B. WARD: Gentlemen: there is no story that is closer to our hearts than the story of Great Britain and her people in her finest hour. Sir Norman has rightly interpreted our desires in bringing us the message that he has given us today. Perhaps, like the old lady that he mentioned, it has helped to take our minds off the war. How rarely are we privileged to hear from one who knows the people of Britain, not only in their hour of danger but from long acquaintance, and who is also so closely acquainted with their great leaders! We in Canada hope that Sir Norman will be able to go home and give an account of what he has seen in Canada and to inform those leaders that we here are strongly and surely by their side.

Sir Norman, you have done us a great honour today in being with us and bringing this inspiring message, and, on behalf of The Canadian Club and The Empire Club, jointly, it is my pleasure to extend to you our most grateful thanks. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON : The meeting is adjourned.

"WITH THE PRIME MINISTER IN GREAT BRITAIN"

An Address By

GREGORY CLARK

A Special Joint Meeting of The Empire Club of Canada and The Canadian Club.

Chairman: Mr. W. Frank Prendergast, President of The Canadian Club.

Tuesday, September 23, 1941

MR. W. FRANK PRENDERGAST: Gentlemen, the guest-speaker of The Empire Club and The Canadian Club today is Mr. Gregory Clark, of *The Toronto Star.* Mr. Clark is known personally to many of you in this room, by reputation to you all and to many thousands of people throughout Canada. The son of a distinguished journalist, Mr. Clark is himself a journalist of great distinction. He has the essential qualities required for that profession: keen observation, sound judgment, tolerance, and a bright, dynamic style with which he mixes up, when occasion requires, a great deal of humour and very bright wit. Mr. Clark has been three times to the theatre of war. First, he accompanied the Canadian troops to Britain, early last year. We have all read of that expedition. Later, he told us of the heroic episode of Dunkirk. Just recently Mr. Clark went abroad again, accompanying Mr. Mackenzie King on his journey to Britain. I am sure that in that trip he made many interesting observations and that he will have much of very great interest to tell us today.

I think these two Clubs are very fortunate indeed that, so soon after his arrival home, we should be privileged to listen to his story, which is of intimate concern to all of us who are gathered here. It is necessary that Mr. Clark's address begin precisely at a certain moment and, accordingly, that I cease precisely at a certain moment. It is a little difficult, with a somewhat antiquated timepiece, to arrive at a correct balance in that respect. I can tell you, when you hear the first musical note of Mr. Clark's voice, it will be precisely forty seconds after one-thirty, Eastern Daylight Saving time.

Mr. Gregory Clark: Mr. Chairman, Fellow Guests, and Gentlemen: It is hard to know where to take off in a speech and harder still to know where to land at the end. But if my own friends and acquaintances are to be gone by, then the first thing everybody wants to hear is an off-the-record actual between you and me account of the famous "mixed boos and cheers" incident of the Prime Minister's first contact with the troops overseas.

Personally, I am an old veteran of "boos and cheers". And in this gathering I have already noted a fairly large number who share that with me. I was at Camp Borden in 1916, when we gave Sir Sam Hughes the good old "one-two". That, if you recollect, started with purely vocal commentary and ended in an all night riot. I was also at Tinques at the Canadian Corps sports show in 1918 with some 60,000 Canadians, who had only seven months before voted almost 100 per cent for Union Government. I may say in my battalion only one vote, as far as I am aware, was cast for old Sir Wilfred, and I think I lost it to Colonel Herb. Lennox—you know how those votes were very discriminately scattered across Canada where they were most needed and mine would hardly be noticed in Herb. Lennox's poll. Anyway, seven months later, after that famous soldier vote, the successful incumbent of all that power chose Tinques sports day to visit the troops. And I can recall very clearly my astonishment to hear the boys "boo" that distinguished gentleman and his civilian entourage, and can see him yet, lifting his hat elegantly in all directions at the boys, who did not discontinue the irreverent sounds until the gentlemen in "civvies" had retired from the field and the sports proceeded.

It was with mixed shivers and chills that I learned, on arriving in Britain, that the first contact the Prime Minister was to have with the Canadian troops overseas was at a sports day near Aldershot. To those in authority around the Prime Minister, I communicated my memories of previous encounters between troops and gentlemen in public life. But to no avail. It was without the slightest trepidation that Mr. King went to the sports day.

Now, in Britain the censorship forbids you to mention the weather in your dispatches until five days later. We could not tell you the picture in its true light because there was, that Saturday afternoon, a regular deluge of rain. English rain. All day rain.

Here, in a little grandstand like a county fairground grandstand were jammed several thousand Canadian troops. There were delegations from all divisions and all arms. How those delegations were chosen, I can't say. But being an old soldier myself, I think it safe to submit that some of the boys would rather have been about their own devices, this rainy, dreary Saturday afternoon, than watching races and jumping events being run off in the mud under the direction of army sport directors.

Now, the Prime Minister of Canada is expected. And at a certain time, the programme of events is halted and officials are to be seen hurrying about and peering down entrances and making ready for a proper reception. But . . . . we were 25 minutes late. And the runners in their shorts and the jumpers and the other contestants stood about in the rain and the boys in the grandstand grew restless.

Then suddenly we arrived, a little company of about 12 or 15 bedraggled "gents in civvies" ducking in the rain, and, sure enough, our entry was greeted in the good old spirit, and one hearty voice amidst the scattered clapping, cheers and hyahs and so forth suggested "throw the bloody civilians out". Our welcome was described by some observers as "mixed cheers and boos". Now, when you take the West Toronto junior hockey team to Winnipeg for the finals, one carload of Toronto supporters goes along with the team. And when, at Winnipeg, the Toronto team comes out on the ice, there is a giant "boo", amidst which the little cheers of that one scant carload of partisans is wholly lost. Yet when the Winnipeg team comes out on the ice and there rises a mighty and whelming cheer, such is the mysterious quality of a "boo" that you can distinctly hear, amidst that encouraging roar for Winnipeg, the sour note of that one little carload from Toronto. As one who has been all his life more interested in almost anything you can mention than in politics, that is a fair description of the sounds that greeted us. And when at the end of his brief address, delivered from the middle of the sports field in the rain, the Prime Minister walked the full 50 yards back to the grandstand, he was cheered all the way in and everybody stood up for him as he took his chair.

Most of the sour notes had come from the right hand end of the grandstand, so I wandered down to that end to have a look, and imagine my astonishment—or was it?—to find there the delegation from a famous Toronto regiment looking full of mischief and highly tickled. I knew a good many of them, having not only crossed over in the same convoy with them in December, 1939, but having spent a more perilous journey with them in June, 1940, and we exchanged signs and greetings. I indicated to them how long they would doubtless be in the clink for their vocal contributions of a moment before, and they retaliated with remarks much more to the point than some of the editorial commentaries on my dispatched account of the incident.

Three days later, when the Prime Minister was inspecting the troops, we came to the same regiment. It was no sports day now. There they stood, in their magnificence,—and I will tell you more of that magnificence presently,—and, as the Prime Minister walked up and down the serried ranks, greeting a man here and there, pausing to speak to individuals who, for their age, whether old or young, caught his eye, this same regiment stood like a rock and paid the Prime Minister every honour that a regiment can show. And, at the end, when he walked out and stood hatless, looking back at them, the Colonel turned to his regiment and gave the command for cheers. Now I do not know whether you are familiar with the manual of ceremonial or not. But I will describe what a cheer is. The Colonel gives the command: "So and So regiment; doff head dress!", head dress being the euphemism for tin hat. And as one man, the regiment doffs its head dress. "So and so regiment; three cheers for the Prime Minister of Canada." "Hip, hip"; and three times the hills roll to the sound of a regiment's cheers. Then the commanding officer says, "Such and such regiment, resume head dress." And as one man, the regiment puts back on its tin hats. That, Gentlemen, is a cheer.

And it was pleasant, that fine sunny afternoon amid the pleasant hills of England, to catch the eye of some of my friends as they stood so fine but with such a grin in their eyes, and to contrast the incident of three days earlier, when, in the rain, our little band of civilians had stood a little anxiously, and very abashed, amidst the great company of men in khaki, while the Prime Minister walked out to the centre of the sports field to say his little say.

Continuing for a moment the human interest angles of the Prime Minister's visit. I think the flight by bomber itself has certain aspects that have not been mentioned heretofore. Those huge machines, as we are all tragically aware, will carry a total of 22,—the crew of 4 (pilot, co-pilot, engineer, and radio operator) and 18 passengers. Even that is far from capacity, of course, because what they will carry in weight of bombs and fuel far outweighs 22 men.

But these machines are not equipped to carry passengers, and 18 men are about all you can put inside on narrow mattresses in any comfort, amidst the machinery, the mechanical equipment of the bomb bays, and all the intricacies of tube and pipe and wire and baggage however minimum.

In our machine were only 10 passengers plus the crew, the Prime Minister; his companion, Brigadier George Vanier; his secretary, Walter Turnbull; the Under-Secretary of External Affairs, Norman Robertson; the secretary responsible for speeches and addresses, Mr. Pickersgill; Handy, the stenographer; McNichol, the Prime Minister's valet; Andy Carnegie of Canadian Press; Brian Tobin of British United Press; and myself, representing not so much *The Star,* but the *SNS*, or *Star Newspaper Service,* the largest newspaper syndicate in the British Empire. Norman James, the photographer, had gone on ahead four days earlier in another bomber. We were not to have been four days behind, but a little misadventure delayed us. The mighty bomber that was to carry us over had been dolled up a little in the Prime Minister's honour. Two chairs had been built into the machine, one for the Prime Minister and one for Brigadier Vanier, who has an artificial leg as a souvenir of his having been commanding officer of the 22nd Battalion in the old war. There was also a bunk rigged up for the use of these two older men.

The ship was given its final tests after the dolling up, and went into the air over the airport to check engines. It stayed up a couple of hours while all was checked and found right. Then they started down. From the wings, at the touch of a button, the landing gear dropped properly; but the landing wheel in front, in the nose, did not come down. So they went up again and worked at it. But down that wheel would not come, so they had to land on their nose. And land on their nose they did, squashing quite effectively all that frontal elevation of a big machine. And we had to wait two days while a new nose was built on us, and a wheel installed that would come down without any question. And then they had to take the big ship into the air again for another exhaustive test flight to make sure nothing had been jarred loose in the little accident. In fact, we arrived at the airport at 8 a.m. and had to wait three hours before the ship was finally passed by the inspectors. The Prime Minister sat in his private car on a siding during these three hours awaiting his first flight in a plane.

The Prime Minister had never been higher off the ground than he could jump, in his whole life. And his first flight was to be across the Atlantic in a bomber. And he was kept three hours waiting in his car on a siding. Those of you who have done any flying will recollect that your first flight had something in common, say, with your marriage. You suffered the same sensations. A slight personal anxiety. A sense of the irrevocability of your undertaking. But the Prime Minister was the least concerned of us all when it came to boarding the plane. His reactions were those of a boy as we sailed into space, and at bomber speed and high in the air raced across the glorious sunlit expanse of Quebec, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. We crossed the Atlantic at night going over and had breakfast in Britain. Coming home, we flew above clouds all the way—took off on a murky, rainy dawn, climbed up through the clouds into the sunlight, and paced hour after hour across the wide Atlantic with never a glimpse of anything save a vast floor of clouds that looked like last week's buttermilk. Sixteen hours, unbroken flight, we came home, diving down out of the clouds. We gained five hours, of course, coming home in 16 hours, beat the sun out of five hours. After breakfast in Britain, I came out in the dawn and picked a purple aster from a flower bed. I was wearing the aster at tea in Canada, before five in the afternoon.

Going over, the Prime Minister was, as I say, like a boy, filled with the pleasure and thrill of this journey and the great sights of earth we saw in the afternoon. Coming home, he and all the rest of us were bored stiff. He spent the whole day intently reading the mass of documents he had accumulated in his visit to Britain.

He saw the army, the navy, and air force,—not all of them, only the first division actually, and only four of our squadrons. He saw the ruins of London under the personal guidance of that great lover of London, Herbert Morrison. He saw great ports and studied their destruction and their incredible survivals, under the guidance, not of public men, but of sailors, engineers, and the men who make those machines of survival. But the bulk of his time and the centre of his attention were devoted to contacting in person the men with whom he has been in daily, hourly contact for two years by a perfected system of communication, wireless, document, and airborne dispatch bag.

Now—how is Britain? I have had the extraordinary privilege of having been three times to Britain and three times to France in this war. I saw both England and France in those far off days of the winter of '39 and '40, before the great blow fell. I have seen apathy and disunited effort and complacency. I was in the disaster in Flanders and saw the agony of France. I was back two weeks to watch the staggered awakening of Britain. Then back a third time to France, 10 days after Dunkirk was all over, and left France the day Paris fell. Then a few weeks more, to watch the effects of this great loss on the British. Now, after a year, in which Britain has been pounded with all the hate the enemy could summon in triumph and seeming victory, how stands the little fortress?

First, it seems to me the ire, the anger, have gone out of them. When disaster strikes you, your first fear and excitement are shot through with an instinctive anger. Then you settle down to fight the fire or handle the boat or rescue your friends, with a cold, cautious, alert, and almost patient determination, in which there is no shadow of anger any more. I think that was my impression of Britain on this last visit.

In the whole visit, I did not meet an irate man. And that for Britain is something. Even a year ago, after Dunkirk, you were still conscious, in Britain, of the formulae, the patterns, the usages and customs, which were thought to be an indispensable feature of British life. Those patterns, formulae, usages and customs, are all gone. There is only the one pattern now. And it is the pattern of cold, implacable determination, which binds all classes into a unity it is impossible to exaggerate. There are no rich or poor any more. They are all poor because the material value of everything now cannot be thought of at all. And all rich, because they have been literally through hell together, and discovered in the journey an extraordinary kinship to one another. No Briton I met this trip thought well of himself, he was so preoccupied in thinking well of his fellow Britons, if you understand me.

Everything is rationed. Their food, their clothes, their time—each man is rationed out so many hours of duty as fire watcher or warden or guard. Yet the streets of London and Glasgow are filled with people, they seem to be shopping and hasting about their business. I can think of no difference between Oxford St. in London, or a street in Glasgow, and Yonge St. in Toronto right now or at 5 p.m.

Yet the ruins of London, if gathered together in one area, including the great ruins like those around St. Paul's and Holborn and Mooregate and the Great Victoria St. and Hackney, and added to them all the single, solitary one house or two house ruins of those insane random bombs the Hun dropped in that long, dread winter, would make a city almost as great as Toronto. So I heard one engineer aver. And there is not a city in the islands that has not suffered its share. Yet to try to tell about the ruins of London is one of the most curious difficulties in the art of expression I have ever attempted.

Here is one thing we did to try and get around the problem. At our hotel, situated between the Marble Arch and the west end of Piccadilly, we propositioned a taxi driver as follows: "Drive us," we said, "as far as you can without letting us see any ruins". And for 9 and 3 he drove us up around the park, around Kensington, and the Edgeware Road, through block after block of business streets, and, except for a few false starts where, half turned into a block he suddenly remembered a single smashed house, and except for only a few glimpses of ruin that looked more like construction jobs, alterations and repairs than ruins,—so wonderfully have the repairs been done,—he drove us that long 9 and 3,—which in London is a good long ride,—and brought us back to the hotel.

"Now", we said to him, "drive us where we will see as much ruin as possible". And he turned in from the park, and twisting and turning down past Berkeley Square, in towards Piccadilly, over past Oxford St. where we could see the ruins of Lewis's great store which he had so skilfully avoided on the previous tour, that old man—and all the taxi drivers of London today are grandfathers—took us towards Holborn with never a block but had its neatly extracted house, or its half-block ruin, and we came at last to Holborn, and then St. Paul's, and so on down past Great Victoria St. to the Bank of England, and out along the Thames, and the docks, and the slums that have vanished in staggering areas of neatly piled rubble. And that little jaunt cost us 16 and 9 with a whole pound to the grandfather who, with gestures of his arm, had indicated to us the scars of London.

One of the strangest things the Prime Minister saw in his tour of the ruins was in the area lying between St. Paul's and High Holborn, where that whole area of The City, so called, was wiped out by fire on December 21 last, and they had constructed, out of the brick and stone of all those buildings, a huge water tank for the storage of water for the emergency fire pumps in the event of another attack. Norman James thinks his picture of that water tank, made with those historic stones and bricks, is the most British picture he got on the trip.

Our troops overseas—we have never had anything like them. Our first division is, to all intents and purposes, a division of regulars. In our old war we never could get to the shape these men are in. After a few months training, we were into it and shot up and refilled with new men. Never, never could we quite catch our step. This division has been two years in training, has weeded and trimmed and had the pick of the drafts. Frankly, I say I have never seen such soldiers. When this war is over, whatever happens to those divisions in the meantime, we will receive back to Canada, not the men we were in our time, civilians turned soldier and full of battle and of honour, but a body of men far more deeply grained as soldiers, full of a far longer comradeship than we were afforded in our war, filled with thoughts and ideas they have had the time and the occasion to ponder as we, in our time, did not.

Before I went over this time, I had heard many stories, and had some letters from friends in the army, regarding how fed up and bored they were. But in their midst, in not only the first but the second and third divisions which I had time to contact, there was no trace of any such spirit, unless you call the impatience of men to be at their enemy being bored or weary. It seems to me the average man is not a letter writer, and he will compose themes in a letter that do not quite jibe with the true state of his mind. I found no bad news of them for you. I found them sinewy, lean, magnificently trained, with a discipline that made me hot with envy, a readiness of mind and heart that made me think, not so much of what they will do to the enemy, but of what a day it will be to have these men, heirs of a rather shabby age in those nineteen thirties, back with us in Canadian life, conditioned as they are now.

It is time I began to think of my landing now, and it occurs to me that two interviews I had overseas—one with General McNaughton and one with Air Commodore Critchley—would be of interest in our attitude to the one thing that is foremost in our mind—the war effort. Coming from Canada, where criticism of the war effort is so lively, it is highly disconcerting to encounter in Britain nothing but praise—and warm and seemingly most sincere praise—for Canada's war effort. There are any number of easy rationalizations of this conflict of opinion, with the Atlantic lying between, but it is time we all stopped seizing the easy thing first.

General McNaughton said to me for publication: "It will not be by force of numbers we will win the war, but by our inventiveness and thoroughness in the army and our inventiveness and thoroughness in the supply of war materials".

We can never forget that two German divisions, equipped and highly trained in the use of a novel method of warfare against which no defence existed, routed over three hundred divisions of traditionally equipped and trained Dutch, Belgian, French, and British divisions. Of course, those German armoured divisions were followed up by a great number of traditionally equipped and trained German divisions.

After a few months' absence from Britain, what would strike you most forcibly of all is not that all hands are working like mad, but all heads as well; that the war effort of Britain is not heart alone nor hand and heart, but genius. That industrial and technical genius of Britain, which conquered the whole world of trade in the past century, is at the front of Britain's war effort.

And this is manifest everywhere: in the aircraft we were privileged to see; in the air fields and stations scattered all over Britain; in the machines; in the mechanisms; in the guns and equipment of every imaginable sort, as strange to eyes only one year absent from Britain as was the German equipment to those divisions which tried to stand before Dunkirk. Necessarily, all that is new must be secret, must be manufactured secretly, and employed as secretly as possible in training.

Air Commodore Critchley (who happens to be in Canada now), who is in charge of initial training for the air ministry, told me that by instinct and experience and background, it was now abundantly clear that Canadians were, above all others, gifted for flying, that the wastage in training was so considerably less amongst Canadians that, in his opinion, considering the increasing part aircraft have to play in this war, every effort should be made to conserve Canada's manpower for the air force. He said he looked with envy on the Canadian army in Britain and wished for the day the air force could raid the army already over there for men supremely equipped for the air.

These two statements from officers deep in the experience of this war, shed possibly some light on the puzzle of that contrast between the Canadian and British attitudes toward our war effort. In all directions in which the war effort of Canada is already declared and fully revealed, we cannot push too hard nor demand too much, if we are to breathe the same air with the British people. But there is that realm of surprise, not only in policy but also in the creation of new and decisive materials of war, of which we are forbidden to know anything. In our attitude towards the war effort, it seems to me we fall into two parties. The one maintains that there is not enough, and their point of view, if carried to its full conclusion, would lead to the maximum production of materials and men, consuming capital, materials, and work hours to the full, with no thought of how suddenly, as Flanders demonstrated, a whole mighty tradition can become obsolete. The other maintains that our war effort is ample, that there are doubtless secret policies and secret materials and plans which, like the happy ending of a movie, will save us all in the end. There is, however, a middle road, and that is to apply to this great problem the same processes you would apply to business or industry: first, to study the situation; second, to decide upon a plan; third, to put the plan into execution.

And in the study of the situation and the decision upon a plan, Canada cannot, never could, function alone. That there will be an enormous speeding up of war effort, not only here but in Britain and America, is already obvious, following the Atlantic conference and the sudden concentration of minds on what appears to be a plan, decision having been reached.

After each of his many attendances at the war cabinet, I would ask the Prime Minister what the main subject of discussion had been. The answer was always the same: "Manpower".

Not by an effort of the will alone can you conceive of war. Not by imagination. In Canada, even at this hour, we are about the stage where the Britons were immediately following May 10, 1940. We are fully aware of what has happened and is happening. We have been told by every means of expression known, what we are faced with. But, as Britain herself knows, it takes more than understanding, more than exhortation. It takes more.

Are bombs the only way of setting fire to the spirit of a people? Is the human will as inert as the past two world-wide years would indicate?

In Canada, thanks to the peculiarities of our political situation as regards not only ourselves but the world around us, we are not in the happy position we suppose. We are in this unhappy position: that this day, this hour, is taking the measure of us all, every man, every woman, every manager, every worker, every preacher, every storekeeper, every young man, every middle aged man; with our satisfactions, with our angers, with our excuses, with our accusations, in the baleful light of a world on fire, we are having our measure taken. Not by an effort of the will alone can we conceive of war.

Who says so? (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: We read about England, we listen to England, but, in spite of all that, every one of us, I think, has a longing to go and see for himself. That isn't possible. But the next best thing is that someone who has been and who has seen should tell us what he has observed. And, Gentlemen, when the person who does that is someone who sees with the trained eyes of an expert observer, and when, in addition, he has the vital gift of being able to put into words what he has seen and so make us see it in turn, this is the nearest approach to going to England ourselves.

I don't think there is a single soul in this room, or a single soul who has been listening over this radio right across the Dominion, who hasn't felt in this last half hour that he has been seeing things with his or her own eyes. No one could fail to respond to the emoton which Mr. Gregory Clark has put into our hearts. And, Sir, all I can say is that speaking on behalf of these two Clubs, and speaking also on behalf of the audience on the air, we are infinitely grateful to you for letting us see through your eyes what you saw on your last visit to that little fortress. Thank you, Sir. (Applause.)

"WHAT I HAVE SEEN OVER THERE AND OVER HERE"

AN ADDRESS BY

A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

A joint meeting of The Canadian Club and The Empire Club of Canada.

Monday, October 6, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen: I think everyone knows of Mr. Baxter's unavoidable delay last Thursday. It was a matter of infinite anxiety to the Executives of both Clubs, and, doubtless, of infinite anxiety to Mr. Baxter himself. So long as there was a chance of Mr. Baxter's being with us it was felt that we might take the risk of going on with the meeting. But when it became known he could not possibly be here, then our judgment—and today's large audience shows that it was a wise judgment,—was that the meeting should be postponed. Although we tried to reach you by broadcast, by the ticker tape, by telephone, by people being asked to pass along the news, we were conscious that, in spite of all our efforts, some of you came down for a meeting that was not held. For that we apologize. But we felt, although you might be disturbed by coming down to a meeting not to be held, you would have been more disturbed had you come down to a meeting to find that the executive officials had known in advance that Mr. Baxter could not be present with us.

Mr. Baxter has made great sacrifices to be with us today. He has rearranged his own personal schedule. I am saying very little if I say on behalf of us all that we are extremely grateful for that. (Applause.)

To introduce Mr. Baxter is a difficult job, because no introduction is necessary. As a matter of fact, every time I say "Mr. Baxter" I am conscious of being a trifle discourteous. When a man has reached his fame he has ceased to be entitled to the prefix "Mr.", and he is known on both sides of the Atlantic, not as "Mr. Baxter", not as "Mr. Beverley Baxter", but just as "Beverley Baxter". He is known on both sides by his contributions to *The Sunday Times* and as the leading political commentator for *The Sunday Times* group, by his contributions to *MacLean's Magazine*, by his broadcasts, by his books. All these have brought him into everybody's life on both sides of the Atlantic, and, as a man of public affairs from the United States said to me only last week, "Beverley Baxter is far more read and people take far more notice of him in the United States than you fellows in Canada think".

Therefore, it is a very great occasion for us that Beverley Baxter should at this time have found it possible to make us a personal visit. He has been outspoken. His comments have brought criticism. I know he does not mind that. He looks upon it as part of his job and actually, at this moment, in this crisis, it is important, signally important, that every idea and every project should not merely be looked at but should be put under the closest x-ray examination. Gentlement, it is my privilege and my pleasure to present to this great audience Beverley Baxter. (Applause.)

Mr. Beverley Baxter: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: May I just in a word add my apologies to those of the Chairman for the upset of last week. The Canadian West, in its obvious desire to entertain our party and show every variety of life and weather it had, gave us in turn, flood, snow, and rain—although the inhabitants of Vancouver implied it was the first rain they had seen for very many months. Regina, unable to compete with sister cities, did the best it could and produced, I think, the only fog they have ever had on the prairies. So, Gentlemen, I could not be here, but I am very, very, honoured indeed that you have come out today in such numbers, and I am very happy to see again so many old friends.

If you will allow me just one personal reference—and then I want to get on with the subject we have in hand—there is today at this table my very oldest friend, a man of whom I conceived the very highest opinion upon our very first acquaintance. It was Dr. Clouse who brought me into the world—I am sorry to say—fifty years ago. (Applause.) He tells me he is eighty-six years of age, which I think shows inflation is in progress. I don't accept that figure at all.

Gentlemen, it has been a great experience to come from the Island of infinite shadows, Britain in the North Sea, with the hot breath of war a few miles across the Channel, to leave that Island with its nightly blackouts, its constant threat of death, its infinite courage and faith, and to come across the seas, and in a few days to cover these great stretches of Canada, where there are no frontiers, where the only walls are the four horizons, where there are the mountains and the two seas between the West and the rest of the world. It is good to breathe deeply, it is good to feel deeply again, because in this part of the world, in a country like Canada, there are hope and promise for the future, solace and sanctuary and opportunity for the troubled countries of the Old World. It is good, and it will be very hard in a few days to say "Goodbye" again, and go back. And yet, Gentlemen, if a man can choose where he can be at a time like this, I would not have been out of England in the last two years for anything which could have been offered elsewhere. (Applause.) To see a country which, like all democracies since the last war, has suffered in turn from indecisive leadership, from confusion of purpose, and bewilderment of counsel, to see that country meet the impact of fates, and shed all that is unworthy, to achieve, not by violence, but by mutual consent, real and absolute unity from top to bottom, and to see that country suffer and prevail, to see it endure its sacrifice and still keep its laughter,—this has been my privilege. Laughter!—when the British cease to laugh that will be a bad day for the British race. British laughter is not the kind of laughter that the enemy likes, because it is the same laughter as that of old Elizabethan buccaneers. Churchill himself laughs, for he is both Elizabethan and a buccaneer. (Applause.)

All these things are having a profound effect upon Britain, not only in the war but also, undoubtedly, in the times ahead. Many, many changes are happening and I think they are significant. One is the new status which women are achieving. In Britain we feel now, or rather the Government feels, that wherever a woman can do a man's job, she must do it—not only in the factories but also in the army itself. We have now a growing and vast Women's Territorial Army in khaki, and they are in the same camps as the men. Whatever a woman can do to release a man for the fighting end of the army, she must do, and the women, of course, as women always do, are rising splendidly to this. You are seeing there many partnerships being formed, and one of them is this partnership between men and women. After the war is over, with women having proved that there are so many more things they can do than was thought possible before, the industrial development and the economic life will feel the effect. Women are going to be partners, just, as I solemnly believe, as the result of this war, labour and management and government will be partners.

Things are happening and one of the most significant is the raised status of British labour, the dignity of British labour, and the out and out patriotism of British labour. (Applause.) I saw something of this. As many of you know, when Winston Churchill assumed office in that dreadful and heartbreaking moment of crisis,—and surely no politician ever assumed office under such conditions, Belgium gone, Holland gone, France reeling back to the ropes, Italy coming into the war, Russia an enigma, and Japan possibly next week,—he said, in his own words, the very thing that Shakespeare had said before, "Come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them".

It was a great moment. But you cannot do it entirely by speeches, you have to have action. Churchill turned for some man who was tough, some man who would drive things with a great frenzy, and he selected our old friend, Max Beaverbrook, who has done a grand job in this war. (Applause.) And, as you know, Beaverbrook looking about him for congenial souls, that is souls who would understand his temperament—and that is a lifetime study, Gentlemen; I spent fifteen years at it and I don't understand it yet—turned to his old friend, R. B. Bennett, who was over there. (Applause.)

Now, Gentlemen, I have got to be awfully careful, and, therefore, it will be quite improper of me to say that it was a bad day for Canada when Bennett left here. (Applause.) Gentlemen, you took me up quite wrongly, if I may say so. (Laughter.) If I may repeat those words—that is one thing I must not say. However, I think it is quite in order for me to say that it was a jolly good day for England when he arrived there. (Applause.) And so Beaverbrook put Bennett to work, and then he put that grand chap, Jack Bickle, to work, and then he put me to work.

It was a great thing to go around those factories. My job was created by Beaverbrook. With his extraordinary knowledge of psychology, he said, "By some luck, by some twist of the fates, Hitler did not arrive at the same time as the troops from Dunkirk. That was the time for him to invade and he didn't do it". Incidentally, Gentlemen, had he come, the one division properly equipped to meet him and able to put up a fine defence, was the first Canadian Division. (Applause.) But Beaverbrook said, "Quite obviously, Hitler is going to try to smash the Air Force. The Luftwaffe is going to try to break the R.A.F. and we have got to have machines. We have got to have them quick. The factories have got to work twenty-four hours a day. Then men and women and boys must work twelve hours a day at top pace and seven days a week".

He said, "You cannot longer treat labour as though they can't think things out for themselves. Tell them the story. Tell them why it is. Carry their judgment with you, and, if you carry their judgment, you will carry their souls".

It was a great experience, a great and unforgettable experience, to go into those great factories, to see sometimes the weakness of the management and sometimes the trouble by labour agitators,—fortunately, but little of this.

Now, although I am a loyal Conservative Member of the British Parliament, in whatever lies ahead, I will be quite content that the future Britain should be built on the loyalty and decency of the British working men. (Applause.)

Well, they began to turn out the machines. The industry had been well planned, but it had been slow in getting up speed, and Beaverbrook, by every unconventional method in the world,—sometimes superb and sometimes almost comic opera,—drove that industry at such a pace that the machines began to come out as if by a miracle.

But the bombing came and that was a problem, because, under the rule of the Home Department, when the sirens went, all factory workers had to go to their shelters. You can see how that meant the loss, the enormous loss, of production. Again, the Government put it to the workers, "Will you accept the roof spotters, who will not warn you until the planes are practically over, and then go back as soon as the planes have passed?" The workers agreed, and many hundreds of them gave their lives because of that,—many hundreds. But, by the time the battle came, we had put into the hands of our pilots enough machines, just enough and no more than enough machines, and the best machines that ever went into the air.

It was a great moment in England's history, and when we give praise to the pilots—and no praise is too high—for winning the Battle of Britain, they must share it with their brothers in overalls, because the factories made it possible.

One of the best things about the war in Britain is that this time there is no cleavage between the man in overalls and the man in uniform. It is a habit of the pilots when off duty to visit the factories, and, as far as possible, we get the factory workers to visit the aerodromes. No pilot underestimates the factory part. I have seen them come back from some of their flights, I have seen them get out of a Hurricane, which has been hit and hit and hit again,—but somehow the strands have kept together and the engine has kept turning,—and I have seen them pat those Hurricanes with their hands like a jockey will do to a horse when it has won a race. They know what part workmanship plays in that.

The Battle of Britain, Gentlemen, was one of the strangest and most dramatic episodes in history. During those terrible days, you could see planes mounting up from behind the trees, climbing into the sky, rallying like horses at the start of the Grand National, and then turning and speeding toward the Channel. All day long they went up, and all day long they came back in formations in which there were not so many as had gone up. Those pilots fought; they went up, not once or twice or three times but sometimes five times a day. Surely, in the whole history of battles, men have never fought like those men. And who were they? Some of them were Canadians,—and I still think the Canadian is the best pilot in the world. (Applause.) Some of them were Australians, some of them New Zealanders, some of them Americans. And among them was Billy Fisk, that brave young American who gave his life, and today, in St. Paul's, the inscription reads, "He Gave His Life For England".

But who were the British pilots who supplied the great majority of the strength of the R.A.F.? Not the sons of the aristocracy, because they still, by tradition, go into the army; not the sons of the working men because, perhaps the standard of education was higher than those boys could fulfil. They came from the little houses, just outside the towns, from the middle classes, the unknown people, the ex-officers of the last war. They were the sons.

And in many cases, because of the harsh economic conditions of the last twenty years, they were the only sons. Every day in *The Times* there is that list of memoirs: In memory of our son, Pilot Officer this, Flying Officer that, killed over the Channel on such and such a date, only son of So-and-So. Over and over again.

Those unknown boys fought on as if the tradition dated back for centuries, and one of the bravest pilots in that fight, Gentlemen, was Wing Commander MacNab, who commanded the First Canadian Squadron. In Saskatoon the other day, MacNab, who was 35—I suppose there are a number of us here who wouldn't mind being 35 again, but for a Hurricane pilot that is a pretty old man, but he was 35—described to me the climax of the battle. He said that the fight had been so severe and the strain so great that none of his pilots could even take the risk of a single glass of beer,—so swift was the battle, so necessary the nerve control and the quickness of the mind, that they did not dare even that. And he said, when this Sunday, September 15th, broke, with its sunshine and the menace of clear skies, he wondered how much longer he could go on. The strain had become so great, both to the Luftwaffe and the R.A.F., things were at such tension, that the question was, which would snap, which would break, because human nature could not endure much longer. On that Sunday the Germans came over, he said, like the Germans came in the infantry in 1914, almost shoulder to shoulder. They came in great massed waves and MacNab took his Canadians up. They saw one wave coming, and behind, higher, another wave, and still another wave, until the skies seemed absolutely black with Germans. The problem was really how to manoeuvre in the sky, because it was so full of fighting machines. The battle went on all day long, and then the Germans threw a great mass of over 500 bombers against London. Against London in the daytime—and towards the late afternoon. But some luck or strategy, or, perhaps, because the British Secret Service had at last heard something—I don't know—the great formation of British fighters were working and shooting the Germans down like cattle. MacNab thinks that on that one day, taking the probable crashings and everything else, the Germans must have lost 500 machines.

When it was over, MacNab and his Canadians came down to the ground—not all of them, but those that had survived. Suddenly MacNab said, "Let's have a bottle of beer". The second in Command looked at him and said, "Mac, do you think the same as I do?" MacNab said, "Yes, this is the end. This cannot go on. They will not come tomorrow". And tomorrow dawned, the sun shone again, the skies were clear, and not one German machine crossed the Channel. (Applause.)

It was a brave and wonderful fight in which the whole of the people of Britain can take some pride. Because of that battle Britain still lives, and because Britain still lives, humanity can still hope, because that it what Britain means.

Then the Germans, of course, terrified of daylight battle which they have never renewed on any scale, tried the bombing of London. What a blackguardly and foolish thing! As if, if London were destroyed to the last brick, it would not rise on the banks of the Thames again. It is absurd! The battle went on and on and on, as you know. One Friday, at the Home of Commons, a number of Canadian officers from Iceland and some Indian pilots came down. We had adjourned at three o'clock in the afternoon, and they wanted to see the House of Commons. I took them around. We went into the Debating Chamber, and they were terribly interested to be shown, and I took them were Churchill sat and told them how we did our business. As we went out we all stopped and looked back. The great old dusty scene, with all the untidy papers on the floor, with all its faults, the British House of Commons!

The next day was Saturday. Dr. Malcolm Sargent was conducting in the afternoon (because all our concerts are held in the afternoon, as you can imagine) Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius", and he asked me if I would come to hear it. The concert went on to the end, with the orchestra and the London Philharmonic Chorus, until it came to that great sustained "Amen", held by the chorus, as the surging chords of the orchestra gave meaning and triumph to it. Darkness came in time that night. The warnings went as usual. The guns opened fire and the bombing started. It was a most concentrated effort the Germans had made, and they destroyed the House of Commons, until, when I saw it the next day, not one stone, not one piece of wood, could remind one that once that was the Debating Chamber of the British Parliament. The destitution was complete. And they got the Queen's Hall, where the "Amen" had been sung, and they got part of Westminster Abbey. The fools! The vandals! As if by destroying the House of Commons they could destroy the Briton's love of democratic government! As if by destroying Queen's Hall they could destroy the new love of good music which is sweeping Britain now! As if by destroying the Abbey, you could destroy the worship of God! Blackguards and fools they were, because that is not the way to defeat the British race. (Applause.)

In all this, Gentlemen, tradition has played a mighty part. I have told you about the Air Force which is making its own traditions. But in Britain, the British Isles, the tradition of other times still counts an awful lot and especially in that magnificent thing, the British Navy. I went down to Portsmouth a few weeks ago to visit a Canadian Captain of the Gunnery School there, a friend of mine, and he asked me if I had ever been on the *Victory*, and I said, "Oddly enough, I have never been on it". He said, "Well, let's go and see her".

So we went to Nelson's old ship. It is in drydock now, so that it won't rot. I can tell you that, a few months ago, a bomb hit the *Victory*, hit the drydock, and some of the girders that held the *Victory* were flung half a mile over Portsmouth. The old ship quivered, shook, but was still there when the explosion had gone. Gentlemen, it is made of British oak, four hundred years old. We went up to the quarter-deck where there is a plaque, "Here Nelson Fell", just as, down in the cockpit, there is a second plaque, "Here Nelson Died".

I said to my friend, the Captain of the Gunnery School, "I suppose this means quite a lot to you". Well, that was getting near an emotional scene for an Englishman, so he rather drew back and said, "Oh, yes, I suppose so—Oh, yes, I shouldn't wonder". Then he said, "As a matter of fact, this greatly impressed the Japanese. When I was in China waters not long ago, I went to visit the Japanese Fleet, and on the quarter-deck of Admiral Togo's battleship, which led in the attack of the last battle between Russia and Japan, they have a plaque, " 'Here Togo Nearly Fell' ". "And", he said, "with that thoroughness which is Japanese, they had a glass case in which they had the uniform that Togo wore, including his underwear".

On the way off the *Victory,* as we were just going down, an officer came on board and they exchanged greetings. I asked my friend who the other fellow was. "Oh", he said, "he is in charge of the destroyers that take the convoys around the Channel. It is pretty tough, they come under gunfire every time".

I said, "What is he doing here?" "Well", he said, "he has got two or three hours off, I suppose, and I fancy he has come to talk to Nelson".

And that is the British Navy today. Whether it is the ship ordered by the German Navy not to use its wireless and to take to the boats, and its answer is to wire its position and open fire and go down with every man on board; or whether it is the Jervis Bay, guarding a convoy far too big for so small a ship, and charging into the raider, firing every gun as she went in flames from bow to stern, with most of the convoy getting away; or whether it is the three cruisers outgunned, which drove the mighty Graf Spee into Montevideo Harbour and left it there in the bottom of the river. They don't bury their dead in England; they keep them working for them. Nelson, Wellington, Sir Richard Grenville, Drake—they have been called back, just as I sometimes think Churchill has been called back from the 16th century to bring a new era of greatness of language and heroism of action to the country of Great Britain and the British race all over the seas. (Applause.)

Churchill's leadership not only inspires us, but I know that it inspires you. It does more than that. He is the one great hope, the one man upon whom they can fasten in the occupied territories of Europe. When France fell, her bitterness against Britain was complete. I have heard many stories from Frenchmen about it. The first change came when Churchill gave the order, one of the most bitter orders that can ever have fallen to a Prime Minister, to fire on the French Fleet at Oran. Our Allies of the last war, our Allies of this war—partners in the *Entente*. With tens of thousands of our men buried in France from the last war, a British Minister had to say "Open Fire" on the French Fleet and kill Frenchmen. The Editor of the Paris *Le Soir* told me that the French got such a shock that they were in a blind fury for a moment; that then they said, "Britain intends to fight, Britain intends to fight"; and that from that moment opinion began to change.

And sometime—I think not yet for a while, but sometime in the future—the British Army, with its Canadian Divisions will cross the Channel and take Calais, preparatory to a great sweep against Germany when we hope the Americans will be coming in from the other side. When that day comes, I prophesy that the French people will rise up with us and give us every help they can. That will come, because the nation that gave to the world those three immortal words, *Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité,* is not going down in one disaster or at the behest of the hucksters of Vichy. France will rise again; Europe will rise again. Those martyrs of Czecho-Slovakia proclaim it. And when that day of resurrection comes, they will owe, the world will owe, much to the man who leads Britain at this hour.

Now, Gentlemen, as my time is up I want just to make a statement, and I think it is safer if I consult my notes in the process. A short time ago, in this room, I spoke to a mixed Canadian and American audience. In that speech I referred to Conscription in Britain and made one or two observations relating to the advisability or otherwise of adopting Conscription in Canada. Certain things have resulted from that incident, and I must ask your patience in allowing me to make a personal statement here in Toronto, not only in Toronto but in the room that might be described as the scene of the crime.

Contrary to one or two reports, I did not come here on a Government mission. Instead, it was to carry out a speaking tour which had been arranged in 1939 by *MacLean's* and which was interrupted by the war. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald thought it might be a good thing to do it now, and the Minister of Information in London agreed to it, giving me my exits, and so on. I had absolutely no conversation in London at all, as to what I should say out here, none whatever, although I imagine that the Minister of Information thought I would be, on the whole, pro-British. (Applause.)

It seemed to me, on arrival, that what Canadians desired was a human interpretation of what is going on in the Old Country, a picture of the changing scene with respect to the war and to the future. To leave Conscription out of that picture, with its profound effect on British life, would have been to give an incomplete and censored review of Britain at war, and, quite frankly, Gentlemen, I absolutely refuse to speak to my own countrymen through a muzzle.

It did not seem to me a fortnight ago, nor does it now, that my remarks in any way impinged the sovereignty of the Dominion of Canada or the right of the Government to dictate its own affairs. We are at war, not only the Old Country, but the whole Empire. We are in a full-out partnership to the death or the victory, one or the other, but it is a full-out partnership. Canada is just as anxious, I know and you know, to make her full contribution, as

Australia, or New Zealand, or Great Britain. And let me say this, Gentlemen, because I have now covered a great deal of the country, the Canadian war effort is greater and more comprehensive than popular opinion here or in the United States believes. It is very big. There is nothing anywhere finer than the Empire Training Scheme. It may prove the vital factor in the winning of this war. Because the greatest naval power is fighting the greatest land power, the issue will be settled in the air, and the Empire Training Scheme will play a great part in that.

But it seems to me there is no real issue involved in the choice between voluntary recruiting and conscription. It is merely a discussion as to which is the best method to carry out the avowed determination of the country, which is to fight with full place. That I gather. It is only a discussion as to the method. It has seemed to me that it might be useful that someone from Britain, someone who is known to you as one of your own people, might describe how conscription has worked in Britain, and, to tell the truth, it has been an enrmous success over there, (Applause.) It is not that it gives us the soldiers that we need. It does that, but it regularizes the position of every man in the factories and in the fields as well as in the Services. It ends the misuse of manpower.

In short, Gentlemen, it is efficient, and, in fighting a super-organized state like Germany, we can only do so with a maximum of efficiency. It was in these terms that I spoke here a fortnight ago. The great Imperialistist organ, *The Toronto Star,* not surprisingly, leapt to the attack and accused me of interfering with matters which were not my business. With this encouragement the rest of that newspaper pack which bays with *The Toronto Star,* gave tongue. The *Winnipeg Free Press,* the *Vancouver Sun,* the *Kingston Whig Standard, Le Canadienne,* and others, said it was intolerant, and they were even joined by the *Toronto Saturday Night,* an austere publication, in saying the same thing.

In fairness and in gratitude, let me say that such responsible newspapers as *The Globe and Mail*, the *Toronto Telegram*, the *Winnipeg Tribune*, and many others, took an opposite point of view, and, I think, a more reasonable point of view. They were glad, and said so, that the Conscription issue had been raised in a manner in keeping with democracy, that is, in the open forum of public discussion, and that the right of the people to debate their own affairs is not yet extinct in Canada.

Mr. Chairman, I apologize to you for taking time to make this statement, but it seemed to me that the issue involved is a larger one than the mere question of whether a certain individual has happened to run foul of a certain group of newspapers, or whether he has outraged the hospitality of his hosts. And I want to submit that it brings to the front this issue, as to whether or not there shall be continued freedom of speech; and, believe me, Gentlemen, if freedom of speech goes, freedom of the press will not hang on much longer afterward.

Finally, I just want to say this one thing. Because Canadians leave Canada sometimes and go to other countries to make their way, must they be spiritually disfranchised? I don't think that is the highest wisdom or the highest statesmanship. In England they didn't object to electing me to Parliament because I was a Canadian; they are glad to have the Canadian point of view and the Canadian temperament in their discussions. It is very hard to throw off the motherhood of Canada. No matter where one goes, no matter where one makes his way, it is the Motherland. Our roots are here. We consider the interests of Canada, we gladly do so, and I still think, when we come back and you do us the honour of turning out like you have today to listen to us, you would rather have us talk, not under orders or not with reservations, but as brothers and friends who are enjoying a frank and generous reunion.

Thank you. (Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. W. Frank Prendergast, President of the Canadian Club: Gentlemen, my experience is that it usually requires a newspaper man to get into a real fracas with the press, so our speaker today has, perhaps, particular qualifications. While we might disagree on some subjects, we will certainly all agree on this, that it was a fortunate day for Canada when Beverley Baxter left Canada to take our point of view to Britain, and to bring home to us, on those very fortunate days when he comes back to us, the story of what is going on over there.

It is quite apparent, Mr. Baxter, that the Ministry of Public Information was right in its estimates of your sentiments in this war, when they expected you to prove yourself pro-British. Their judgment, at least on that occasion, was certainly fitting and proper.

I think there is little reason to say anything more today in the way of thanks to Mr. Baxter. His reputation, I think, has produced a meeting of almost unprecedented size, and his rare gifts as an observer and student will send us all away delighted that we came. On behalf of this audience, I thank you, Mr. Baxter, for coming here. (Applause.)

"MEN MONEY AND MATÉRIEL"

AN ADDRESS BY

CAPTAIN ROSWELL P. ROSENGREN, G.S.C.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, October 16, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: There are some men who throughout their career, by their ability, their drive, their energy, and their personality, manage to blaze a trail of distinction right from the beginning of that career. Such a man is our speaker today—Captain Rosengren. As you look at him, as I look as him, we might guess his age—shall we take the radio audience into our confidence by saying that he appears to be still in his thirties. Yet he has already a great career behind him as well as in front of him.

For the benefit of those people who are listening on the air, may we say that this distinguished citizen of the United States has earned degrees from two Universities; his interests range from dramatics to geology, from debates to law; he has a successful law practice in Buffalo; and the breadth of his interest might be further shown—I take but one instance—by the fact that successively he was President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of the City of Buffalo, of the State of New York, and of the United States of America.

In addition to his law practice, in addition to his other activities, again to take but one further instance of his wide activities, he is on the executive bodies of the American Amateur Athletic Union and of the American Olympic Association, and he is a Director of the Niagara Frontier Planning Committee.

All this shows the wide sweep of his talents. This shows his achievements. And at the present time he is on Active Service with the General Staff Corps of the Army of the United States of America.

On your behalf, Gentlemen, I assure Captain Rosengren that he is warmly welcome here today, and I have great pleasure in presenting him to you to address us on the topic, "Men Money and Matériel". (Applause.)

CAPTAIN ROSWELL P. ROSENGREN, G.S.C.: Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience: To one who for nearly forty years has lived at one point of our far-famed, unarmed border, it is good to be back in Canada. If ever two nations were one by mutuality of free choice, they are Canada and the United States. I have played as a child with your children upon your beautiful sandy beaches and have engaged in friendly combat with your young men in sail-boat races, on the golf course and at squash racquets. In the fields of Conservation and of the Civil Service, it has been my privilege, upon many occasions, to engage in profitable discussion in Ottawa, Washington and elsewhere. As Province President of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, the chapter at the University of Toronto is presently "under my wing".

This recital is made in a spirit of humble pride as an illustration of how closely our lives have been intertwined. We might add an interminable list of delightful social events, admit that the last letter of the alphabet is "zed" and that the proper pronunciation of l-i-e-u-t-e-n-a-n-t is *Lef*tenant, and the fact that my lovely wife was educated at Ontario Ladies College, as "clinchers". Finally, I am proud to appear before this great Canadian audience as an Officer of the Army of the United States.

There are many subjects upon which we might spend a mutually enjoyable half-hour together. These times, however, are much too serious to talk of football, or of hockey, or of even the Civil Service or conservation of natural resources. You are primarily interested in one subject which can be paraphrased in the title of a popular song, "South of the Border".

At the outset it must be clear that the views expressed are strictly my personal views and not the views of the War Department. You must further understand that it is not the province of the Army to become interested or involved in the political questions which produce clashes that frequently result in war. When the President and the Congress have determined that an emergency exists, and the extent of that emergency, it then becomes the duty of the Army and our other Armed Forces to prepare to meet whatever threat exists. The Congress of the United States has loosed the purse and its contents are being rapidly translated into modern materiel and trained men.

In our two countries we have many things in common. Neither of us is a warlike people. Neither of us has found it necessary to maintain large navies for the protection of our world commerce. Neither of our countries has boasted huge arms plants such as Vickers, Krupp or Skoda. We have maintained armies which were little more than token forces. And so for twenty years we reclined in peaceful oblivion.

Suddenly across two ocean highways came the threat of lightning war to rouse us from our double decade of delusion. Persuaded in part that war was a contractual matter to be entered into by the consent of the parties involved, we had come to believe that permanent peace could be maintained over here. The past two years, however, have shown us that countries which hoped and prayed for peace, but failed to gird themselves for war, have fallen wholesale. One nation with lust for world power, has rolled a tide of ruthless savagery over the helpless lands of three great continents.

France fell in June, 1940, a victim of the treacherous machinations from within, destroying that magnificent army which in 1914 stood between the Hun and our democracies.

The other day a friend gave me a copy of an advertisement of the Warner & Swasey Company of Cleveland. It was captioned "Wonder what a Frenchman thinks about". It is worth a moment's close attention:—

"Two years ago a Frenchman was as free as you are. Today what does he think—

"—as he humbly steps into the gutter to let conquerors swagger past,

"—as he works 53 hours a week for 30 hours' pay,

"—as he sees all trade unions outlawed and the 'rights' for which he sacrificed his country trampled by his foreign masters,

"—as he sees his wife go hungry and his children face a lifetime of serfdom?

"What does that Frenchman—soldier, workman, politician or business man—think today? Probably it's something like this—'I wish I had been less greedy for myself and more anxious for my country; I wish I had realized you can't beat off a determined invader by a quarreling, disunited people at home; I wish I had been willing to give in on some of my rights to other Frenchmen instead of giving up all of them to a foreigner; I wish I had realized other Frenchmen had rights, too; I wish I had known that patriotism is *work,* not talk, *giving,* not getting'.

"And if that Frenchman could read our newspapers today, showing pressure groups each demanding things be done for them instead of for our country, wouldn't he say to American business men, politicians, soldiers and workmen—'If you knew the horrible penalty your action is bound to bring, you'd bury your differences now before they bury you; you'd work for your country as you never worked before, and wait for your private ambitions until your country is safe. Look at me . . . I worked too little and too late!' "

In the event there is any doubt in your minds, let me assure you that we in the United States know who the foe is and what his intentions are. In proclaiming an unlimited emergency on May 27, 1941, President Roosevelt said, "The objectives of the Axis belligerents in . . . (this) war . . . include overthrow throughout the world of existing democratic order . . ." and, he continued, "We will not hesitate to use our armed forces to repel attack".

Let there be no doubt—it is *Hitler* who is our *enemy* and it is *Hitlerism* that threatens our *democratic security.*

On the Atlantic last August, Roosevelt and Churchill defined and announced to the world the newest document of free men. First we must put Hitler behind the eight points.

On September 11th, the President proclaimed for all to hear, and in no uncertain terms, the means we would employ in defense of this hemisphere and to maintain the freedom of the seas.

Despite the sometimes slow and costly democratic processes, they insure the deliberate judgment of our peoples. All factions have been accorded free speech, free "air" and peaceable assembly.

There are some in the United States who sincerely disagree with our present program. We welcome their discussions, for only by constructive criticism can there be the progress which is the essence of the democray we are arming to defend. There are others who criticise vehemently for the sole purpose of gaining publicity for themselves by being sensational. We shall not dignify them by reply. We believe that the people of the United States can distinguish the wheat from the chaff, even as the free people of Britain do, who are permitted to listen to the German broadcast propaganda. There are still others who are simply chronic critics, and to them I could give the reply of another Roosevelt—*Teddy* Roosevelt, who said in "The Man in the Arena"—

> "It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who

> strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat".

The minds of the American people have largely "jelled". The Gallup Poll of a few days ago indicates that the majority of our people believe the defeat of Hitler to be more important than the preservation of peace. Throughout the whole debate, Congressional and public, there has been no substantial word against our National Defense Armament, nor against all-out-aid to the soldiers and civilians of Britain who are bearing the battle.

The problems of preparing our present respective military forces are different from 1917. Then, England and France had built a tremendous productive capacity through three years of concentrated military effort. Both your soldiers and ours were equipped by our Allies and sent overseas with only the basic training of the soldier.

Today all that is reversed. *We* are the "Arsenal of Democracy". Only those who witnessed the retreat from Dunkerque and counted the loss of men and equipment know the full story of how low the English fortunes sank. I heard it in Washington from the eloquent lips of Duff-Cooper. Britain has dug in with her fingernails, and we on this side of the Atlantic have been producing to support her. England's labour has replaced arms deserted on the channel shore—and now comes our great effort.

Here is what the Secretary of War said last month, "Some comment has been made on the relatively small amount of defence articles which thus far have been transferred under the Lease-Lend Act. I think this comment loses sight of the primary purpose of the Act and some of its greatest benefits to the countries concerned. The great contribution of the Lease-Lend Act and of the appropriations made under it lies in the opportunity which these have afforded the resisting countries, particularly Great Britain, to plan ahead for the continuation of their resistance. The measure of our contribution is not the amount thus far transferred, but the amount of the production which is now in train, for it is on the basis of this production that Britain is enabled to plan her effort on an expanding, rather than a shrinking, program. . . . Her position as to reserves and resources has been thus lifted into sharp contrast with that of Germany whose reserves and resources, great as they are, are nevertheless necessarily limited and shrinking . . . .".

But now we are beyond that good position. Our Quartermaster General has clothed and fed and tended to the physical needs of an Army of over a million and a half in less than one year. He is procuring equipment and supplies for an army of nearly a million and three-quarters and critical and essential items for three million men. Proportionately this compares with Canada's 320,000 on active service and does not include a single Home Guard unit.

Of course you understand that exact data regarding our production, disclosure of which is not in the public interest, cannot be given. Nevertheless here are some interesting comparisons indicative of the progress being made. I have seen the exact figures and I know the amazing story of production in *one year* in a *democracy*.

You are interested—and vitally—in Ordnance—tanks, guns, and ammunition—and aircraft. In the field of Ordnance, sixty-three plants have been planned. Of this number approximately fifty are under construction or completed, twenty-eight are in actual production today. At Fort Meade, Maryland, before the newsmen knew an order had been placed for such vehicles, there were displayed fifty-four high speed self-propelled gun mounts, delivered sixty days after the equipment had been ordered.

Although facilities at the Elwood Ordnance Plant, Joliet, Illinois, are not yet completed, bomb and shell loading lines are now in operation and are more than sixty days ahead of schedule. The Gadsden Ordnance Plant, Gadsden, Alabama, operated by Landsdowne Steel, is five weeks ahead of its shell forging schedule. Although constructed practically overnight, this plant is the largest air-conditioned factory unit in the world. R. Hoe & Co., one of the oldest newspaper press makers in the United States, recently delivered its first 3 inch gun recoil mechanism over a month ahead of schedule. The St. Louis, Missouri, small arms ammunition plant is the largest ever constructed in the history of the world.

The story of the twenty-eight ton medium tank is typical of the production possibilities of American industry. The Ordnance Department had a medium tank in operation in the summer of 1940. Its speed and manoeuvrability were amazing. It seemed to be just what we needed. However, the experience in Flanders and France proved that modern warfare required much heavier tank armour and armament. This, of course, meant complete redesigning for the increased weight, requiring a heavier transmission and strengthening of many parts. Ordnance engineers, working with selected manufacturers, worked out the resultant problems so rapidly that a complete new medium tank was produced and demonstrated in less than six months. During these same months, three great private companies were tooling up, and training men to make these tanks in quantity. Two other companies were added to the list and relatively heavy production of this new tank is now a fact.

The machine tooling output of the United States for 1941 will approach $1,000,000,000—more than four times the peak production attained during the World War years.

In the first nine months of 1941, deliveries of equipment have increased nearly three times; of ammunition, about ten times. September deliveries as compared with January, 1941, deliveries were as follows: Garand rifles, doubled; 60 mm. mortars, tripled; .30 calibre aircraft machine guns, three times; light tanks, six times; .50 calibre aircraft machine guns, *twelve* times; and medium tanks, *fifteen* times. *And*—every machine gun manufacturing facility planned is *now* in actual production.

As to airplanes, engines and propellers, in 1938, the output of the entire aviation industry was $125,000,000, representing equipment either sold or contracted for, and including not only Army, but also commercial production, the majority being commercial. In 1939, we raised this figure by 100 millions, mostly commercial. In 1940, we spent more than half a billion, with slight commercial inclusions. This year, which must obviously be an estimate, a billion and a quarter will be spent, about 80 per cent military items. Next year, that figure will be more than doubled, nearly 100 per cent military.

In 1938, the entire aircraft industry of the United States had approximately nine and one-half million square feet of floor space. To date, this floor space has been increased approximately five times, and, when the expansion program is completed, will be increased approximately six times.

Today, there are forty-five prime contractors for airplanes, engines and propellers, exclusive of the auto industry. These prime contractors are operating sixty-three plants, including thirty airplane companies, ten plants; nine engine companies, ten plants; six propeller companies, ten plants.

The number of sub-contractors is not definitely known but it is estimated to be several thousand.

The production of military airplanes has increased ten times or 1,000 per cent over the pre-emergency production.

These "Vital statistics" relate only to the Army and include in no way the great work of our other splendid arm—the Navy.

We could discuss at length the tremendous progress made in the army motor transport service in the past year both in vehicles and equipment and in men trained to drive, maintain, and repair them, in the field and under battle conditions. Briefly, there are both tactical vehicles and administrative vehicles. Tactical vehicles are those required by the field forces to transport supplies and equipment under combat or manoeuvre conditions. Administrative vehicles are "housekeeping" vehicles used in and around installations in the zone of the interior. An outstanding development during the year was the testing, putting into shape, and putting into service of the quarter ton truck known to the public as "the baby jeep". Because of its light weight, small size, and manoeuvrability in cross-country operation, it offers many possibilities for military use, and has attracted more widespread public interest than any other army motor vehicle.

Based on experience gained the hard way in World War No. 1 and on developments made by the automotive industry since 1918, the vast procurement program for obtaining a sufficient number of the right kind of army motor vehicles for specialist purposes evolves into the principle that standardization, both of vehicles and parts, is essential. One of the first big accomplishments in this direction is the adoption of the all-wheel drive in all tactical vehicles.

There is not the slightest doubt that at the present moment motor transportation is far ahead of its position in 1917. Although the Quartermaster Corps received very limited appropriations for motor experimental purposes during the intervening years, it was possible to continue essential research indicating the kind of equipment needed in modern warfare. It was also possible to continue the work of testing proposed equipment. Thus the essential needs of the army, as to type of equipment, were known when the present emergency arose. Orders were placed long before industry had to contend seriously with rising costs of labour and material. Industry, therefore, having had an opportunity to reduce production costs by virtue of our large orders, is providing our motor transportation at a very reasonable figure.

The principle of standardization, meaning a uniformity of vehicles and parts, and, where possible, parts that are interchangeable, was almost entirely lacking during the World War. As a result of experiences gained abroad in the last war, we realized the absolute necessity of standardization. Today much progress has been made in this direction. Models and types of vehicles have been reduced in number and many parts today are interchangeable.

Because army motor vehicles are exposed to exceptionally hard usage under adverse conditions as to roads, long hours, and inexperienced personnel, maintenance problems begin as soon as new vehicles are delivered. Proper maintenance requires trained drivers, skilled mechanics, and an abundance of tools and spare parts. Great stress is laid in army motor transport on "Preventive Maintenance" by the drivers and those who control them directly. It is better to *prevent* damage than to have to *repair* damage.

There were two hundred and fifty projects placed under the direction of the Quartermaster General, entailing the expenditure of nearly two billions of dollars. This included troop housing, general hospitals, Ordnance manufacturing plants and storage depots, general storage depots, chemical warfare plants, and miscellaneous projects.

This building operation is unparalleled in the history of any nation. It represents fifty major camps and cantonments, twenty-eight reception centres, nineteen replacements centres, fifty-two harbour defenses, eighteen air corps projects, sixty-eight housing facilities, thirty-three miscellaneous troop housing projects, nine general hospitals, forty-five Ordnance and munitions plants, ten chemical warfare plants, twenty-one storage depots and twenty-three scattered projects of various types.

In terms of speed it represents the most remarkable achievement in rapid large scale construction in the annals of this or any other army. It exceeds the record of 1917-1918.

The new American Army has been housed in new modern construction in considerably less than a year's time. In face of the unprecedented demand placed on it last July, the Construction Division had to be reorganized to handle a program seventy times its accustomed capacity, at a time when qualified army personnel was needed for tactical duty, involving, at the peak of employment, nearly half a million workers.

Perhaps no branch of the United States Army maintains a more effective nation-wide organization than the crack Corps of Engineers. It is well that this is the case, for with the extensive expansion (almost twice the average rate for the Army as a whole) necessitated by the emergency, the Engineers are in the throes of a herculean task.

All construction for the Army Air Corps, totalling two-thirds of a billion dollars, is in their hands. The responsibility of the development of the Eastern Island bases falls to the Engineers. At eight locations off our Atlantic coast—at Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana—army installations must be designed and constructed. They consist of Army air bases, harbour defenses, communication and supply systems, and barracks, mess halls and utilities for the army garrisons.

The national defense features of the Civilian Aeronautics Administration of navigation improvements in rivers and harbours, as well as flood control projects of a specific national defense value, are just part of the job. In addition, the maintenance and development of our seacoast fortifications has always been a function of the Army Engineers.

Were we living under a totalitarian form of government, in which for years all business and industry had been required to turn out its products primarily for conversion to war use, this defense program might not be so impressive.

If our President were a dictator, who could take over the entire economic life of the country and direct production and rationing of all products, this army effort might seem feeble. But our government is not a dictatorship. It is dedicated to the principle of democracy that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. As Abraham Lincoln put it, "As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of Democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no Democracy".

In the monthly leaflets furnished me by your Military Attaché in Washington, you commence with this statement in reciting "Canada's War Record":

> "I. Canada entered the war after full and free debate and entirely of her own volition on September 10, 1939".

That is the Canadian way. That is the Democratic way. That is the way of the people of the United States. It is unnecessary for me to recite the progress of *our* "full and free debate"; you have followed it each day with avid interest.

From apathy to concern and from concern to alarm, we have progressed—then we acted. Destroyers were traded for bases. Lease-Lend became an accepted policy. Circumstances necessitated keeping our trainees, our National Guard, and our Reserve Officers, beyond their expected one year tour of duty. Now we have an Army, the first elements of which have just concluded manoeuvres in Louisiana—their final phase of training. Soon we shall be ready for *any eventuality.*

While this great production program is vital to us both, we must remember wars are not won by tanks and dive bombers alone. The Totalitarianism of Hitler has made the same error in this respect which the Kaiser's Junkers made.

We remember that thin line of Canadians and French which stemmed the far advance of that other "invincible army" in that other World War before Paris. History will record in equal deathless bronze the story of the "little people" of England whom Hitler can never "lick" however many he may destroy or render homeless. (Applause.)

Despite the magic of the speed of wings, which blitzkrieg has imparted to the bulk and weight and power of the engines of war, they are still run by men, and men are still the most important element of all. With half a chance, the men who love the cause for which they fight, will triumph in the end. The voluntary latent dynamics of a democracy, once aroused, are more powerful than the driven dynamics of a dictatorship.

On June 21, 1940, in convention assembled at Washington, D.C., the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the "cannon-fodder" of the United States, deliberated upon the coming crisis which so vitally affected them. They called for the immediate organization of all resources, including industry and manpower, and specified as the number one step, compulsory military training. These are the young men between the significant ages of 21 and 35. They concluded their long recital in the same tone as their Canadian brothers, by declaring:

"Having faith in our future and confidence in the willingness of our young men to make any sacrifice necessary,. the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce tenders to the nation the services of its members . . . . in the establishment of adequate national defense and the maintenance of our democratic form of government".

In the sixteen months that have elapsed, I have seen that pledge fulfilled in terms of tears and sweat—yes—blood. Our first member has been killed in a training airplane crash.

I have seen them in the Army camps and in the training centres, in the Navy and in the Marines. Two weeks ago I saw them in the most exciting war games staged at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Many veterans of the last war pronounced the games the finest they had ever witnessed.

I saw them drive tanks at break-neck speed through almost impassable obstacles. I saw them jump from transport planes and guide their parachutes exactly to the spots where their equipment had been dropped. I saw them race tremendous cannons over rough terrain to meet the challenge of the tanks point blank. These men were less than one year trained.

This new kind of warfare depends for its effectiveness upon hair-timed coordination for success. Never in any coordinated effort of any kind have I seen such team work. These lads know what they are doing and where they are going and how to do both. They have morale in the highest sense.

They know morale does not consist of creature comforts. If it were merely being well fed and comfortable, a hog wallowing in the mud could be said to have morale. They know morale is the spirit of team play with respect to courage, confidence, and zeal, which are begotten of good leadership down and of good soldiership up. Woe unto him who depends upon an absence of morale in the Army of the United States for Axis victory! Sad and costly will he find that mistake. (Applause.)

The past has cast up the score of men who fought for human liberty. Time was when doubters were silenced with the power of unlimited belief and faith. Free men have ever defied the mightiest powers of the earth and counted the odds against them only after the war was won. Today, the arm-chair experts tell us whom we can and whom we cannot "lick". They have had a long and patient hearing. Now is the time for action.

Just up ahead in life's parade are the men of '17. Their job is done. They too loved peace and yet they likewise knew that there are some things more dear than life itself. They bared their breasts between the foe and liberty and freedom.

Down through the ages comes the challenge of our day. Woven through our common heritage of one law, one language and one God, from brave and noble sire to worthy son, it has been passed. Twenty-odd years ago a physician donned a uniform in this Niagara Peninsula, sailed across the Atlantic, wrote a poem and then marched out with measured tread, out upon the Flanders Fields of which he wrote—to die. Across a score of years we hear his words. In them Lieutenant John McCrae will live forever. From them, we the living take increased devotion. To them, in answer, we meet the challenge:

> "In Flanders fields the poppies blow
> Between the crosses, row on row,
> That mark our place; and in the sky
> The larks, still bravely singing, fly
> Scarce heard amid the guns below.
>
> We are the Dead. Short days ago
> We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
> Loved and were loved, and now we lie
> In Flanders fields.
>
> Take up our quarrel with the foe;
> To you from failing hands we throw
> The torch; be yours to hold it high.
> If ye break faith with us who die,
> We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
> In Flanders fields."

(Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen, I imagine that the thing that struck me throughout Captain Rosengren's address struck you. This is a young man talking—talking of and for his own generation—and as he talked, one could realize why in 1934 he was given the National Distinguished Service Award by the Junior Chambers of Commerce of the United States of America. (Applause.) We realize too, why in 1938 he was chosen by his compeers as one of the ten outstanding men in the United States of America under forty years of age.

And as he talked, as he mentioned that unarmed border, he drove home the fact that that unarmed border is not the *cause* of peace, it is the *result* of mutual confidence, of trust, of understanding. And when there is trust, when there is understanding, when there is confidence, hands are held tighter in times of stress whether by individuals or by nations. Sir, this story that you have brought us today, the story of production, the story of training, the story of morale, the story of the fundamental feeling in your country, will mean that the hands across the border are clasped more tightly and with increased confidence, with increased trust in this time of stress.

If I say "Thank you" to you, Sir, I am saying very little. But on behalf of this audience and on behalf of the masses of people listening to us on the air, I do say that we not only sincerely appreciate your kindness in coming, but also value greatly what you have said to us. (Applause.)

"HITLER HOLDS ALL EUROPE"

AN ADDRESS BY

PERCY JAMES PHILIP

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, October 23, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen: Our speaker, Mr. Percy James Philip, is no academic arm chair newspaperman. As you know, last year he escaped only by a few ticks on the clock from being killed when Cambrai station was bombed; and then the very next day he again escaped with his life, only because when he was going to be pulled out of a train as a suspected parachutist invader he insisted on having time to put on his boots.

For twenty-three years he was in France. For twenty-one years he was the French correspondent of the *New York Times*. After the fall of France he came to Canada, and is now in Ottawa as the representative of that great newspaper. It would be a fair thing to say that what Mr. Philip writes in the *New York Times* not only influences American opinion and Canadian opinion directly, it also influences those people who in their own turn influence public opinion. The *New York Times* is not merely read on this continent, it is cabled abroad, and it is quoted and used even in the enemy countries themselves.

The Empire Club of Canada therefore feels that it is particularly fortunate today in having Mr. Philip come and talk to us. His subject: "Hitler Holds All Europe." Mr. Percy James Philip. (Applause.)

MR. PERCY JAMES PHILIP: Gentlemen: When I had the honour to address your Club eleven months ago, I began my speech by saying: "I am sure we *can* win this war". But having said that I went on to qualify my statement in this way: "It is however going to be a long, very grim business. Nobody should take it for granted that we *will* win. We are not engaged in any little war. This is one of these major earth movements which shake humanity into new patterns. It will leave no man's life unaffected. If we lose, there will be an end to law and liberty in the world as we have known them, as there was when the German hordes swept down on the Roman Empire and plunged Europe into the Dark Ages".

At that time, I think, some of you felt that I was taking a gloomy view. It was almost heresy then to use such a phrase as "if we lose". Although France had been defeated, our gallant airmen had just beaten back the enemy attempt to secure the mastery of the air over the Channel. Our columns were pushing along the Lybian coast, past Bardia and Tobruk, towards Bengasi and Tripoli. The Greeks were putting up a splendid resistance against the Italians. In the United States Mr. Roosevelt had just been reelected for a third term, and his election gave rise to hopes which were perhaps exaggerated.

Finally, Canada was beginning to get into her stride in armaments production, and the Commonwealth Air Training scheme was beginning to pour out air crews in such steady stream as to assure that we would soon be able to take the offensive in the air.

Some of you felt that we could afford to be optimistic. That was a year ago. I stand where I did on the statement: "We *can* win this war". I have as yet seen no reason to change. Where are we now?

Let us consider the credit side of the situation first. We have held the sea. That is much. It is magnificent. During the last few months, and especially, for one reason or another, since the American patrol of the Western half of the Atlantic was begun, our shipping losses have been considerably less. Our convoys with their unbeatable sailor-men cross and recross the ocean in such relative safety as to assure the constant supply of food and ammunition to Great Britain. The Pacific and the Indian Ocean have been, for the present, rid of raiders. We are building up great forces in the Far and the Near East. After some agonising days—perhaps the most agonising ever lived through by the British Admiralty—(what days and nights they must have been, with Winston Churchill constantly barking down the telephone: "Get her") we "got" the *Bismark*. It was nip and tuck, with everything we had, Catalinas, destroyers, air-craft carriers, submarines, cruisers and our newest battleships all out against that great and gallant enemy ship. If she had not been sighted, shadowed, challenged by the *Hood,* chased, lost, caught again, crippled and finally sunk, there is no doubt that the *Bismark* would have raided your Canadian coast, bombarded Halifax, and probably sunk a dozen or more ships before she slipped home again through the northern mists to prepare for another and even stronger raid.

In the North Sea and in the Mediterranean we have taken heavy toll of enemy shipping of all kinds with comparatively little loss to ourselves. The Italian fleet has been shattered and driven back to port every time it has dared to come to battle and now it does not greatly dare. We have struck at it in port from the air as we have struck at the German ships in French ports and everywhere we could find them. On the surface of the sea we can legitimately claim to have won a steady ascendancy. I shall add that, to that ascendancy and as assurance for the future, the privilege we secured of being allowed to repair our ships in American yards has been of the greatest value. I should also like to say a word of praise for the work that has been done here.

Under the forceful guidance of your Munitions Minister, Mr. Howe, and your shipping director, H. R. Macmillan, you have begun building a grand fleet of cargo vessels. I was present at Montreal two weeks ago when the *Fort Ville Marie* was launched and nothing I have seen here has given me a greater thrill of pleasure, for I know what it takes to build a ship. There are 150 plants in Canada engaged in making components—and the *Fort Ville Marie* is only the first of a great fleet that will shortly be ploughing its way carrying food and munitions of war.

None of the immense contributions you have made to the war, none of the long-sighted policies you have followed, has seemed to me more valuable than this, for ships are the first essential if we are to hold that last outpost of liberty in Europe which our islands have become, and ships for trade will be the most important of all your war-time productions when the war is ended.

The second great achievement on the credit side has been our steady progress towards mastery of the air. There also Canada has contributed splendidly. I do not wish to detract from the enormous work that has been done in the old country—for over there, although people are apt to forget it because we don't brag very much, we are still turning out more airmen, more planes, and more of everything else, than anybody anywhere else. Yet I shall say this, that without the Air Training scheme, without the pilots and planes which you have produced and are producing here, we would not yet, and possibly never would, have been able to overtake the German production and secure that narrow margin of superiority which has enabled us to take the offensive and give back bomb for bomb and more, and to raid the enemy's coasts and cities so constantly that there at least, as at sea, we can claim to have shown the right aggressive spirit without which there can be no victory.

Incidentally, I should add that, during these summer months (and thanks largely to Germany's preoccupation in Russia) the people in England have had a little respite from bombing. They have been able to sleep with more assurance in their beds.

But, when we have said that, what more remains on the credit side except our courage and determination to go on? We have perhaps improved our position in Iran and Irak but Turkey remains an enigma. We have advanced from Cash-and-Carry to Lease-Lend in the United States but, although the Germans and the Japanese are helping us, progress towards further participation in the war is being fought there stubbornly by a well organized, very vociferous section in Congress, in the press, and throughout the country. While being thankful for what has been done and promised, we cannot yet place all our trust on what *will* happen south of the border. We of the British Empire must realize that we can depend only on ourselves. We have tidied up Mussolini's Ethiopian Empire but of our quick conquest of Lybia there remains only that stout-hearted outpost of Tobruk—a kind of Torres Vedras, an Ypres salient—a pledge which we must redeem or be unfaithful to ourselves and to these gallant men who have held it through the heat and misery of an African summer. I shall return to that issue later.

Meanwhile, let us look at the other page—the debit page. Against these credits of ours we have to admit that it is heavily charged. It is frightening. Hitler holds all Europe from the walls of Moscow to the Pyrenees. He is master of fourteen formerly independent capitals. Including the vast area of Russia which he now controls and more than half of France, he rules over more than 300 million people, two-thirds of whom have been conquered—those that are still technically free, as his satellites.

I repeat: it is frightening. And what have we been able to do to prevent it? Despite her glorious resistance against the Italians and the belated, inevitably insufficient help we sent her, Greece was over-run, crushed, almost annihilated, before she gave up, by the airplanes and tanks and armored cars and swarming motor-borne infantry that Hitler poured against her the moment it suited him. He always picks his adversaries off—one by one. As was the case in Belgium in May last year, we were beaten to the punch and fought a losing battle from the outset, the battle of a light-weight against an opponent a hundred pounds heavier and in perfect training. We failed also to win the diplomatic struggle in the Balkans. Bulgaria and Rumania after Hungary, more or less unwillingly, but, nevertheless finally, threw in their lot with the Axis Turkey is still an uncertain ally.

In June Hitler attacked Russia. What excitement there was that Sunday morning! Everybody was busy revising his opinions of the Bolsheviks, many were eating their words, and some were secretly dreaming the old dream of the Russian steam-roller. For four months we have been watching the most stupendous series of battles ever fought, and watching them for the most part like a football crowd. We have been alternately elated and depressed, but because the fight was between Nazis and Communists we have felt detached. But let us look at the situation frankly. It has taken Hitler four weeks longer than he expected to reach where he is, and these four weeks may make an enormous difference, but he has conquered all Poland, the Baltic countries, and a huge slice of Russian territory and the Black Sea. The Russians have fought magnificently. They threw millions of men and enormous quantities of tanks, guns and planes into these gigantic battles. They held their ground tenaciously. They are still fighting. But even they with their immense resources in man power, in material and in spirit are near exhaustion. For God's sake let us face that brutal fact and not play ostrich any longer. Hitler *has* over-run Russia! He has not perhaps yet reached Moscow or taken Leningrad but he has occupied or is nearing all the richest agricultural and industrial parts of that vast country. The oil fields are only just beyond his grasp. We are all feeling a little cheered up today because Moscow has not yet been taken—but perhaps Hitler has decided that he holds enough capitals. He is after other things—oil and steel. The help that we and our friends in the United States talked about sending, and that we at least did actually send, is arriving too late. Too late, as we were in Norway; too late, as we were in France; too late, as we were in Greece. I repeat: while we and the Americans are talking about what we are going to do, Hitler has occupied all Europe from Moscow to the Pyrenees, from the Arctic to the Aegean Sea. He has conquered and occupied territory five times the extent that Germany was when the war began, and he holds it in an iron grip. He and his ally Mussolini still hold a strip of North Africa. He is pushing towards the borders of Asia and in the Far East his Axis partner Japan is tremblingly edging towards "making a diversion" in the Pacific.

That in plain words is the debit side of the situation. Let us examine it a little closer. During these past months we have cheered ourselves daily with the headlines and the assurances of the radio commentators that the Russians were inflicting "terrible losses" on the Germans. The German material, we were told, was being used up at a tremendous rate. I hate that kind of nonsense. Why can we not be frank and truthful? Of course material was being used up—what else is it for—of course the Germans had losses—perhaps very great losses. But they have won.

Do we expect to win this war without losses? Their losses in men and material were, from their point of view, gloriously worth while. They won. We lost both men and material in Norway, in Belgium, in Greece, in Crete, in Lybia, and had nothing or next to nothing to show for it. And these Germans had both men and material to lose. While we are still counting our tanks and planes by scores and hundreds, and flattering ourselves what nice reserves we are building up, they are using theirs and building more. What booty they will get from Russia as they got from France! Let us stop talking and thinking wishfully and get it into our minds that we have still to meet on the battle-field an enemy who has conquered fourteen countries, who commands all the resources of Europe, who can send far more millions of highly trained war-hardened men into battle than we can muster, who is ingenious and tremendously hard-working, who has a real war plan and is utterly ruthless in pushing it through, and who has such a fanatic determination to win as we have not yet begun to feel or to show.

Gentlemen, you must excuse me for putting the situation in this way, brutally. As you know, I saw the defeat of France, and if I permit myself to speak to you with warmth, perhaps passion, it is because I do not wish to see my own dear country and yours and all the things that we stand for and love defeated, crushed, and evil dominant as it is in Europe.

Hitler holds all Europe. That is the central fact in the situation. We cannot get around it. We cannot talk ourselves out of it. "Ah," some of you may say, "but America is still safe. There is the Atlantic and there is the Ogdensburg agreement." That was the way we used to talk about the Maginot Line, about the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, about all these treaties of mutual assurance and protection. Where are they now?

Let me recall to you who still put your trust in these things the words of Winston Churchill: "If we fail, all fail; if we fall, all fall". He spoke these words about England, from England, in a message to the American people, and, as always, he spoke in measured well-reflected terms. Do not, I pray you, think that that statement is just oratory. It is tragically true. If these islands of ours go under, this continent of yours may not be immediately attacked, but it will surely not escape. Either you will have to fight here along your far-stretched shores or, in the tremendous upheaval and change that would follow our defeat, you will be dragged where you do not want to go. Either way—by any other way than victory—you risk ceasing to exist as a free self-governing country. The hope and pride by which you have lived and grown great would change and be absorbed and die. Canada would become like Hitler is trying to make Poland, and Czechoslovakia and so much else in Europe—a place on the map and not a nation.

In the present situation I consider such a hypothesis justified. We have got to prevent it becoming a reality or even near a reality. Two years ago, even one year ago, its suggestion might have seemed fantastic. But Hitler has crept nearer and nearer. Do not let us, now or later, blame anybody except ourselves. It is a waste of time. Let us pack all our emotion—that emotion that is so essential for winning the war—into fighting instead of into criticising and blaming others. I hate these people here and in America and in England who are always seeking to make an alibi for themselves out of what others do or do not do, blaming Chamberlain, the Russians, and especially the French, putting all the blame on Marshal Petain and Pierre Laval. Have we not also made mistakes? I sometimes wonder if we don't have weak sentimental Petains, crooks like Laval, and thwarted ambitious Darlans among us and next door, all waiting anxiously to climb to power through defeat. Of incompetents we certainly all have our share.

When I think of France now, I prefer not to think of the Vichy Government and that part of the country which is technically unoccupied, and is asleep, but of those scores of Frenchmen who in these last weeks have faced the Gestapo firing squads because they had the courage to try to do something to help, or were known to sympathise with those who had, by murder or sabotage, sought to do what we are doing by bombing raids, shake the nerves and resistance of the invaders. We may not approve of murder and sabotage. We may not approve of the faith in which most of these saboteurs have acted—for most of them are Communists or Russian and not English sympathisers. But we cannot refuse our admiration to brave men and we cannot hide from ourselves that their acts, the blood which they have shed and their blood poured out in sacrifice, are among the finest, most promising items we have on the credit side of this lamentable balance sheet.

It tells us that the conquered peoples, the peoples of France, of Belgium, of Holland, of Poland, of Czechoslovakia, are still on our side, perhaps more than ever on our side, in active revolt against the Gestapo, against Hitler's ideas of what is good for them, against lies and injustice and the driver's whip. All that they need is arms.

Complacently we stick a V for Victory, three dots and a dash, on our shop windows, our tramcars and our automobiles. But over there in Europe it means death to make the sign, if one is caught. Life is no milk and water business there, platitudinous and banal, with little restrictions and much talk of sacrifice. It is raw, mean, brutal, fierce, and splendid. Those people in Paris and Prague and Warsaw who are hungry and ruined but are still fighting are the real heroes—they are our allies. But what can they do? We have got to give them arms.

There are some among them—human nature is like that—who may believe that it would be better if we gave up the struggle, for then, perhaps, they think, they would be able to reach something like a state of peace which would give Hitler a chance to experiment with his New Order, to see what he could do with it, perhaps to beat it by peaceful means. In Vichy before I left they used to talk that way about "Victory by the spirit".

But for us that is a counsel of defeatism. It is the road along which people travel to degeneracy. If we want to live we must fight. It is the law of life. It is the law by which mankind has risen throughout his rather pitiful but still passionately interesting career. Those who do not believe in themselves, in their civilization, in their religion, in their "way of life" as it is called, strongly enough to fight for it, must perish. There is no middle way, no easy way. We must fight and win or go under.

Hitler knows that. His ideas may be mean and twisted as his life has been. They may be utterly incomplete and thwarted and cruel, as they inevitably must be in a man who has never conquered or succumbed to a woman, who has never known love and ease and gentleness. But this outcast from society, who has set out pervertedly to dominate the world, at least knows that he must fight to win or he and his people will go under. There are many strange mysterious forces at work in this war—supernatural forces—none of us yet know their real nature. We are all just groping after something. And there are many of these mysterious forces on Hitler's side. It is not without significance that he and his Alfred Rosenberg should be seeking to banish the Church, the Cross, and the Bible, and substitute for them the Nazi temple, the Swastika and *Mein Kampf*. I am no mystic but I sometimes feel that Hitler is being pushed by a multitude of demons and that is why he in turn drives his people like a demon.

How long can they stand it? That is one of the questions that are constantly being asked and the optimists set great store on German morale cracking. I am told that the men mutinied on the *Bismark* in the last hour as they mutinied on the *Graf Spee*. You remember how they cried "Kamerad" in those last three months of the last war or whenever they were cornered. You remember how they whined and cringed when they were near defeat and defeated.

But this generation is a tougher generation raised in a harsh school. No sign of any crack has yet appeared and it is far too soon to count on it. We've got to fight. Even though all Europe may be seething with revolt, even though we hold the seas and keep pounding the enemy from the air, we haven't really begun to fight. We don't even know where, when, and how, we will fight. It is folly now to think we have anything like a stranglehold on an enemy who has conquered a whole continent. We've got to fight. The angels won't be on our side until we do.

Will we wait for that oft threatened invasion attempt? Hitler has promised it as soon as Russia is out of the way and he has always kept that kind of promise. I am told we are ready. Churchill has assured you Canadians that, when it comes, your men will be the first hurled into the battle, where it is most vital, where courage and skill and tenacity and ferocity are most needed. It may be on the Sussex Downs that these lads of yours will find their Vimy Ridge.

What seems certain is that Hitler will spend all winter preparing. This is our last respite. Let us make full use of it. When the attack comes it will be planned down to the last detail and pushed home with that same ferocity of onslaught as broke the French and has pushed the Russians back over hundreds of miles.

In my fantastic newspaperman's way I have imagined a parachute descent en masse on some corner of Kent, or a gas attack, as cover, while Hitler's engineers push through the last few yards of a secretly built tunnel below the Channel and Nazi tanks begin to roll out into England. It isn't impossible. Nothing is impossible or, at least, no possibility must be overlooked. We can only guess at what will be attempted and at what other schemes are afoot—in the Near East, in the Far East—schemes to divert our attention to other seas and shores, to prevent supplies of food and arms from reaching us, to spread the war to the four corners of the earth, while that pounding blow is being delivered on the heart.

I am told that our people are ready. I put the question to the British High Commissioner, Malcolm MacDonald, when he returned last week, and he answered for my own people and yours over there: "They are full of fight—eager to get at it." That is heartening to hear. There may be something in being a late starter. We take time to get worked up but we stay longer. Yet I, like you, like the English people, like your Canadians in England, have grown impatient of this waiting. I want to see us attack, with the power to attack successfully, and to take a leaf out of Hitler's book and attack at the weakest point. Again I have a plan. Tobruk, gallant Tobruk, comes back into the picture. We have largely cleared the sea and the air in the Mediterranean and we have kept supplies from reaching the enemy. Can we there, from sea and air and across the desert, make a new tremendous drive that will push the Italians and Germans out of Lybia, make all Africa securely ours, try to get the French in Algeria and Morocco on our side?

That is my dream campaign-—a very personal, probably very ill-informed amateur campaign. Yet, it has such attractive possibilities. I am sure we could get a million Frenchmen to our side if de Gaulle could land, like Napoleon from Elba,—and if we could give them arms. I am sure that Italy with a vast sigh of relief would turn from her Axis associates to our side. Those gallant Serbs would leap to fight again. Oh, how exciting it is to dream! But what is the good? We must have more men, more munitions than we have even now and, above all, we must have the offensive, attacking, dominating, spirit instead of the defensive, almost apologetic, spirit we have shown until now. I repeat: more men, more munitions, more determination.

What was the witches' advice to MacBeth? "Be bloody, bold, and resolute". That is the spirit we will need to have if we are ever to win this war.

I know that you will excuse me if I have seemed a bit gloomy. I would recall to you that I saw France defeated and I know what defeat is like. I know also that it is the worst kind of mistake in war to lean back and depend on somebody else. We've got to fight. In speaking as I have, I have reverted to my Scottish Presbyterian type and preached to you the dangers of Hell fire so as to try to lead you to the green pastures. Yet I think it is far better to be pessimistic than complacent, so long as such pessimism does not become a chronic excuse for inaction. It should be administered as a stimulant and it is in that form that I offer it to you, to all who are listening and to those whose grave responsibility it is to lead us in these times.

Hitler holds all Europe. The fact is there—not to depress us, but as a challenge.

One word more and I have finished. I have not said, and I shall not say, any word of criticism of any Government, yours or mine, and I shall not try to tell you what you should do. That path is fraught with perils, even for the Canadian born. But I shall say this. The war we are engaged in is a people's war. It cannot be won by Governments without the eager support of their people. It cannot be won by the peoples unless their Governments inspire them, guide them, and drive them as well. I shall add that it cannot be won by theorists or political parties, or civil servants, or bankers, or control boards, or newspapers, or employers, or labour, alone, although many of these think that they could do and are doing the whole job. It cannot be won by words without deeds, by restrictions without creative emotion, by munitions without men.

It can only be won by all of us, all together, in a common faith and courage, helping, pushing, inspiring, fighting. This is our war; all of us, "we the people", and every one of us, will have to go all out if ever we are to save ourselves and loosen the iron fist of the man who holds all Europe.

I shall end as I began. "We *can* win". Whether or not we win depends on ourselves and on nobody else. May I hope that, if you ask me to speak to you again a year from now, I shall be able to give you a more cheerful message, to tell you that we *are* winning. And even if we have not then reached that turning point, let us keep on saying to ourselves, "we *can* win", and let us keep on fighting. We are not fighting just for ourselves. We are fighting for all humanity against the monster of Nazi state control, and these are the things for which we fight: our personal lives with their dreams and their ambitions, and I, who cannot now go home to my apartment and wind up my clock and then go to bed, know what I mean when I say "for our personal ambitions, our little habits and ways". I think of those millions and millions of people who have been driven from their homes, whose homes and lives have been shattered, to whom life no longer has any meaning. It is to redress that situation that we are fighting. And we are fighting for our personal lives with their dreams and their ambitions; for family life with its love and sweetness; for good laws and social order—things that don't exist in Germany, where there is only one law, one order, and neither good; for honesty and fair dealing in business,—you can't do business with Hitler; for the right of the human soul to fantasy, to poetry, to art, to beauty, to nonsense; we are fighting for hope and joy and laughter and freedom. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: For many years Mr. Philip was interpreting France to the rest of the world through the columns of his newspaper, the *New York Times*. I still remember when last year France was such a puzzle, reading a phrase of his where he said: "Petain was inspired with a love of France; Laval was inspired with a hatred of England." It is that kind of summary that illuminates a whole picture.

At present his prime job is that of interpreting Canada to the rest of the world through his contributions to his newspaper. But in his magnificent address today he has been interpreting us to ourselves. As he spoke we could feel his shrewd analytical mind actually at work. He has driven home a lesson that we must not be beguiled by one day's news, but that we must take the long view; that it is not any question of aid for Britain, but that we are fighting for ourselves; that Hitler has in fact overrun all Europe. It may be true, as Churchill has said, that next year the front will stretch from the Caspian to the Nile. If, on a fair-sized map, we spread our fingers from the Caspian to the Nile, it is just a good span; and next year the world may be divided, on that line, fighting to the very death. What does this mean to us?

Sir, you said that you might be thought almost pessimistic in what you had to say. But facing realities is not pessimism. Facing realities is the foundation for optimism. I would like to sit down right now and read through this address of yours again, quietly, with time to think about it as I read. It has been a vivid analysis of the whole position at this moment, one which we should absorb in detail and ponder over. It must have made an arresting impression, not only on your immediate audience but on everybody who has been listening on the air. For all of us I say, "Thank you, Sir", most gratefully. (Applause—prolonged.)

"BRITAIN IN THE THIRD YEAR"

AN ADDRESS BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. DREW, K.C., M.L.A.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, October 30, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, some years ago, Colonel Drew occupied the presidential chair of The Empire Club of Canada. He therefore comes back to us as a past president. He comes to us also as the Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Province of Ontario. He comes to us also as the personal friend of the vast majority of our audience. And he comes to us as a man who has just returned from what is, at this moment, a very significant visit to the Old Country, to talk to us about "Britain in the Third Year." On all these counts, Gentlemen, he is more than welcome, and it is my pleasure to present to you George Drew. (Applause.)

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE A. DREW, K.C., M.L.A.: Mr. Sanderson, Gentlemen, it is with special pleasure that I come back and make my first speech on returning from Britain to the members of The Empire Club and their guests. After all, these sentimental associations do mean a great deal at a time like this, but beyond that is the fact that I can think of no other body in Canada to which I would rather speak on returning from the heart of Empire than to that Club which has as its motto, "Canada and a United Empire".

What is Britain really like in the third year of war? That is the question people invariably ask anyone who has returned recently from the British Isles. It is not an easy question to answer, because Britain presents a scene of surprising contrasts and the scene must be viewed as a whole if it is to be understood.

If the visitor arrived by air and landed in Devon, the Cotswolds, Shropshire, near Edinburgh, or just outside of Belfast, there would be nothing whatever to suggest war or anything connected with the war in the undisturbed beauty of the lovely countryside. So it is in many parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. I recall a lunch I had not long ago at a beautiful old fifteenth century inn at Wansford—some of you may remember, it is just a short distance away from the busy Great North Road. It was a heavenly spot. It seemed as though centuries of quiet security had left such a heavy layer of peace over the dear old village that nothing could ever disturb it. Let us hope nothing will. It was a perfect gem of Old England, left to remind us of the centuries of gracious, simple, decent living, that has had such a great part in forming the character of those splendid people.

Another picture comes to my mind. I was in Cambridge one Sunday—a Sunday set aside as a National Day of Prayer for Victory. It would have been difficult to find anything more beautiful anywhere than the scenes along the river that day. There you see the most magnificent blending of perfect architecture with splendid trees rising above the greenest of grass. It was so restful and so peaceful that it was very hard to believe that the aircraft roaring overhead were winging their way eastward on deadly missions.

In the morning I went to church at old St. Benet's—the square tower of which today stands exactly as it did one thousand years ago. It had looked down on British history since long before the Battle of Hastings, and as we sang "O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come", it gave a very special meaning to the words. The ages do matter there, and I believe part of their almost incredible reserves of strength come from a deep consciousness of their debt to the past. History is Britain's secret weapon.

The spirit of Alfred the Great, of Drake, and Nelson, of Marlborough, and Wellington, of Roberts, and Kitchener, of Boadicea, and Edith Cavell, and yes, of Black Douglas, and of Bruce, and of many others who have played their part in the moulding of the British Empire as it is today, march with our men, sail the seas in our ships, and ride the sky with our glorious air force. I believe the British people have a feeling of the presence of that mysterious host of men and women who have loved honour, decency and freedom far above life itself. They are uplifted and sustained in their darkest hour, by the memory of what others have endured throughout the centuries, that we might be free. That is the priceless heritage which we should cherish and preserve as a guide and inspiration to succeeding generations of young Canadians.

I have spoken of these scenes of peace and beauty just to make it clear that they are still there, that their existence does contribute to the fortitude with which British people face an entirely different kind of life that demands the highest type of courage on the part of men, women, and children, who are called upon to endure it. Those peaceful, lovely things are there to remind them of the decent, honourable and splendid things for which they are fighting today.

Plymouth, Coventry, Bristol, Liverpool, Belfast, the Clydebank, Cardiff, and many parts of London, present a very different picture to that which I have described. But even in those and many other bombed cities there are extensive undamaged areas.

London has suffered far more than any other city. I suppose it has suffered more than any city in the world, but even in London there are many places where it is difficult to believe that this has been the main objective of Hitler's evil designs. Except for the air-raid shelters and signs with civil defence instructions, Trafalgar Square seems unchanged. Standing at the foot of Nelson's monument and looking down Whitehall toward Big Ben, there is no damage to be seen. And Big Ben is still sounding the hours and the quarter-hours, not only for Londoners but for all who listen to the broadcasts from London, who hope for peace, who dream of freedom—yes, including thousands of Germans today. There are a few badly damaged buildings on the Strand, but the view toward Fleet Street does not look much different until you come to St. Mary and St. Clement Danes. Those beautiful churches are shells but the walls and spires are still standing.

It is along Fleet Street, as you near the foot of Ludgate Hill, that widespread devastation first meets the eye. Then, as you go up Ludgate Hill, you see all about St. Paul's charred ruins for many blocks. Above this mass of wreckage, Wren's glorious masterpiece rises serene and apparently undamaged. The bomb which fell in the chancel of St. Paul's left few marks outside. Wordsworth might well have had this vision in mind when he wrote:

> "Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty".

In many ways, St. Paul's is more beautiful than ever before. It can be seen for the first time in many long years as Wren intended it to be seen. It seems to symbolize the spirit of Britain—religious, upright and enduring, and facing four-square the full fury of Nazi bestiality.

Beyond St. Paul's and down to the London docks is the area which has been most severely hit. Let no one be in any doubt about the extent of the devastation in that area. Just let me give you a few specific details. In the borough of Stepney there were 26,000 homes. Let us bring our minds to the home—the beginning of all civilization. Of those 26,000 homes, 16,000 have been completely destroyed. That is in one borough alone. In the borough of East Ham, where the docks are situated, there were 30,000 homes. Several thousands of those have been completely destroyed, but the thing which impressed me most vividly was the information that repair work had been done to 60,000 homes where originally only 30,000 stood. In other words, most of the home still standing in that one borough had been hit several times. So it is all through the east end of London. I talked to many of the splendid men and women who are still carrying on their daily work, amidst all that destruction. They are magnificent. Their spirit is so wonderful that it is hard at times to hold back the tears when one realizes all that they have been through and can still smile and face the future. Neither death, nor mutilation, nor personal loss, has dimmed in any way their faith, or diminished their confidence that Hitler and all he stands for will be destroyed. (Applause.) There, in the east end of London, you see the true spirit of England—yes, the true spirit of the British people, that same unconquerable spirit of the men who man the ships of war and the merchant marine—of the men of the Royal Air Force, and of the Army, which is increasing in power day by day. And that, after all, is the way to measure the strength of Britain in this third year of war.

The destruction by bombs has been serious. It has been cruel. There is no doubt of that. Material damage, however, is a passing thing. St. Paul's itself reminds us of that. But remember it was Napoleon who stated the principle that "The moral is to the physical as three to one". And Napoleon knew, because he learned to his loss of what noble metal the British spirit is made, and how deadly a weapon it is when it is polished and bright and ready for action.

The British people have experienced great disappointments. They have suffered heavy losses, but I can say with confidence, and without any hesitation, that on the numerous occasions I have seen them in the past twenty-seven years, in peace and in war, their spirit was never better than it is today and at this hour. (Applause.) They are under no illusions; they know it is going to be a long, tough road; they know that many, many thousands of them will never see the end of that road; but they have the *will* that wins over any odds, and in God's good time they will win, when other freedom-loving people learn the need to work for victory as they are working today. (Applause.)

They know victory will not be won by words. They know that victory will be won by ships, and guns, and tanks, and aeroplanes, and men, and they are building the ships, the guns, the tanks, and aeroplanes, at a speed no other democracy has yet attained.

British industry has performed a miracle in the past sixteen months. After Dunkirk the army in the British Isles had hardly any modern fighting equipment at all. Why Hitler did not attempt an invasion then with any ships he could lay his hands on, the British military experts still find it hard to understand. They had little but rifles and shotguns and all too few of those. We must never forget the vital importance of President Roosevelt's courageous action in sending from the United States last year reserves of old field artillery, machine guns and rifles. That decision provided badly needed weapons of defence at the most critical hour. It may well have been the decisive factor.

But now the situation is very different. British workshops have almost completed the arming of their troops with weapons and fighting vehicles of the finest and most modern type. How different the situation is can best be judged by the ill-advised clamour for an immediate offensive in Europe. That is the way the war will ultimately be won. But let us face reality. We are still far from being ready for that phase of this stern struggle. The very fact, however, that this demand is coming so loudly from that noisy minority, which, but a little more than a year ago, contemplated the prospect of invasion with such gloomy foreboding, is the best possible evidence there could be of the change which has taken place in Britain in these sixteen months.

Please do not think that I am suggesting in any way that the danger of invasion has passed. Far from it. The position of Britain, our own position, and the position of the United States, is extremely grave at this very hour. Every mile the German armies advance in Russia is another mile toward that day when Hitler can turn his full fury against Britain and us—yes, against us. Let us all remember that, because Canada with its vast mineral resources and enormous reserves of raw materials is the richest prize in Hitler's ever-expanding vision of conquest. No, the danger of invasion has not passed. It takes little imagination to think of extreme measures which may be adopted when Hitler does attempt the invasion which he must attempt, because he has promised his people that he will. Remember, gas has not been used in this war, and the discharge of gas from specially designed ships has not yet been tried. Surely I need say no more. The threat of invasion is very real and Britain must be ready to meet that threat whenever it may come.

Now, I want to describe very briefly something of what Britan has done, not to be reassuring about our own position, but rather to point out how very far we Canadians must go before we begin to put forward the same comparative effort in this desperate struggle, the outcome of which means freedom or slavery for us just as much as it does for Britain. Please let us always remember that, while we fight shoulder to shoulder with Britain and the other Dominions, and are proud that we do, we are not fighting merely to help Britain. We are fighting for our very existence and nothing short of our best is good enough.

Britain is fighting total war. There have been mistakes. There are weak spots. Of course there are. But they are being constantly exposed and corrected by a free, courageous and vigorous press, and by a free, courageous and equally vigorous House of Commons. The British people have not forgotten that criticism won the last war. Anyone who suggested in Britain that there should be no criticism because of the possible effect elsewhere would be laughed to scorn. They know that the government of their own country is their own business and they also know that there never was a good democratic government anywhere since the days of early Greece, without sound criticism. Yet, even that famous safety valve of freedom near the Marble Arch in Hyde Park is wide open, and scores of wild-eyed orators on their soap-boxes still discuss almost every known subject, sacred and profane, and they do it under the benign protection of the stolid London Bobby, who is the same London Bobby he has always been. Gentlemen, free speech is really free speech in Britain and that is one of the important reasons why they are growing stronger every day.

The scale of production of all classes of war material staggers the imagination. I was in one of the greatest gun plants in England not long ago where more than 10,000 guns of all calibres from anti-tank guns up to the largest naval pieces were in various stages of construction. Now, remembering that our population is more than a quarter of that of Britain, think of what that would mean in comparative figures here. The arithmetic is simple.

Britain lost the few modern tanks she possessed at Dunkirk. Again, the change is amazing. A short time ago I saw an assembly of more than 3,000 tanks. They are of excellent quality. Their tank production is really impressive today. And there is no doubt that our armoured division which arrived in England recently, and is now being supplied with its fighting equipment from British workshops, will have the very best—and to that they are entitled.

Most impressive of all are their new aeroplanes. Never again will British pilots fight against such tremendous odds as they faced in the Battle of Britain last year. That is something in which we Canadians have a very special interest because our gallant young men in the Royal Canadian Air Force are playing an ever-increasing and very distinguished part in the daily bomber and fighter sweeps over enemy territory, as well as in the other branches of this comparatively new service upon which the fate of Britain depends almost as much as it does upon the navy.

The machines they fly today are equal to anything in the air, and it is not divulging any secret when I say that the new fighters, which I saw being turned out in large numbers, far surpass anything in speed and climbing power yet used by the German air force. Perhaps I should also explain that more than 90 per cent of all the fighters now used in the defence of Britain were made in those British aircraft factories. In the air, as on the land, the tools of war are still very much the job of British industry.

The extent of the construction of new ships gives every reason for confidence that the shipping situation will steadily improve. I must admit that, before I went to Britain, I thought the stories about the failure of the German air force to damage British shipyards might be more reassuring than accurate. It is really astonishing how little damage they have done. I went by boat past many miles of great shipyards where everything, from submarine to the mightiest battleship, was in course of construction. I did not, in any place, see any important damage to producing equipment. On the other hand, there had been terrible destruction among the homes along the river. Why it is I will not attempt to guess. All over England, and Scotland, and Northern Ireland, I saw the same thing. Nearly all of the damage was to houses and shops and scarcely any to war production.

The British Isles are one vast arsenal. The conversion from peace to war production has been amazing. There are still some factories, as you will be told, not working as fast as they should. There are still some plants not making the greatest possible use of their machine tools, but those are not typical. They are the exception. I can assure you that generally the tempo of work in British factories is as high as it is anywhere in the world. I still have a very vivid mental picture of a huge tank factory where the men were on their toes as though they were playing a football game.

With very few exceptions there is a really wonderful spirit between employers and employees throughout the whole of Britain. When Mr. Churchill was able to say a few days ago that there was not in all of the British Isles a single interruption of war production by any kind of labour dispute, it may not have been fully realized what a tribute this was to the whole-hearted co-operation within British industry. That was not really the result of the law prohibiting stoppage of work by strikes. It was the result of the spirit which produced that law, because it should be remembered to their very great credit that the British trade unions recommended that law. (Applause.)

The British people are fighting this war as a mighty team, and the British women are playing a vitally important part in that team. (Applause.) In industry and in the armed services, they are taking their full share. That is a magnificent story in itself, which I have not time to tell today. There are a million British women in the uniforms of the different services. They make splendid soldiers, and I use the world "soldiers" advisedly. There are millions more doing their work on part-time jobs. All of them are standing shoulder to shoulder with their menfolk in this struggle. As a result of that fact I believe that the men and women of Britain are learning a new respect for each other, which will have a profound effect upon the social organization of Britain after the war is over.

I have attempted to give these brief impressions of just a few aspects of the general picture, which I think it is important for all to understand, because I do wish to emphasize above everything else the urgent and imperative need for trained fighting men. There is a reason which may not be generally understood why Canada is able to raise a much larger fighting force than Britain in proportion to our population.

Millions of physically fit men and women are required in Britain for the full-time civil defence organizations, the maintenance and handling of the thousands of barrage balloons, the very large number of anti-aircraft guns, the special fire fighting forces, the full-time rescue squads, the repair and reconstruction organizations, and so on. This is quite separate from the army and is obviously a very heavy drain on manpower. We have no similar demands in Canada.

How has it been possible for Britain to do what she has done? What lesson can we Canadians draw from that inspiring scene? After all, it is little use seeing what is going on there unless we can draw some lessons from it. I think what they have done is largely the result of a very real feeling of fellowship and equality such as never existed before. I think the lesson for us is that, when the safety of the nation is in jeopardy, the welfare of all the people of the nation must override the traditional, individual choice of action. (Applause.) There the individual is called upon to recognize a social obligation to serve in whatever capacity will contribute most to ultimate victory.

Every one to whom I spoke in Britain, men or women, recognized that this was not something the individual could decide for himself or herself, but that it was necessary to have compulsory selective service if they were to do their job. (Applause.) What interested me very much was that the farmers particularly pointed out that, if it had not been for compulsory service, they would not have been able to achieve the enormous increase in production which was so important, so vital, in supplying food for Britain, because they would have lost their farm workers to the army, or to the industrial firms which could pay much higher wages. As it was, those who were needed on the farms were kept on the farms where their trained services were most valuable. That was a vital factor in the harvesting of the greatest food crop in British history and the winning of the second battle of Britain. That is only one of many examples of the result of proper allocation of individual service.

I am convinced, from what I have seen there, that the only fair and the only proper method is for the government to allocate tasks to our men and women, in the armed forces, in industry, and on the farm. The lives of all of us are at stake. This is such an emergency as we have never faced before. We need men, large numbers of men, in the armed forces. We need them immediately and we need them badly. We need men also on the farms and in the factories and we need women, too, in all these services. We also need women to relieve men for heavier jobs where that can be done.

We have no time to dodge cruel and inescapable facts any longer. (Applause.) Surely we know now what we are up against. Either we win this war or we too may eat our hearts out in impotent anger, while a hundred innocent Canadians are shot down in cold blood, in supposed retaliation for the death of one German officer who was in fact killed by a drug-crazed member of the Gestapo. You think that can't happen here? Who thought that could happen in France, less than sixteenth months ago? Who thought such unparalleled savagery could exist anywhere in this world we know? Just think of the insane arrogance which conceived that fantastic arithmetic of death, and then think of what that might mean here in Canada. It *can* happen! Surely we know that now. We must not waste an hour or a minute in preparing to the limit of our strength to prevent that possibility. (Applause.)

We must mobilize to the full all our human and material resources without further delay. There must be equality of service and of sacrifice for all under a system of compulsory selective service. (Applause.) Nothing else will produce the manpower we need so urgently. Nothing else will keep the men on the farms and in the factories if they are needed there. Nothing else is truly democratic in a war of survival, such as this is.

This is not, and must not be, a political issue. (Applause.) It is the duty of the government in power in this or any other democracy to act upon the special knowledge in their possession, for the dreadful threat to our national existence can be met effectively in no other way.

Let me read to you the words of Winston Churchill.

Would that God had given us more like him! (Applause.) Let me read these words lest there be any who say that it is not the responsibility of government to say what should be done. These are his words: "If (mark the word!)—if the battle is to be won, we must provide our men with ever increasing quantities of weapons and ammunition they need. We must have, and have quickly, more aeroplanes, more tanks, more shells, more guns. There is imperative need for these vital munitions . . . In that supreme emergency we shall not hesitate to take every step, even the most drastic, to call forth from our people the last ounce and the last inch of effort of which they are capable. The interests of property, the hours of labour, are nothing compared with the struggle for life and honour, for right and freedom, to which we have vowed ourselves".

Those are the words of an inspired leader. (Applause.) Let me repeat his solemn undertaking: "In that supreme emergency we shall not hesitate to take every step, even the most drastic, to call forth from our people the last ounce of effort".

This is Canada's supreme emergency. There is a lull in Western Europe which is as dangerously deceptive as was the lull which preceded the attack on Holland, on Belgium, and on France. The people of Russia are fighting for their homes against the invader, with the same sublime courage and tenacity they have shown for centuries when their Fatherland was threatened. (Applause.) They are fighting *our* enemies and it is *our* duty to support them to the limit of *our* ability. (Applause.) But let us not be deceived. Once he has fully occupied the rich Ukraine and the industrial areas to the north, Hitler may at any time attempt to stabilize his eastern front, establish a defensive frontier, and turn his full fury westward once again.

We should be using every minute to the full and not waiting for that event. We should be using every minute that has been given us to assemble and train the greatest fighting forces we can support. The lives of our families and the future of our children depend upon it. These are no idle words. Our civilization and our freedom demand the last ounce of effort *now*. This is our supreme emergency—the lull before the most terrible storm we have ever faced.

There can be only one policy for Canadians to follow in this dreadful hour. As one united people we must demand and support every measure, no matter how drastic it may be, that will call forth from our people the last ounce of effort. That is the price of victory. With the soul-chilling knowledge of what is happening to the women, the children, and the men, of France, of Poland, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Norway, of Belgium, of Holland, and of the other captive nations, I believe that all thinking Canadians are now fully aware that we dare not contemplate the alternative to victory. I am convinced they are prepared to support whatever steps are necessary to put all the untapped strength of this mighty young nation into the struggle upon which the survival of Canada, the survival of the British Empire, and the survival of freedom everywhere depends. We can do no better than take to heart and act upon that ancient Biblical injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it *with thy might*".

(The audience rose with prolonged applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, what can a Chairman say following so magnificent an address? Whilst Colonel Drew was talking I wondered how many of us used to play at "Grandmother's Gardens" when we were children. Do you remember those winter evenings inside the house, when the fire was burning brightly, when the lamps were lit, but when the blinds were not yet drawn, and when as youngsters we clustered at the window? And looking through the window we could see the picture of the furniture and the lamps all mixed up with the bushes and snow outside? Grandmother's Gardens!

But today Colonel Drew has shown us no Grandmother's Gardens. He has given us a vivid picture of reality as it actually is. And I think, Sir, you must yourself have been comforted by the very spontaneous outburst of feeling with which this audience has responded so sincerely to your appeal, an appeal made with such obvious conviction and such compelling sincerity, that we can no longer be content merely to look through the window at the world outside, believing in the artificial security which distance may seem to offer.

We are grateful to you, Sir, that we should have had the privilege today of listening in person to this, your first public address since your return from Britain, a public address which I think you have never surpassed. (Applause.)

This audience and the audience on the air, I think, will wish to know two things. First, that this address of Colonel Drew will be broadcast at seven o'clock tonight, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on the C.B.C. national network. And secondly, I think you will wish to know, that I have been sitting almost between a family compact—with Colonel Drew on my right and with Mrs. Drew's father, Dr. Edward Johnson, whose fame is as great in the United States of America as in Canada, on my left. (Applause.)

Colonel Drew, if I express the gratitude of this audience for your address and for the privilege of listening to it, it is a very, very imperfect "Thank you" for a magnificent occasion. (Applause.)

"TO BRITAIN AND RETURN"

AN ADDRESS BY

RIGHT REVEREND ROBERT J. RENISON, M.A., D.D.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, November 6, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, as every one of us knows, when any half dozen of us look at the same thing, we each see it differently. We see different aspects of it. And in Bishop Renison's contributions to *The Globe and Mail,* which we are enjoying so much, we see the play of his own personality as he describes his impressions of what he saw in England. Today it is the happy privilege of The Empire Club of Canada to be able to listen to him in person in this, his first public address since his return, whilst he talks to us on "To Britain and Return". Bishop Renison. (Applause.)

RIGHT REV. ROBERT J. RENISON, M.A., D.D.: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I come to you today after an experience which was unexpected and which was a great opportunity. I am not a statesman, I am not a political analyst, I am simply an ordinary Canadian who loves his country. I am proud of my British citizenship and I had the opportunity of travelling with eleven very remarkable men. They were some of the leading journalists of Canada. Someone said to me, "You must have learned a lot about journalism". I said, "No, but I have learned a lot about journalists". No amount of compulsion is going to make me disclose what I have learned, but it will be of value to me all my days.

We had the opportunity of flying across the Atlantic Ocean at its widest point. There was a great contrast between our coming and going. We went like ambassadors above the clouds. We came back sandwiched between cargoes of cork and sour Portugal wine. It was good for our souls and it made us understand that there are some things in the world greater than the inclination of the individual.

The finest thing about flying the Atlantic in these days is not the saving of time. It is that it gives you a true sense of perspective of our modern world. It is an extraordinary thing even to look at the instrument that carries you across four thousand miles of ocean. The *Yankee Clipper,* as she lay in the water, looked like a gargoyle, or some fantastic duck decoy carved by a giant—not graceful, with wings poised for flight, she seemed anything but spiritual. Yet, when her load was embarked and she waddled out to the river, she began to rock to and fro as if she were about to die. She started and stopped. She coughed and sighed, and then, just as the death rattle was in her throat, she suddenly soared into the air and carried us into the clouds.

You know, it is a picture of death: man in his mortal body striving for immortality.

It was in that way that we crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Five hours or less, suddenly diving down like a canoe through the rapids, there were the lights of Bermuda at ten o'clock at night. A beautiful island! One of the things that you see when you are in the air is how wonderfully Providence has guided the British Empire in picking up here and there things that would be useful to her in the centuries to come.

We spent a day in Bermuda and had the opportunity of calling on the Lord Bishop of the Island. I don't think he quite understood who I was or what I was doing. He had a vague idea, I think, that in Canada they appoint journalists to the office of Bishop, in much the same way that they appoint journalists to the House of Lords in the

Old Country. I didn't disabuse him, but I did my best to make a good impression, and I thought the best thing to do was to try to talk to him as one Britisher to another across the ocean. So I said, "What do you think of the coming of the Americans to this Island?" Much to my surprise, he said, "I think it is a jolly good thing. You know they are bringing some money here—the first money some of us have seen for a long time". I was rather shocked and I thought I would pursue the matter. I said, "Don't you think that those rather strenuous young men are disturbing the peace of this happy island in the evenings?" He said, "I don't think so. I don't think they are half as objectionable as the Canadians. We had a battalion here from—(I won't mention the name)—and they never knew when to go to bed. Some of us couldn't get our sleep". So that was that.

It is an extraordinary thing to realize what modern science does. This may be the age of the devil, but in some ways man is not very far from the angels. To think of it being possible to go up into the clouds at night and to go straight, propelled like a projectile, for two thousand miles through the darkness, and in the morning to go down through the clouds and there see the little green Islands of the Azores. Just like an arrow shot at a target. It is an incredible thing.

Then we flew to the Old Country, a thousand miles along the coast, dodging through the clouds, and one thought that struck me as we came near to England, that is before we were blinded, was how wonderful it is that that island is not only surrounded by the sea of John of Gaunt, which protects her like a moat, but by an everlasting cloud of fleece that protects her from her enemies. So we landed somewhere in England and we went up to London Town.

I am not going to do more than give you a few pictures today. The first thing that I think must strike anyone, especially anyone who comes from the air to see the British Isles, is how pathetically small they are. There in the sea, off the coast of a great continent, a couple of islands. Only a postage stamp on the map. And you ask yourself, is this the place that has moulded the character, is this the place that has touched the hearts and minds of men for nearly a thousand years? A little place like this?

Then you begin to think, well, of course, some small countries have done things. There is a little country beside the Mediterranean, where the Saviour of the World was born. It is a very poor and small place. Yet life wouldn't be worth very much if it weren't for the contribution of that little land.

Then Hellas, in her brief hour of glory, lighted a lamp that has never gone out. But those lands, as material instruments, have passed into history. It is true, their influence will never die. I always like to think of those words of Pericles, because somehow or other they seem to me to be so applicable to the future of the influence of the British Empire. Even if the time should come in the course of history when it should become a memory, its influence will never die. "For heroes have the whole earth for their tomb; their bodies are buried in native earth, but their souls live on in other lands and in other years, woven into the stuff of other men's lives".

Yes, you feel that England is a bit different, because she has dealt with the lives of men, and because her own personality, and her own power of teaching men how to live and to mix discipline and freedom together, are so necessary, apart altogether from her example, for the life of this modern world.

The first thing that everybody wants to see is London, the shrine of freedom. I don't know whether I am going to disappoint you or not when I tell you that London is not destroyed. The first thing that people asked me when I went over to the Old Country was, "What do you think? Are you surprised by the bombing that has been done?" I said, "No, not altogether, because, as a matter of fact, one of the things that photography can do is to give the perspective of the world. The modern photographs are so marvellous and the headlines are so dramatic that, when you see that a place is bombed, it is bombed beyond all question".

But you can't see the streets beyond. You can't see the bombed area in relationship to the city, and I don't think I am revealing any secrets when I say, in spite of the grievous, terrible and wanton damage that has been done, the wounds of London are nothing more than arrows sticking into the skin of an elephant. Some of the places that have been damaged will cause mourning in days to come, but most of the material damage can be repaired.

It is wonderful how the life of that city carries on. It is just a little bit dingy. You would think it would be washed up a little more, but what is the use when you don't know what is going to come the next morning? But the life of London still goes on and you can feel the heart-beat of the Capital of the world, as she stands facing the stars, defying the lightning from whatever source it may come. (Applause.)

The British people. That is, of course, what counts. The country doesn't matter. It is the people who count. So many things have been said about the character of the British people that one shrinks from saying anything more. But I am just going to make a few observations. I am going to say one or two things I haven't seen stated before, just to show the way they struck me. You know, a Canadian or an Australian, when he goes to war, shoves out his jaw and tells the world what he is going to do, and he does it. But what struck me about the English people as a whole was their gentleness. Don't laugh. I think they are a gentle people. Their voices are softer and tuned in a lower key than ours. They have the wisdom of age, they are no longer young. It may be that the Elizabethan gusto has been changed by the centuries, by responsibility, and by having seen everything that is worth seeing in a human story. But I think they are a gentle folk. I think they are quieter than we are, and I think that the change in England in the last two years has been one of the miracles of our modern world. Everybody knew just what England was. The glamorous background of those glorious old estates, the people of place and power. Today, people are coming nearer and nearer together. There is a comradeship of suffering and of sacrifice. Women that never would speak to each other, except to give orders or to take them, in days gone by, are now chumming it together in national service. Somehow or other you feel that, apart from a very few—and they are not vocal at the present time—the English are becoming a great family, and I think that there will be a new England, even if there isn't a new world, when this bitter war is over.

I felt that they don't seem to have nerves. Over and over again, men have said to me, "What is the thing you noticed most in England?" When we got together, our party on the boat, just before we landed, we talked to each other, and we decided the most wonderful, if not the most spectacular, thing we had seen was the character and the sacrifice of the women of England.

Now, I know it is possible still in the great London restaurants and hotels to obtain plenty of food, if you can pay for it; but that is for the traveller. The people down in the country, while they are not starving—they are having the amount of calories that are necessary according to scientific determination—are having a hard, thin time, and they don't mind telling you. Things that seem to us to be the necessities of life they have thrown away. They have thrown away ease and comfort. They have thrown away their investments. I can't help thinking, without knowing anything of finance myself, I can get the picture of that little nation over there, that is no longer young, taking all its wealth accumulated in the centuries of the great industrial era invested safely all over the world, and throwing it, as it were the dust of the balance, into the melting pot. Yet, I think the English people are the happiest people in the world. I honestly believe that those people have an inner peace that comes because they made their great decision and they will stick it out to the very end. (Applause.)

There are many things I would like to talk about. I want to say just a word about Coventry. Coventry is the pictured sacrificial church of this war. It takes the same place as Ypres did in the last Great War.

We went many places, we saw factories, we saw the headquarters of armies, but I want to speak to you particularly about the Royal Air Force, and the Royal Canadian Air Force for a moment. You know that what we suspected a year ago is perfectly true. It was the Royal Air Force that saved England and saved the world. (Applause.) Whatever may come, with all the glory that will go to the Navy and other parts of the armed forces, it can never be undone. This little band of men, only a handful, many of them just out of school, went up into the skies,

> "They looked on death
> And with him nonchalantly passed the time of day;
> He paused, bewildered, muttered 'neath his breath,
> 'Immortals, these!', and laid his scythe away".

I wanted to see some of those boys and I had the opportunity of going to two stations. The first was a bomber station, somewhere in England, some safe place where these great pre-historic monsters lie in hundreds, sheltered. It is only when night comes that they go forth. I went into the mess and I had dinner with them. It looked like a boys' school. There were a few old men—that is, the boys would call them old, I thought they were young—with medals and with evident experience in the last war, but they were the fathers of the family. It was the young boys that fascinated me. Do you know that the Air Force, with all due respect to every other arm of the Service, is the only remaining trace of the chivalry of the Golden Age, because every man, when he goes out, makes his rendezvous with death, personally! Here these boys have learned something that I don't think is to be found in any other part of the world. They have learned the miracle of understatement. They talk in a low voice. Everything is stated as if it were looked at through a telescope. For instance, there is one memorable thing that comes late at night, at ten o'clock. Just as the men are going out to bomb Hanover, Kiel, or Berlin, there in a big shed you see the O.C., with his hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe. He sits back in his chair. There is a big map on the wall and the targets for the night are there outlined. There are maps all around. In a quiet voice he talks to his "football" team, because they look very much like the Varsity Team before a game. There is no "pep" talk, his voice is never raised, there are no heroics. He just points out to these boys in harness, gas mask and parachute on, where to go, and, in a quiet voice, says "Cheerio". One after another they go out into the night, the wheels blasting sparks from the concrete runways as they speed away for a thousand miles.

We went to another place right down on the coast. It is what they call a Fighting Squadron. They have a wonderful field there, like a big football field, and the boys were very anxious that we should come down and see a "sweep". I wasn't sure whether it had anything to do with racing, and I don't approve of gambling myself.

This is what the "sweep" was: twelve machines—Hurricanes, Spitfires—going off to do just a little ordinary work. There they were. We went out in the blue sunshine. I thought they were perhaps going to take a little walk around, so to speak. They were away only three hours. I found afterward that they were to join with a hundred and twenty-five other machines from other places to escort thirty bombers straight to one of the great munitions plants in Germany. We had lunch. For some of us it was hard to eat while they were away. Then we waited for them to come back. At last, about half past two, there was the old man, as they called him, with his glasses slung around his chest, and with his hat on the back of his head, looking up into the blue sky. "There they come!" And the others, like the junior boys of a school when the steeplechase is being run, crowded around the Head Master, watching the heroes come home. Here comes a Spitfire—at nearly four hundred miles an hour—like a streak of lightning, circling around the field, coming lower and lower, until it comes down and runs up near the parking station. Another, two minutes later. Then another, and when the third came, the fellow in it held up his hand. There was a cheer from every one. It meant he had brought down his plane.

So it went on until the eleven came home, and the last one didn't come. Many things might have happened. I can't talk about that just now.

Just while I am here—I don't know why I am talking about it now, except that I am Irish, and this is about Ireland—I want to say one word about Ireland. Ireland, of course, is a place that is different from any other place in the world. We went there for two days. From Bournemouth, we went to the mouth of the Shannon, and there we saw Ireland. We had to wait for two days and we had a very good time. We drove twenty miles to the nearest inn, which was on the estate of Lord Dunraven, and we had a wonderful rest there. Ireland prepares for a war in a way all her own. She has all the technique of England with regard to cement blockings in places and everything, but she is not taking it seriously. She doesn't know there is a war. Butter and sugar are plentiful yet, though some things are already getting scarce.

Some of the younger members of the party went down to the forum of the place—it was the village pub—and they spent a very happy evening. There was a crowd that was perfectly friendly, perfectly charming, politically remote, so to speak. Fortunately, we had the right man to handle them. The brilliant Grattan O'Leary, who himself is an Irishman of the first water, undertook to speak for our party. He began in the most insidious way possible. Being an Irishman himself from the south of Ireland, and kicking with the right foot, he knew exactly what to do and what to say, and he began by describing Hitler as the Oliver Cromwell of the modern world. Before it was over the people were standing up and shouting, "The curse of Crum on Adolf".

There are many things—I was going to talk about Russia. I can't say much. I will say this one sentence. When a nation is pouring out the life of millions of her people in defence of freedom and civilization, it is very hard for anyone to say that it shall not be counted unto them for righteousness. (Applause.)

The chief thing that I did while in England was to dream. I couldn't help looking back at Canada across the thousands of miles and comparing that little island and all that it has done with the romance of Canada and her history. Think of this land, discovered almost by accident. Men, looking for the northwest passage, found their way to a hard land of ice and pine and north wind. They came here looking for gold and jewels, like the Spaniards, perhaps. They didn't find them, but they found a future. They found destiny and they found God. And they dug into this land for 250 years that stretched eventually right to the Pacific Ocean. Then, in the middle of the last century, they presented half a continent to Queen Victoria, who was rather aghast at the size of the child.

There were some people then who thought that Canada should set up her own housekeeping. But fortunately Canada didn't do it. You know what the history has been since. But, when I was over there, I couldn't help wondering whether there is not the finger of the Providence of God in all this. Just think of that little island having to begin life again under modern conditions, and here, our new land with all its great waterways—two thousand miles from Belle Isle to Fort William—awaiting settlement, awaiting opportunity of development. Think of our great ports—and I like to dream of them as being sometime, somehow, the ship-building ports for a British Empire that is going to be trading and carrying freedom and happiness, as she has done in the past, to the rest of the world.

No, it is not for nothing that it happened. Without Canada there could be no British Empire—I mean in the large sense of the term. She stands halfway between the east and the west, with an open door on either ocean. The significance of Newfoundland seemed to me to be an extraordinary discovery—in my own mind. When I think about the future of travel on the ocean, and realize the fact that people will travel for business and emergency in the future by air, and compare the southern route, in spite of balmy breezes, with that short direct jump from Newfoundland to Ireland or Scotland, I see the providence of the strategic points that have been handed to us, and I hope we will hold on to them as long as there is a British Empire.

But last of all, let us think of the world picture, the real world picture, the only world picture at the present time. There is a continent that is dominated by Hitler and his masses—a whole continent. With scientific diablerie they have begun already to smash the souls of men and to make a continent with a master race. But they are confronted by that little Island of the Free. It is beautiful but it isn't war. Nevertheless, there is one thing certain, that as long as there is hope, the British people will fight to the very end. They don't know the meaning of surrender. They are too stupid to surrender. They haven't got enough imagination. They will fight it out to the very end. We know perfectly well that this is no ordinary war of dynasties. It is a battle between spiritual forces that will decide the future of the world perhaps for hundreds of years, and I just can't help thinking that we ought to make up our minds in Canada what we are going to do.

I can't imagine that it is possible to end this war without some kind of invasion of Europe. General McNaughton publicly stated to us that that was his opinion. He said, "You cannot subdue a proud and well disciplined and organized people by bombing".

Let that picture suffice. What does it mean?

We went down to see the Canadian Corps. It was a wonderful sight. I believe that there was never a general more proud of his army than General McNaughton is of the Canadian Corps. He is a very great man, unless all signs to the contrary are wrong, and he told us his dream. He told us, of course, that these young men, like trained athletes, are sometimes in a hurry to go places, but he said, "They are too precious, they are too valuable to the British Empire and to Canada, to be wasted, unless there is a reason for their activity". And he said what we all knew, that they had a place of honour, a dangerous place of honour, and he said that the Canadian Corps was being fashioned as a dagger for the heart, the black heart of Berlin. (Applause.)

Those of us who were in the last war, I am sure, must allow our imaginations to range now. Do you remember the great "Hundred Days"? Do you remember the epic of Amiens to Mons, when the Canadian Corps marched from victory to victory? That was only possible because there were great reserves that were rushed up so that in two days after every battle the battalion was in full strength. I can't imagine that Canada, who has allowed her sons to go across with her benediction and with her prayers and hopes, will ever see them left alone on a foreign soil. (Applause.)

Therefore, I believe that it is our privilege, that it is our glory and our duty, to do everything that we can to see that, from now on, there will be a complete supply of men and munitions, however it is done, and by whomsoever it is done, in order that those men that are our glory shall not be thrown away. (Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Bishop Renison said that he was only going to paint a few pictures. But, Gentlemen, you will all agree that those pictures have been masterpieces of painting. With his gift for word and phrase, and with his deft blending of humour and pathos, he has made those pictures come to life in all reality. He said he went over with eleven very remarkable men. I think there were twelve very remarkable men. (Applause.) He said that he had learned a lot about journalists. I think, Sir, you have left yourself wide open to the suggestion that probably the journalists have learned a lot about Bishops. We too have learned something about Bishops today. We have learned something about our Bishop. And we shall read with still greater interest his continued contributions to *The Globe and Mail* because, as we read them, we shall again be hearing him speak. We are very grateful to you, Sir, for giving us this privilege of hearing you personally paint word pictures of some of the things you saw in England, pictures painted in your own very beautiful language. (Applause.)

"CHINA, THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT IN THE FAR EAST"

AN ADDRESS BY

REVEREND JAMES G. ENDICOTT, M.A.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, November 13, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, in the fall of 1929, this country tumbled over night into an economic depression. We then tended to forget that Great Britain had been enduring an economic depression since 1921, and obsessed with our own troubles we forgot that she was still dragging on the bottom of that depression. There is a kind of analogy here. A little over two years ago Canada entered the present war, and we tended to forget that China had been in a war since 1931. Obsessed by our own war, we now perhaps tend to forget that China is putting up just as magnificent a fight on the part of Democracy as is being put up anywhere in the world. (Applause.)

The Empire Club of Canada is very fortunate today in having Mr. James Endicott come and talk to us about China. His long experience there for nearly twenty years, and his close and intimate contacts with the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, enable him to bring us a story that will not only be interesting but also will be of permanent value in our understanding of China at this time. It is my privilege to present Mr. James Endicott, who will talk to us on "China, Our Far Eastern Democratic Front". Mr. Endicott. (Applause.)

REVEREND JAMES G. ENDICOTT: Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Empire Club: I have recently returned from the most bombed and blasted city in the world. Chungking, the wartime capital of China. Chungking is a city of about 500,000 people; it covers an area of about one-third of Toronto, and, up to the time I left, there had been a total of more than 7,000 bombers over that area. Eight out of ten business men have had their houses and places of business destroyed. You might not realize this from pictures of the city, because they keep on building them up again. For example, when I was leaving, I went to say goodbye to a friend who is the manager of the large Holstein Dairy. He had some offices standing in the midst of a large ruined area and I was congratulating him that his place of business seemed to have escaped the general destruction. "Oh", he said casually, "this is the third time I have put this place up". So Chungking can stand in your imagination as a symbol of how heroically and at what great sacrifice the Chinese people have held the democratic front in the Far East.

It may surprise some of you to hear me asking you to take China seriously as a democracy, and you may hear or read disturbing reports of certain influences, both within and without the government, that seem to cast doubt on this assertion. I am fully aware of some of the difficulties and dangers. In fact, I am quite sure that I know, personally, most of the men who are creating these difficulties. Nevertheless, I am convinced after living for years in the country, that China is headed for democracy, as we understand it, and that even in the midst of war, a war for which she was unprepared, she has been able to make substantial progress towards the democratic way of life.

Te begin with, by her past traditions and history, China is profoundly biased towards progress in democracy. Even during the hundreds of years of rule by emperors, she had an educational system which, by principle and practice, was essentially democratic. The officials of the whole land were chosen by examinations based on a regular curriculum and any poor boy in the whole land could aspire to get that education and become an administrator. Moreover, there was no "old school tie" tradition, and nobody asked any questions as to how or where you got your education.

Chinese school texts are full of inspirational stories of how poor boys gleaned an education by the sweat of their brow. There is a story of one who tended his father's pigs, who drove them out beside a school house every day and fed them there and listened to the teacher inside. Evidently the teacher had somewhat of a loud speaker voice, so he picked up his education in that way and he learned to write in wet sand with a stick and eventually became one of the great administrators of China.

Now, the content of that education was not so good. It remained unchanged for nearly five hundred years. In fact, I told a select audience in Montreal this week that China in her weakness and inability to cope with modern conditions is a horrible example of what happens to you when you remain a conservative—too long.

In Chinese society there is a fundamentally democratic institution called the "Tea Shop". For example: If Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown have a quarrel, Mr. Jones will ask Mr. Brown to drink tea this afternoon. Each side understands the procedure quite well. They will invite their friends and relatives to come to the Tea Shop to spend the afternoon, and they will occupy stalls on opposite sides. After they have been mellowed with a little tea, one side gets up and states the argument, and then the other side gets up and replies, and all the friends and neighbours in the Tea Shop sit around, having a good afternoon's entertainment and listening to relatives and friends of both sides discussing their case. Then some able man, probably sitting in the back, noted for his fair-mindedness and wisdom, will be asked to get up and decide the case. He will get up and say that this side has some rights, and that side is not too far off on this point, and they generally work out a compromise solution. Everybody says that is the way they ought to settle it, and Mr. Brown and Mr.

Jones are on the spot, and they are looked down on if they won't accept that solution.

Is it any wonder the Chinese have a proverb that nobody except a stubborn pig-headed fool would ever take his case to a lawyer? Moreover, if he does go to law, he meets those conditions that King Solomon spoke of, where "A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom, to pervert the ways of judgment".

That institution, Gentlemen, is a fundamentally democratic institution and works all through Chinese society. If I had time this afternoon I could give a picture in detail of how fundamentally, in their institutions, traditions, and points of view in life, the Chinese are a democratc people, and headed for democracy, not only in social life but in their government as well. But the hope I have of Democracy in China is based not so much on history and tradition as on the qualities of soul and character that have come out of the common people in this struggle. They have risen to meet each crisis in a magnificent way. We, of the British Empire, feel that at Dunkirk we saw all those qualities that sanctify the human spirit when it is facing disaster. Well, the Chinese have gone through not one Dunkirk, but a whole series of Dunkirks, and each time have risen to meet them and shown that they are capable of taking their destiny in their own hands and moulding it for a future of freedom and justice. (Applause.)

You know the story of the eight hundred farmer boys and coolies who took over the steel and concrete warehouse (that's what you call it here, a "go-down", we would call it in the East) on the right wing of the Chinese line, backed up against the British concession, and held it through the most intense artillery fire, and through the most wicked aerial bombing, until the Chinese had plenty of time to reform their line again and again.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek sent two messages saying, "Come down; you have done nobly; come out". They refused to surrender and the whole Chinese nation and the press of the country proclaimed them as the "800 doomed heroes". They have shown what China is capable of. One day a little Chinese girl scout, Lily Yang, was watching and noticed that they didn't have a flag of the country on the warehouse. She put a flag on her person, wormed her way through the Japanese line, swam the river, and took in the flag. She said, "Boys, if you are going to fight like this, you ought to have a flag above you". She put the flag on a stick, climbed up on the warehouse roof and fastened it there. She said, "Now I feel better. You can fight like heroes for your flag". And she swam across the river and went back home. Madam Chiang Kai-Shek heard about it and brought her back to free China and sent her around making recruiting speeches and selling the war to certain types of isolationists in the free part of China, 1500 miles from the war front. At that time we had people with somewhat of the mentality of the people in Chicago who read *The Tribune*. (I thought of those conditions in West China when I came through Chicago this time, and a young man who flew across the Atlantic was busy telling the people of Chicago that Hitler can't.)

I wonder whether you know the story of the pickpocket squad. In a certain city of China, after the Japanese got through the north, the Chief of Police stayed on the job. He worked with the Japanese by day and the guerilla troops by night. He called in the pickpockets of that town. They have a kind of Guild, in the nature of a closed shop. Each man has his own area and they are told where to work. The Chief of Police said, "Boys, I know what you are capable of. I want you to stick around the Japanese camps and the railway sidings, or any place they are storing goods, and every day I want you to bring a quota of field telephones, field radio equipment, revolvers, ammunition, and so on. If you don't produce the quota, you are going to get into trouble with me". Every day the pickpockets produced the required quota for the guerrila troops of North China.

There is the story of old mother Chao, a seventy year old lady who organized the first guerrilla troops in North China. She is called the "Mother of the Guerrillas". She led the farm boys and girls out, taught them how to cut down telephone wires and string them across the highways, to set Japanese trucks on fire, and to take rails off the so-called occupied railways, and carry them away so the Japanese couldn't find them. Later she had a much better idea for using these rails. The Chinese smuggled them back to Free China and the Chinese High Command was able to build nearly six hundred miles of needed railways from rails taken off the Japanese-occupied railways by Chinese guerrillas.

So, I say, with this picture in mind, it is the qualities of heroism and character in the common people in China that have inspired me to believe in the inevitable growth and establishment of democracy in that great country.

You know, in honour of Mother Chao and guerrillas, the Chinese have written a song, called "The Guerrilla Song". One of the great things about this war is that they have learned to sing in it. When I was a boy in China, if you had fifty people trying to sing a tune, you would get fifty tunes, all wrong. That has all changed and the Chinese have learned that music is something to inspire the human spirit. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek has something unique in his armies. He has a singing officer in every battalion, whose job it is to teach the boys to sing the new war songs, born out of this struggle. This is the "Guerrilla Song of China"—it might be called the "modern Marseillaise" of the Chinese people in their great struggle for their own national integrity.

"We are all good shots and true,
Every bullet lays low an enemy.
We are all of us mobile troops,
Who fears that high peak or deep stream?

In the forest's leafy depths,
We have built our comrades' camping grounds;

On the mountain's highest range,
Countless trusty brothers guard.

Nothing to eat? Nothing to wear?
From routed foe we take our share.
We've no shot! We've no shell!
Our foes supply us well.

We were born and bred right here,
Every inch of the soil is our very own,
And whoever tries to steal it,
We will fight him to the end".

My small daughter tells me it is perfectly ridiculous to think of singing over the radio. I am a little embarrassed by this thing, but I am not speaking to the radio, I am speaking to you, and I am going to sing this in Chinese in order that you will get some idea of the spirit, the resoluteness of these people in their struggle for freedom. This is how it goes in Chinese: (Song sung in Chinese.) (Applause.)

I submit, Gentlemen, the people who formerly had no music and who, in the stress and strain and agony of a great struggle, can produce not one, but many songs like that, cannot be defeated.

One of the greatest influences for democracy in China today is, of course, that remarkable woman, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. Right at the beginning of the war she called a women's conference and organized the womanhood of China for war work. The representatives at this conference were a thoroughly democratic group. They were chosen, not by reason of caste or social position, but entirely from those who had already done significant work in education, science, or social service. In all her women's work, Madame Chiang has tried to keep a balance of one-third from the ruling political party, one-third Christians and one-third Communists, and it is a tribute to her remarkable personality that they work together co-operatively and well. The People's Political Council in China, which is really the modern parliament of China, is unique in having fifteen women representatives. As far as I know that is a greater number of women than you will find on the national bodies of any other country.

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek has been rather brokenhearted because of our betrayal of democracy, not only in Europe but also in Asia, due to the policy of appeasement. The results of this policy ought to lie heavily on our consciences because of its disastrous consequences in the Far East and because of the catastrophic results which have fallen on the heads of the Chinese. Those of us who fought in the last war and were wearing poppies the other day in memory of the boys who lie buried in Flanders Fields, had hoped for some sort of new world order. And Madame Chiang Kai-Shek had proclaimed to her people that the League of Nations was the modern Magna Charta for weak and unprotected people. Now, the first serious challenge to the new order was the invasion of Manchuria and the League of Nations sent a scholarly and wise man, Lord Lytton, and he produced a report, a masterpiece of political insight, economic wisdom, and workable proposals, for a solution of that conflict. He found two nations warring in the bosom of a single continent, just as Lord Durham found here two nations warring in the bosom of a single state, and his report could have done as much for the Far East as Durham's report did for our country in its early history, but the League of Nations stood by and did nothing. I am told that our Canadian representative was one of the men who voted to do nothing about it.

I tell you, since the war the Chinese have suffered even more severely by our policy of appeasement. One of my most terrible duties when I was serving under Madame Chiang, was to lead a relief squad to the leading cities, the first time they were bombed. The first time is the worst, because morale is shattered, agencies break down, the people are stunned. We try to get in and bolster them up and say a word of comfort and bring relief from the central government. I can remember flying over the great city of Luchow, after a bombardment. When we got up above the blazing inferno with our Chinese pilot, the rush of hot air was so great that it shot us up about six hundred feet higher. We had to do a loop and come down in the river. In that bombing, a number of Japanese aeroplanes came down. When they were examined, it was found that these Japanese aeroplanes were equipped with good modern American aeroplane engines. If the Japanese had not been able to obtain those excellent engines, they could not have flown that far to destroy the interior cities of China from the air. They have destroyed from the air about eight out of ten of these cities.

Madam Chiang Kai-Shek once had charge of the Air Force in China and she knows all about aeroplanes. She is inquisitive and she investigated a lot of these Japanese aeroplanes and she found that they were armed with British machine guns. She took down the serial numbers and sent them back to friends in England and said, "Can't you do something?" One of the numbers was A52016 Lewis Auto Gun, made by the Birmingham Small Arms Factory, and I am rather suspicious that they were being sold to Japan at a time when we were being told we would have to sacrifice Czecho-Slovakia because we didn't have enough guns to talk to Hitler in the only language he understood. Is it any wonder that the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr Quo Tai Chi, now Minister of Foreign Affairs, stood on the streets of London during the terrible bombings last year and remarked to a newspaper correspondent, "The skies over London are darkened today with the chickens coming home to roost"?

In the spring of 1940, before the fall of France, Sir Stafford Cripps was the personal guest of Chiang Kai-Shek in Chungking. He made a great impression on the Chinese by his assurance that the British policy of appeasement was about to end. He told them that the British change slowly, and that not even the removal of several pairs of British trousers at Tientsin convinced London at first, but they were now on the way to change. It is an interesting sidelight on the character of Chiang Kai-Shek, who might be described as a moderate conservative,—by background and sympathy,—that he wants to meet and know the leaders of the Left, and Sir Stafford Cripps greatly impressed the Chinese because of the story of his having given up a law practice in London, worth £35,000 a year, because his socialist and Christian convictions had made him feel it was wrong for a man to make so much money.

Now, we are all watching with interest these days the Japanese efforts to extricate themselves from their unprofitable aggression in China. The Chinese, as Chiang Kai-Shek prophesied five years ago, have lost nearly every battle but are winning the war. Now, what is the way out for Japan? The only way out is for every Japanese soldier to leave Chinese soil, having learned the much needed lesson that aggression does not pay and brings disaster to those who practice it.

I cannot do better at this point than to quote from Mr. Churchill's great speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet on Monday:

"Meanwhile, how can we watch without emotion the wonderful defence of their native soil and of their freedom and independence, which has been maintained single-handed for five long years by the Chinese people under the leadership of that great Asiatic hero and commander, General Chiang Kai-Shek?

"It would be a disaster of the first magnitude to world civilization, if the noble resistance to invasion and exploitation which has been made by the whole Chinese race were not to result in the liberation of their hearths and homes. That, I feel, is the sentiment deep in all of our hearts". (Applause.)

One of my best personal friends in China is the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, General Chang Chun. I have been trying to persuade him to write a book called "On the Eve of the Sino-Japanese Conflict". He could show beyond all doubt that the Chinese have always met the

Japanese reasonably and with a willingness to compromise. They were prepared to enter into any form of reasonable commercial treaty or economic understanding to safeguard the supply of Chinese raw materials needed by Japanese industry. And he told me on the day that I left that I can assure the Western Democracies that China is still prepared to negotiate on that basis. She is willing to let bygones be bygones and start afresh on the day that the last Japanese soldier leaves Chinese soil. That is a noble and reasonable position.

In spite of their sufferings and disillusionment, the Chinese have not lost faith in the re-establishment of a new international order. Chiang Kai-Shek has repeatedly broadcast to the world that he is fighting not only for China but for the establishment of that order in the Far East.

I have good reason for believing that he will refuse to negotiate a settlement of any kind directly with Japan, but will ask for a Pacific round-table conference at which the United States, Canada, Australia, Russia, the Netherlands, and Great Britain, as well as China and Japan will be represented. We can reasonably hope that any treaties resulting from such a conference will now be regarded as sacred obligations and I hope that, when the time comes, the British and Americans will take their full share of responsibility and will not, like the Priest and Levite, pass by on the other side.

Yon can count on Chiang Kai-Shek to lay an enduring foundation for democracy in China. He will bind up the wounds of the Far East, with malice towards none and charity for all. He has learned through these long bitter years of war,

> "To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent".

He will not falter nor fail and if we give him the tools he'll finish the job for us in the Far East.

I would like to see us Canadians give him a present of a few hundred modern Hurricanes with good Canadian pilots, and if we did, we wouldn't have to worry about the defence of Singapore. I hope we do do something like this because he and his people deserve it. If blood be the price of freedom and national integrity, God knows China has paid in full. (Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Mr. Endicott, I am speaking for everyone when I say that today you have told us some things which are good for our minds, and you have also told us some things which are good for our souls. A couple of days ago we were saying "Lest We Forget" as a kind of re-consecration. When we repeat that phrase, we should be pledging ourselves not only lest we forget the sacrifices that have been made, but also lest we forget the mistakes that have been made. It is good that we should have driven home to us that, in this struggle for the preservation of democracy, in this struggle for the re-establishment of security, in this struggle for the restoration of happiness, it is not only democracy for me, for you; it is not only security for me, for you; it is not only restored happiness for me, for you—it is also Democracy, Security, and Happiness for the other fellow as well.

Mr. Endicott, you have given us things to ponder on. We are grateful to you for giving your time, your thought, your experience, your knowledge, and your inspiration, both to this audience and the audience which is listening to us on the air. We are truly grateful, Sir. (Applause.)

"THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN IN REVIEW"

AN ADDRESS BY

JOHN COLLINGWOOD READE

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, November 20, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen of The Empire Club of Canada: It is always difficult for a chairman to introduce a speaker who is already thoroughly well known both in name and in fame to every member of his audience. The name of John Collingwood Reade is a household word in the home not only of every member of this audience but also of everyone who is now listening to us on the air.

I said "fame". That is the right word to use, because John Collingwood Reade has built up for himself a fame and a reputation that are enviable. May I remind this audience, and may I remind the audience on the air, that behind that fame and that reputation there is a wealth of experience. John Collingwood Reade served for three years in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He sailed before the mast in South American waters. He worked in western logging camps. He had an academic career at the University of Toronto. In 1937 he spent a whole year in Britain, studying at first hand the rapidly developing events which have shaped up the world as we know it today, and he was still more recently in England with the Prime Minister's party, staying there after the Prime Minister had returned.

It is therefore, Gentlemen, this background that enables him to talk so effectively, so convincingly, and so realistically, as he does day by day over the radio. We are very glad to have him here today in person, and we are particularly glad that he is going to talk to us on Russia, his topic being "The Russian Campaign in Review". John Collingwood Reade. (Applause.)

MR. JOHN COLLINGWOOD READE: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: At the beginning of this past summer, we were breathing a little more easily. The Greek campaign, it is true, had an unfortunate ending, and Crete, which we had hoped to be able to defend, was lost under circumstances which provoked a good deal of criticism. But the time thus gained had enabled us to occupy Syria, and it was generally felt that, though the Nazis had gained a bridge-head in Crete, they had lost the other end of the bridge across the Eastern Mediterranean because we were now in a position to defend Cyprus.

In those days we were talking about the dangerously extended German lines of supply, and congratulating ourselves on the fact that, so long as Turkey's neutrality was preserved and her undertakings to Britain faithfully fulfilled, the Germans would need to gather up their strength again and embark on another campaign, perhaps through Spain, in order to attack our Mediterranean interests. It was felt then that the Germans would not be likely to attempt an invasion of the British Isles, and that if they did, they would have made the most costly mistake of the war, and put victory well within our grasp.

What has happened since then? Germany, frustrated in the West, incapable of knocking the British Isles out of the war by air attack, and foiled in her attempt to skirt the northeastern shores of the Mediterranean to reach oil in Iran, turned eastward to Russia. With what elation we first learned that the Russians had accepted the challenge and were prepared to fight in the defence of their territory! We hardly dared to hope that they could remain in the field as an organized force and do battle for more than the six weeks or so which Hitler said he would take to conquer them. We agreed that if Russia were decisively beaten, our position would be worse than it was before, because Hitler would have gained useful supplies from the Ukraine and put himself in possession of oil. Yet we hoped for the best and believed that, at the worst, Hitler would pay heavily in materials, manpower, and time, for his victory.

I don't know whether Hitler really believed that he could smash the Russian armies in six weeks, but I am quite sure that he thought he could do so before winter set in. Now it is clear that our worst forebodings were groundless, and that the best we could reasonably hope for has come to pass. Yet I seem to discern rather more wagging of grave heads today than there was at the beginning of the campaign. Is this trend toward a morbid pessimism justified in reason, or is it merely an intellectual fashion? The question is whether the Allied fortunes have improved, and the prospect of ultimate victory brightened during the past five months, or whether the course of the Russian campaign has placed us in greater jeopardy. The answer to this question is only to be found by striking a balance between the advantages and disadvantages accruing to the enemy, and assessing his chances of winning a decisive victory.

Let us admit, at the beginning, that no one yet knows the truth, either about Russian resources and productive capacity, or about German losses and economic reserves. At best we can only surmise, and our judgment will vary according to our estimate of these vital factors. And if we were all to be perfectly frank, we should probably admit that our estimate of Russia's productive capacity will be influenced by our feelings about Russian policy. Those who hate Russia for what she represents will be inclined to discount her ability to match the Germans in industrial production. Those who admire Russia for the ideals which she professes have a boundless faith in Russian miracles.

For my own part, I am inclined to think that, in material matters, there is very little to choose between the German and the Russian system of organization. Both these States have developed a totalitarian system of government. Both have directed the energies of their people to warlike preparations for many years. Both have regimented their manpower and exacted every sacrifice from their people. Germany has a long and excellent tradition of efficient industrial production. Russia has a peasant tradition, but has been industrializing for twenty years. Moreover she has greater manpower and command of boundless resources within her own borders.

At the time of the German conquest of Poland, we were a little shocked at Russia's invasion of Eastern Poland. We were shocked at the unprovoked assault which Russia made on Finland and on the Baltic States. Yet we are inclined to take a more tolerant view of these assaults in the light of recent events. Germany, it is clear, intended to move eastward, and would have over-run these nations in any event. So Russia decided to move first and place a cushion between herself and the striking arm of the conqueror.

There are those who think that Russia was impelled to her western conquests by motives of Imperialism, but I am inclined to think that her rulers knew well enough how treacherous and how desperate was the man with whom they had struck up so strange a friendship. I think the Russians were cunning enough to fondle him and pat him while they filched one of the guns out of his hip pocket.

I doubt very much whether the Russian forces could have withstood the impact of the German attack in all of its fury and still have defended most of their western system of communications and supply, had they been compelled to meet it first on the borders of Russia proper. The long delayed action which was fought over many weeks as the Russians gradually retreated first to the Bug River, then back to the Dnieper, gave them time to move a great deal of their productive machinery behind the Urals, and to prepare mines for the destruction of what they were unable to move. It gave them an opportunity to test the German's strength, and gain experience in German tactics. It won them respite in which to complete the preparation of deep defenses before their most vital centres.

The campaign is now entering a particularly critical state. The main lines of Russian communication north and south, and from the main centres to the interior, have been threatened often, but not yet irretrievably disrupted. The Russian armies have several times come near to being segregated from each other, and to having the unity of their command destroyed. But this catastrophe has not yet happened. On each occasion, when it appeared likely to happen, superhuman efforts and an unexpected reserve of strength have been brought into play to relieve the situation.

I understand from people who are in a position to know—as much as anyone can know—that Russia retains about sixty per cent of her productive capacity as far as the munitions industry is concerned. Whether this is sufficient, when taken in conjunction with her reserve of military stores, to support the operation of her gigantic armies until the spring, I do not know. But neither can we be sure that Hitler's fuel reserves and his ability to continue repair and maintenance so far from home will stand the strain any better.

It is all very well to talk in awe-struck tones of the vast resources and productive facilities which Hitler has been able to incorporate into his war machine as the result of the conquest of nearly all Europe. Napoleon had some of the same advantages, and more time in which to make use of them. The fact is, that the task of adapting these to their new purposes, of incorporating them into a general economic scheme without duplication, and of providing and transporting raw materials from unaccustomed places, since the naval blockade has closed the ports, is a tiresome responsibility on the liability side which almost overbalances the assets. Hitler will find, as Napoleon found before him, that the needs of the conquered people must be served, or he can expect no cooperation from them. The alternative is compulsion, and compulsion involves distributing troops and agents thickly over an area large enough to absorb even his vast army.

If it be true that Russian occupation of territories to the west of her was made entirely for the purpose of preparing a defense in depth against the enemy she knew must eventually attack her, then we must measure Germany's successes with this in mind. In other words, we must not look at the map and note the great distance between the line as it was last June and the line as it is today, and call that the measure of German triumph. For it is evident that most of this ground was intended to be yielded in the process of absorbing shock. Nor am I entirely convinced of the great value of the Ukraine to the enemy. In fact, I question whether its loss will be crippling to the Russians, unless the war drags on for two more years with the Germans in full possession. This territory passed into enemy hands during the last war. Yet Germany's economic collapse was not averted by possessing this treasure house of food and minerals.

I think most military experts will agree that a protracted retreat drawn out over several hundred miles is a much harder type of action to fight and requires more military skill than an advance. It is a sort of leap-frog business, with rear-guard forces fighting delaying actions, while the main forces withdraw. Then the rear-guard has to be withdrawn under cover of aircraft and artillery fire. That the Russians have been able to withdraw with their forces almost intact and to do so for hundreds of miles over a period of five months, and then to make a successful stand when it became necessary, argues that the Russian army is stronger and better led than we had supposed. And it does seem as though this great retreat has sapped enough strength from the enemy's striking arm that his shock tactics are no longer irresistible.

The Russians have given the German army a terrific problem to solve. They have forced the German High

Command to support a force numbered in millions, stretched out over a front two thousand miles long, with supplies which must be transported over primitive country, largely in gasoline driven vehicles. Time, distance, and winter are bound to take very heavy toll of these gasoline driven vehicles, and to make serious inroads on Germany's oil reserve. I think, moreover, that the speed with which the enemy has been drawn into Russian territory, coupled with his own encircling tactics, has resulted in an incomplete subjugation of the territory over which he has passed. The activities of isolated Russian units, guerrilla bands, and armed peasants behind the German lines will, in the forthcoming months, acquire a major importance and constitute a serious menace to the organization of German supply.

The most difficult factor to assess at its true value is the respective loss of manpower. Most people are agreed that the Russian estimates of German losses are greatly exaggerated. I have heard quite responsible people suggest that the German losses are really infinitesimal. This is going to the other extreme, and is obviously preposterous.. The Russian army is highly mechanized, mobile, and cunningly led, and is fighting over its own country, so it is not reasonable to suppose that the Russian troops are unduly exposed to a series of desperate actions in which thousands of them must be annihilated by machine gun fire. It is, moreover, a military axiom that the storming of strongly defended positions involves much greater loss of manpower to the attacker than to the defender.

There can be no doubt that the crossing of the Beretsina River and the drive on Smolensk cost the Germans heavily in manpower. The long stand which the Russians made around Kiev put the enemy to great expense to blast an unobstructed pathway to the Southern Ukraine. And who shall say that an army fighting several hundred miles away from any well established permanent military base, and attacking in successive waves along a three hundred mile front for six weeks, has not sustained appalling casualties? Yet, this is the situation in which the German army has been along the arc from Kalinin to Tula which protects the western defense of Moscow.

No, I think there is no doubt that the German forces have suffered tremendous casualties. Not four million men, perhaps, but something over two. If the fighting had not been pretty terrific, Hungarian and Rumanian forces would scarcely have pulled out of the battle and foregone all hope of profiting by the campaign. The Russians, too, have lost heavily, but they can afford their losses better. They have many times the manpower and no vast areas of conquered territory to police and garrison.

There is one aspect of the fighting on the eastern front which is definitely encouraging, and that is the inability of the German Air Force to win undisputed ascendancy over the Russian Air Force. The most important single factor in Germany's swift victory over Poland was an almost complete and early annihilation of the Polish Air Force. The Russians have not been caught in the same trap, and, though their air losses must indeed be heavy, Russian aircraft are continuing to give valuable support to their troops, while Russian aircraft factories have been able to develop new types of aircraft and put them into service.

It is in this department that British and American material help can be made available most quickly. Mr. Churchill has made reference to the fact that the Germans are short of aircraft. The British, on the other hand, are not short of aircraft for present purposes, and it will only be a matter of a few months before the combined production of British and American aircraft factories will far outrun Germany's current production. This may prove the decisive factor in frustrating German efforts to break the western system of Russian defenses and communication. As the Germans have good reason to know from their experience in Libya, long drawn out lines of communication are very vulnerable to powerful and sustained air attacks.

British aircraft are already fighting in Russia in large numbers, both as Royal Air Force formations and as contributions to the Russian Air Force. Of recent weeks, American aircraft have made their appearance in the southern theatre of operations. British tanks also have led the Russian forces into action, but it is not clear yet whether they were transferred from the British Army of the Middle East or whether they were shipped direct to Murmansk.

In these ways, we have helped Russia already, and I suppose the most important question of the hour is, how can we bring the greatest measure of aid to our Russian allies without jeopardizing the Allied cause by exposing some other vulnerable spot for the Germans to attack. There has, as you know, been a wide-spread clamour for the British Government to open up another front. Britain's failure to do so has started a storm of recriminations which are as mischievous as they are unwarranted. Those who are responsible for directing the Allied strategy and making disposition of the Allied forces take a very broad view. They must keep their eyes on the Pacific, on the Indian frontiers, on the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic, and on western Europe. They must remember that it is more important to win the war than to win a battle. They must bear a number of political considerations in mind, knowing, for instance, that too great a disturbance of the balance of power in the Middle East might have unfortunate effects on Turkish policy, and that the strategic position of Turkey is of paramount importance. They must do the best with what they have, and, since that is little enough, avoid exposing it where they cannot be sure that its effect will be decisive.

Last time, we went to help Greece, and we lost Libya because we didn't have enough forces to hold the dominant position in two theatres of war. In the long run, the best way to help Russia is to assure the ultimate defeat of Hitler, and, if an unduly heavy burden rests on Russian shoulders today, be sure that at the last the burden will fall upon us, not because of our failure now, but because it will be up to us to administer the *coup de grace.*

Landing a powerful force in western Europe involves retaining mechanized equipment in Britain which is now going to the Middle East; it involves the construction and operation of literally hundreds of diesel-driven invasion barges which we do not yet possess, because conventional ships require docks and the enemy controls all the docks in western Europe, and can destroy them; it involves exposing the smaller craft of the Royal Navy to aircraft and torpedo boat attack in confined and heavily mined waters, at a time when they are badly needed in the battle of the Atlantic and to protect our convoys going to the Middle East. Such an offensive presupposes that we shall capture territory and pursue our advantage, and this, in its turn, involves moving in great quantities of supplies through the regular ports after we have made them our own. That implies a diversion of shipping which is already strained to meet our requirements in the British Isles and in the Middle East.

If we are not to lose Egypt and all our Mediterranean bases, which indirectly are of inestimable value to the Germans, we must drive the Axis army out of Libya. So we must continue to build up the strength of the army of the Nile. If Turkey is not to fall victim to German pressure, we must maintain powerful forces at her borders. This also is of vital importance to Russia.

Looking at the matter another way, we may say that millions of German troops will have died in vain if Hitler does not reach oil in the next few months. To snatch the fruits of victory from his grasp is just the same as inflicting a defeat upon him, and it would seem more sensible to help the Russians defend the Caucasus by keeping supplies rolling up through Iran to the Persian Gulf, and by massing troops where they will be ready if called upon, than to dissipate our strength in doubtful adventures elsewhere.

In conclusion, I should like to say a word about the threat which appeals to prejudice on the one hand and to sentimentality on the other, with respect to our dealings with Russia. Already there are those who are seeking to gain popular favour at the expense of their political rivals by pretending that men of means and position secretly desire Russia's destruction, and are obstructing the fulfillment of British pledges of aid. It is only possible for them to do this if the general public allows its admiration for Russian courage to blind it to the realities of the Soviet State. The Russians have always been veritable tigers in the defense of their own soil. Long before the Communist regime gained power, the Russian proved himself as a fighter and a devoted guardian of his home. The Russians have not changed, but the Communist State is a totalitarian regime, perfectly adapted and well prepared for just such a struggle as this. The political clique in control is more akin to the other dictatorships than it is to the democracies. Germany leans toward military imperialism, while Russia has a longer range policy aimed at first subjecting her own people to an uncritical acceptance of the Communist doctrine and the establishment of a Communist State, and thereafter at extending Communist power by a systematic proselytization of other countries through a well developed technique of agitation and political disruption.

I think we need to remind ourselves of these things from time to time in order that we shall not lose sight of the attitude we have adopted toward the Russo-German war—an attitude proclaimed by Mr. Churchill and endorsed by all the members of the British Commonwealth and their Allies. We are not fighting for Communism. We are not endorsing the religion of materialism and expediency expounded by Marx and interpreted by a small group of people who have consecrated themselves as the priests of a new cult, people who have arrogated to themselves mystical powers to pronounce between right and wrong, and who hold as a monopoly the power to interpret the only true faith, dispense justice, and decide what is truth and what is not.

Now, while we do not subscribe to this mode of organization, yet we must perforce admit that it is no less efficacious a method of organizing for war than the Nazi regime itself, and that it has the merit, which the Nazis have not, of being founded on a coherent and plausible social philosophy.

We have also committed ourselves to the policy that, no matter what we may deplore in the internal systems of organization adopted by any nation, we cannot tolerate international lawlessness. For, if it is possible for one nation to be attacked for no better reason than that a neighbouring people desire to possess themselves of its property, none of us will be immune from the same type of marauder. Unfortunately, we have only recently decided to give practical effect to this principle which we have always accepted in theory.

Finally, and of most immediate importance, we must join forces with any who fight Hitler—for we could not have defeated him single-handed. Russia is not, and has not been, an enemy of ours. Nothing she has done has clearly violated any code of international law. If her agents have sinned against our practices, we have had the remedy in our own hands, and have been able to act against them individually without involving ourselves with the Soviet, which has generally repudiated them. Moreover, it must be admitted that, in the field of international relations, Russia has played a proper and moral part, abiding more faithfully by the terms of the covenant of the League of Nations, to which we all subscribed, than we did ourselves.

I have recently had opportunity to discuss Russia as an ally with men in responsible positions in Britain, whose dislike and distrust of Communism is well known, and I can say with certainty that they are the most ardent advocates of bringing help to Russia. For they are realists, and they understand only too well the consequences of a German victory over Russia, and how, in the process of time, the totalitarian powers, drawing strength from that great storehouse, can drag on the struggle and reduce the world to exhaustion. They know, too, that a Russia which has been aided in her hour of peril, will lose some of the rancour against the rest of the world which she can only nurse and keep warm so long as she stays isolated in her hermit's cave with every man's hand against her.

A strong instinct of self-preservation, and a shrewd estimate of the political effects which the comingling of Russia with the outside world would have, are driving the most hide-bound of British Tories to exert their best efforts on Russia's behalf. Those who say otherwise are merely taking advantage of the British Government's impotence in the matter of opening up another front, to exploit popular sentiment and drive a breach in the Tory stronghold. They are doing no good for Russia, and, if they are gaining any political advantage for themselves, it is only at the expense of the Allied interests. These domestic quarrels can wait, for they will appear of trifling consequence in the shadow of this struggle which bids fair to engulf the whole world. Thank you. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, I am sure we are grateful for that address. It will help us to maintain a proper perspective of the war as a whole, and, although the news of the day swings our attention from one battle area to another, John Collingwood Reade's address once more emphasises the unity of the whole gigantic struggle. Russia always has been an enigma. Right into the twentieth century she looked East rather than West; was not particularly interested in Europe, but was motivated by a Pan Slav movement; and was urged by the desire for a warm water port for her sea communications. But today she is in the very vanguard of the European battle-front.

Yet, she is still something of an enigma. We had built up in our minds, or we had let others build up in our minds for us, a false idea of her primitiveness and inefficiency. She has shown by action that she possesses an almost unbelievable efficiency against Hitler's vaunted invulnerability. In the last war the phrase we used was "the Russian steam roller". That is what she is proving to be today. And on behalf of this audience, both those present in this room and those listening to us on the air, I say to John Collingwood Reade that we are most grateful for his masterly survey of the Russian situation, which helps us to keep the whole international picture in perspective. (Applause.)

"THE NAVY"

AN ADDRESS BY

VICE-ADMIRAL A. E. EVANS, C.B., O.B.E.

Head of the British Admiralty Technical Mission.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, November 27, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen: Our Guest Speaker's topic today is The Navy. The beginnings of the British Navy go right back to the times of the Tudors, when the effectiveness of the Navy depended substantially on the effectiveness of the fishing fleet. Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation providing for two fish days per week, and she did this deliberately in order to encourage the fishing industry so that the fishing fleet could feed the navy,—feeding the navy of course with personnel, and not with the fish as we ourselves have been fed today.

But, Gentlemen, since that time the British Navy has built up for itself a great tradition and an unequalled efficiency which are the pride of the Empire and which are the envy of the rest of the world.

Today The Empire Club of Canada is particularly proud that Vice-Admiral Evans should come to talk to us. For the benefit of those who are listening to us over the air, may I say that Vice-Admiral Evans has served all over the world, in the waters of Australia, Africa, South America, and the Mediterranean. For two years he commanded at Gibraltar. He was present at the landing and evacuation of the troops at Narvik. Today he is head of the British Admiralty Technical Mission in this country. Vice-Admiral Evans.

Vice-Admiral Evans: Mr. President and Gentlemen: In thanking you for the honour which you have done to the Royal Navy in allowing me to speak today, I must point out that my job out here is to procure armaments rather than to use them—it is administrative and not operational. Indeed, from my office window in Ottawa, the Sea, at times, seems to be distressingly far off. In fact, apart from what I can gather from the very excellent press, I know no more than you do about what is going on at Sea or what the ships are doing or where they are—and so I am going to do what is absolutely unnecessary, and that is to blow the Navy's trumpet. I say unnecessary, because two far greater than I, Winston Churchill and John Masefield, have already proclaimed the Navy with their own brief inimitable choice of phrase—they refer to that great occasion when, through the Mercy of Providence, and by that strange coincidence which seems to produce the ships of the Royal and Merchant Navies in the right spot at the appropriate moment, our glorious soldiers, beaten but unconquered, were brought back to England out of such an inferno at Dunkirk as never blazed before.

It will be recalled that the Army, through unpredictable mischance, which is a euphemism for French defection, had lost all its equipment—tanks, guns, transport, and even rifles had gone. The Royal Air Force was battling with unprecedented valour and success against seemingly overwhelming odds. And, though country folk and townsfolk in England got out their sporting guns and rifles, ready to fight to the last ditch, or it may be the last shop window, England was almost disarmed and the gates seemed to be wide open to an invader—then Mr. Winston Churchill, though as ever undismayed, warned us all of the grave peril in which the Empire stood. He gave us a fearful picture and told us plainly and simply of the grim times that lay ahead.

But he spoke with confidence in his countrymen and of the Empire, and in one speech he paid such a complimen to the men at Sea that any further reference to their prowess, gallantry, and devotion to duty is almost an impertinence. At the end of a very black picture he switched on a light. He said, "But after all, we *have* got a Navy". And then that great writer and poet, Masefield, who himself has served much in the Merchant Navy, wrote his story of the evacuation in his book called "The Nine Days Wonder". Few, if any, could have written quite so lucidly and so proudly of the stoical conduct of the Army and of the dauntless courage of our tiny Air Force. Very properly he has a great deal to say of the Merchant ships that, often without charts, battled their way through shoals and through shellfire, and, with the aid of countless small craft from the seaside towns and coves of Southern England, lifted the army to safety.

Masefield, the seaman poet, disposes of the King's ships in a veiled, almost shy, commendation which is worthy of the Silent Service. He just says, "And the Navy was there, but that is a service apart".

Those two sayings seem to me to contain a sort of sublime faith in the Senior Service, and though we have been woefully short of ships, and especially the small ships, it may be fairly claimed that the dash and initiative displayed in this war by officers and men, has already earned for them a meed of praise, and that the confidence of our Prime Minister, who is not too easily satisfied, has not been misplaced.

Now, confidence and sublime faith may be very useful stimulants in adverse times, but they are not alone sufficient to guarantee success in war. One needs something more substantial, and hard experience, which is a reliable teacher, has shown us plainly and not for the first time, that the provision of an adequate first line of defence cannot be hastily improvised in regard to either ships or men. It takes about a year to build even a small ship and it takes nearly four years to train an able seaman—and during these long intervals, it may be, if we are not careful, the so-called luck of the Navy and the physical endurance of the personnel may become overstrained.

And so, when this contest is over, when this war, which, presumably like the last one, is intended to end all wars, is won, it will yet be wise to ensure that the Naval forces of the Empire are neither whittled down nor starved as they have been in the past. (Applause.)

I speak of the Navy. There are now and have been for some years, The Royal Australian Navy, The Royal Canadian Navy, The Royal Indian Navy,—the New Zealand force has now become The Royal New Zealand Navy, —five Royal Navies,—but our methods of training, our ideals, and our objects are one. We are all bound together by one unbreakable bond, and that is Naval Tradition. And finally, we serve together, sharing alike the glories and hazards of war, under one Flag and one King, united though untied, as one Great Service at Sea. (Applause.)

Now, what actually is the role of that Service? I think it can all be summed up in that much worn phrase, "Trade Routes and Command of the Sea".

Let me put it to you in this way. The war has already produced some astonishing feats of arms and endurance in Belgium, Greece, Crete, and North Africa. Nothing can ever detract from the valiance of our soldiers or from the daring of our airmen; but without the ships, the fighting ships and the Merchant Navy, not a man alive could have mustered for the ancient Roman games in what was once Mussolini's African Empire; but for the ships, there would not have been one drop of gasoline or petrol to enable our airmen to write their pages of glorious history across the sky. Without control of the Sea, the armies of Canada might yet be straining at the leash in some Eastern Canadian Port instead of standing at arms in defence of the heart of this Empire. That, broadly speaking, is the Navy's job—just policemen at sea and their beat is very big.

Only a few weeks ago two Cruisers, the *Aurora* under Captain Agnew—I don't see why we should not note the names of these distinguished gentlemen—and the *Penelope* under Captain Nicholl, and two Destroyers, *Lance* and

Lively, with Lieutenant Commanders R. Northcott and Hussey in command, utterly destroyed an Italian convoy of ten ships, which was under the close protection of several Destroyers and two powerful Cruisers. Apart from the convoy, at least three enemy Destroyers were sunk, and, though it sounds incredible, our small forces, which were also attacked by aircraft, came away unscathed. It may be that according to plan, the two big Italian Cruisers, far more powerful ships than we had in the arena, found the ground unfit for play and retired to their dugouts, ready to run away another day.

Now this adventure, this escapade, which in its effrontery and daring was positively boyish, took place at night. It was indeed a form of dogfight in the dark, and, though one can see the officers and men of those four ships exulting in the fray, yet one knows that the young officers in command, on whom a great responsibility lay, moving at high speed, with no lights, in what must have been a traffic jam at Sea, could not have achieved a success so notable, unless they had devoted their lives to the study of their men and their vocations, and so, with balanced agility of mind, have been able to apply their knowledge to every emergency. And this equally applies to the yet younger officers and men in their ships.

In order to ensure a success of that sort every soul in every department has got to know his job down to the last letter—the handling of a fast-moving ship, the quick recognition of friend from foe, gun and torpedo and engine-room drill perfect at night as by day—those things can only come with much practice; and it is well if one knows the other man's job in addition to his own, as the other man may be dead. It will be remembered that it was a badly wounded young paymaster, unversed in seamanship, that brought the *Hardy* out of Narvik harbour and so saved many of his shipmates to fight again.

The skill and efficiency shown in this Mediterranean action are not acquired by officers and men in a matter of days. In almost the whole period between the last war and this, the Navy suffered from what was called the urgent need for economy—oil fuel was stringently rationed—and so whenever a ship or squadron was at Sea, every possible moment was seized upon for carrying out exercises and drills in preparation for the war, which we all hoped would never come.

Then, in July, 1935, when Italy started her brutal attack on Abyssinia and when our Empire alone, of all in the League of Nations, stood firm to its contract, the fleets went to war stations and war routines. The great Mediterranean Fleet was reinforced, because the Navy had been whittled down and we had not a strong enough fleet in that Sea to take on Italy. It was reinforced from other stations. I myself had a squadron there which was known as "The Foreign Legion". My own ship, the *Exeter,* when we started for that war, came from Valparaiso. Another cruiser I had there, the *Ajax,* was in the West Indies at the time. I had one cruiser from China, and there were two cruisers from the Australian fleet. That was the situation we were in. We had nearly a year of intensive training. There were day and night gunnery and torpedo practices, mock battles, destroyer and submarine and air attacks. It was a strange situation, for we were based in what was in effect a neutral port, Alexandria, but whenever there was an air raid practice in harbour, the whole of Alexandria blacked out. Short of a shooting war, it was the real thing.

And when, in July, 1936, that war of plunder and murder came to an unhappy and unsatisfactory end, there was the Spanish Civil War which kept our ships of the Mediterranean and home fleets fully employed with patrols, guarding the Merchant Navy from seizure by Franco's Navy and from attacks by Italian submarines, which were taking a surreptitious part in that war.

During this time we experienced some strange incidents. I remember one day at Gibraltar. At about seven o'clock in the morning, my signal station reported one of General Franco's warships had taken charge of a British ship. They had only to take their ship a very few miles away to Ceuta and there would have been trouble. So we had to stop this. Normally we always had one destroyer ready, which used to nip out of harbour and tell the other fellow to go away. On this particular occasion it was a little unfortunate. I had something like eighteen destroyers out, which were doing a sweep of the Mediterranean to locate a ship which General Franco said was carrying contraband. That left two. One was under repair and one had gone off at six o'clock on a very urgent mission. So I made a signal to the one destroyer and asked him if he had his fast motor dinghy ready. The Commanding Officer replied "Aye, Aye, Sir". So I told him to put on board an officer and a rating with a rifle and hoist his colours, and "go out and tell that Dago to get to hell out of it". This little boat goes about twenty knots. I think the Spaniard must have thought it was equipped with many torpedoes, because he up and ran for all he was worth.

And so, with all this practise we had at Alexandria and other places, and, as I say, twenty years or more of it, when the King's ships were called upon to take up the present struggle, the Navy's sword was already sharpened and every officer and man could truthfully reply "Ready, aye Ready!"

In some ways it was a fairly hard school,—we did not get a great deal of rest,—but it was a very happy one, because every ship is a composite force carrying its weapons of war, its grocer and butcher shop, its hairdressers for those who want a permanent wave, its hospital, its Church, its school and its public library. In fact, it is village life in its best form. The Admiral has, so to speak, the best house in the village, and that is proper because, as is well known, all Admirals are grumpy, decrepid old men who have got to be looked after; but he lives, as do all the officers, at close quarters with the men: they know each other's tricks and habits, and they know that when the battle comes, whether they are serving together in a tin sided destroyer or in a heavily armed battleship, they are all in the same boat. And just as a quick decision taken by the Commander-in-Chief may put the issue of a big battle beyond doubt, so the initiative of a young officer or man, by dealing with a fire or flooding a magazine, may save a ship.

There are, of course, many relaxations—leave periods, to which, as Their Lordships remind us, we are not entitled, but which must be regarded as privileges; and, of course, there are too, many gay times in Imperial and Foreign Ports though regrettably, since they put up the Income Tax, very few sailors can now afford to keep a wife in every port.

Now ship work and fleet work are team work in the highest sense. Just consider for a moment the chase after and the destruction of the *Bismark*. When that great ship emerged from her Norwegian hiding place, we had perhaps several ships which, as far as guns were concerned, could fight that vessel on level terms, but we had then only two which had the three essentials, that is gun power, armour protection, and the speed to force her to action. If she had got loose she might have plundered and destroyed off Halifax one day, off New York the next, then perhaps on the South African trade route, or to the River Plate and round the Horn to the Pacific and perhaps Vancouver, and made rather a nuisance of herself. There is, of course, too, a good deal of trade in the Indian Ocean and the China Seas, but you can see that every ship or convoy at Sea, all our supplies of men, food, and munitions, were in serious jeopardy. It is no exaggeration to say that that ship was worth a million tons of shipping, because the oceans are so very wide and it is very easy for even a large ship to be lost. So the Navy set out to catch what Mr. Jorrocks in Handley Cross would have called "the biggest fox wot ever was seen".

Well the story is now history. She was first sighted and reported by an aircraft of the Coastal Command, which duly put two Cruisers on the scent. These two Cruisers shadowed her in mist and snow and darkness for over twenty-four hours, and that is a most difficult operation of war. They could not afford to be hit by *Bismark's* huge, long-range guns, yet, they had to keep touch, closing-in in thick weather or darkness and dodging out again as the visibility improved, so as not to let the quarry escape. But one thing was certain, they had to hold that ship. They did eventually lose her in thick weather, but they had held on long enough to put the *Prince of Wales* and *Hood* onto the trail. The *Hood,* as you know, was sunk, but she went down with a great band of fine fellows, and played her part by putting at least two 15 inch shells into the enemy vessel and thus reducing her speed. She had drawn first blood.

Again the monster was lost in those Northern mists; but the pack of hounds was out—large numbers of battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, and destroyers, of the Home Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Tovey, all joined in the hunt. Two great ships, the *Rodney* and the *Resolution,* left their convoys and also joined in the chase. Their convoys, of course, were of immense importance, but it was a case of fight neither with small nor great, save only with the King of Israel—and the King, in the form of the *Bismark,* was loose on the seas. It was eventually *Rodney,* with her 16 inch guns, that turned that ship into a veritable floating hell.

Meanwhile one Admiral in the *Renown,* taking with him the now lost but ever famous *Ark Royal,* worked out his own appreciation as to where the enemy would go, and, after steaming over 1,000 miles at over 30 knots, he put up a reconnaissance aircraft, and there she was. Planes from another aircraft carrier had already attacked with success before the aircraft from the *Ark Royal* put at least one torpedo into the enemy's screws and rudder and partially disabled her steering gear: and all this time the destroyer forces,—which included one from Poland, who got so savage they had to call him back,—kept nipping in like terriers and helped towards her destruction.

I believe that the Commander-in-Chief, acting greatly and with full confidence in his well known Band of Brothers, gave his ships all the information he had—which was not a great deal—in one short wireless signal, and then left them to do it. And then he himself, in the *King George V*, was in at the death, battleships, battlecruisers, the fleet air arm, cruisers, and destroyers, all having taken part in the chase.

That is team play. That is the spirit engendered centuries back and fostered very carefully in peace and war, which functioned well and thereby brought an episode in the Battle of the Atlantic to a very successful conclusion.

I believe that the Atlantic Battle has been going a little better for us in the last few weeks. Fewer ships have been sunk and a great many are being built. But the sinkings are still terribly heavy and we never know what evil news the morrow may bring, neither do we know how many submarines have been sunk nor at what rate the shipyards of Germany and the occupied ports are turning them out. In fact, the battle is not yet won, and we must regard the present situation merely as a lull in the action and prepare with all the haste we can to meet an intensification of, and even greater ferocity in, the attack.

Now that is being done over here in Canada. Ships and guns are being built. I often wish that more people could go into some of the big and small workshops and see what is going forward, because so many people ask me if Canada is doing anything. But this is all on the secret list and anyone trying to gate-crash may find his path obstructed by the Minister of Munitions himself standing, like Minerva, fully armed and bristling with those many cannon of every size and shape which he has contrived to produce so quickly. In my many visits, I find that team spirit all the way. I have been around a great many workshops and plants, and they are all working with one object, and that is that the Empire may win the war. It is that spirit which binds and ennobles our Empire, and it is slowly but surely grinding Hitler and his Band of Brigands into dust. It is the same spirit which will carry us to that victory, the dawn of which may be beginning to break.

We are all members of a team, and as somebody has written, "It is the individual effort of every blade of grass that makes a meadow green", so it seems that there must be few of us who, each in his own sphere, cannot, by taking thought, add something to the Imperial strength.

After all, we serve under one Flag—the Union Jack. It is a flag that has perhaps seen more gallantry, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty than any other in this world. (Applause.) It is the emblem of our great Empire. And I say—I don't want to preach—let us wave our Union Jacks, and put up our "V for Victory" signs wherever we like—but, above all such manifestations, let each and every one of us be quite sure that our personal effort in this Crusade, whether it be physical, mental or financial, entitles us to wear our Flag of Empire, the Union Jack, as our Club Colours. (Prolonged applause.)

MR. W. EASON HUMPHREYS, 2ND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB: Mr. President, Admiral Evans, Distinguished Guests: I have been in the presence of naval officers before and I remember the first experience very well. I was on deck at Divisions, being inspected. The officer inspecting said to the accompanying officer, "Tell this officer to go below and dress himself". I went below and asked a brother officer with more experience, what was wrong with my uniform. Without a word he tucked my handkerchief into the pocked out of sight and said, "Now go on deck". After that, whenever I saw a high ranking naval officer, I wanted to fall down the nearest hatch.

But on this occasion, Sir, it is a great privilege and pleasure to be in the presence of such a high-ranking naval officer who has addressed us on The Navy today.

I believe, Sir, that we in Upper Canada, living as we do about a thousand miles from the nearest sea on our own shores, need to be told a good deal more than we have been told of the work of His Majesty's Navy, for I venture to say, Sir, that Canada's economy has depended upon, and will continue to depend upon, the Navy. I have watched with interest, Sir, the faces of the members of this large audience, and it is quite clear that they would wish me to thank you very, very sincerely for this interesting, instructive, and, I may add, most inspiring address.

Thank you very much indeed, Admiral Evans.

Gentlemen of the Empire Club: With some misgivings I succeeded this morning in persuading our President to permit me to depart from our usual straight and narrow path in view of this special occasion today. As one of a group of men of the British Empire Overseas Branch of the Board of Trade, some of whom are our guests today, I should like to say that that group has taken an interest in one of the ships being built here for the Royal Navy. One of these ships, now known as H.M.S. *Fort York,* was christened in this city recently by Miss Sheila MacDonald. The Overseas Branch of the Board of Trade was given the privilege of submitting a name for the ship, which up to that time was known, I believe, as *Ship No. 21.* Since Toronto is in the County of York, and since *Ship No. 21* was to be christened within a few hundred yards of historic Fort York, the name H.M.S. *Fort York* seemed appropriate. This name was submitted to Admiral Evans who kindly secured for us the Admiralty's approval to this name.

Since we are interested in H.M.S. *Fort York* and her crew, my colleagues and I recently met her new Commanding Officer. We told him we were interested in the welfare of the crew of his ship and then asked him if there was anything he would like personally. We were rather touched by what he said. "I think", said he, "I would like to beg a picture of Their Majesties the King and Queen for our wardroom". It has been a pleasure to accede to that request and so, Admiral Evans, will you please accept this framed picture of Their Majesties the King and Queen for the wardroom of H.M.S. *Fort York.*

VICE ADMIRAL EVANS: On behalf of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Fort York,* I want to thank you most warmly for this photograph. I am not quite sure at the moment, but I think that it is highly probable that the ship will be manned by officers and men from Canada, and, if that is the case, you may rest assured that everything on board will be as it should be and ready for battle at any moment. They themselves could wish for no greater inspiration, no greater encouragement, and no greater honour than to have displayed in their ship a photogaph of—if I may so put it, these wonderful people. (Applause.)

"THE REAL NEW ORDER"

AN ADDRESS BY

JAN MASARYK

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Wednesday, December 3, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, our speaker today, Mr. Jan Masaryk, holds a name which is famous and which is honoured the world over. (Applause.) That name is associated for all time with Czechoslovakia and with the building of an enlightened Republic, the creation of an enlightened Democracy among a people who had been tyrannically suppressed for centuries. His father was the first President of that Republic, and our speaker, Mr. Jan Masaryk, was his father's right hand man in many of his affairs. Subsequently, he was for fourteen years the Czechoslovak Minister to Great Britain. Now he is the Foreign Minister to the Free Czechoslovak Government in London, England.

Gentlemen, the fate of the Czechoslovak Republic is a measure of what happens to a peaceful and a liberty-loving people, if they happen to get in the way of the ambitions of a tyrannical dictator. But, correspondingly, Czechoslovakia must be one of the keystones in any doorway through which the world is going to move once again to peace, to order, to freedom. (Applause.) It is therefore a great privilege for The Empire Club that Mr. Jan Masaryk should come and talk to us about "The Real New Order". Mr. Jan Masaryk. (Applause.)

MR. JAN MASARYK: Gentlemen, may I first thank you for allowing me to come to you today and say a few incoherent words, and may I thank your great City of Toronto for its very kind reception, which I don't deserve, but which I enjoy very much indeed. I want also to take this opportunity to thank once more the Government of Canada for the very kind reception they gave me when I arrived. His Excellency, the Governor General, extended hospitality to me, and your Prime Minister, on a very sad day (he was leaving for the funeral of his fellow-statesman, Mr. Lapointe), spared the time to allow me to lunch with him and his colleagues in Ottawa.

Now, it looks as if all this were being done for *me*. I don't take it as such. I am taking the honours bestowed upon me from 1938 until the end of the war not for myself but on behalf of my oppressed nation, who really deserves them. Then, I would like to get a little pension from my Government as the final honour bestowed on me. Whatever is done for me, I feel, is done not only for my people at home, but also, more than that, for all the innocent people abroad who are the real victims of this terrible war.

It is only natural that Czechoslovakia, not too big but a sweet country, is foremost in my heart. But I never make speeches on Czechoslovakia first. I think it is exceptionally bad taste. Everybody's country must come first. To you men, naturally, Canada comes first. You are not making capital of it. It is like a person's religion. Naturally, a person's country comes first. When I meet people who talk about some other country first—I am not mentioning any names but you know what I am trying to say—it is a rather poor sort of statemanship. Naturally Czechoslovakia comes first but that is my own business.

It is difficult for me to speak about my country today. I have become an emigrant, a refugee, if you want it. It is not a very pleasant state to be in, but I feel myself a citizen of Europe and of the world. When I speak of my country, I at once think of our neighbours, of our friends over there, who are in exactly the same fix, as the Americans say, as we are. When I think of the latest murders in Czechoslovakia— they were not provoked, they were just wanton nonsense—I think of the hostages in France. When I think of the hostages in France, I at once think of the newly-established ghettoes. Let us stop and think, Men, what is going on. Are we going back to hostages and ghettoes in the year of our Lord 1941? Why, it is an idea too horrible to contemplate When I think of the ghettoes, I think of the valiant people of Yugoslavia, killed by the tens of thousands by the same common enemy. When I think of Yugoslavia, I think of Rotterdam, a great city where within one hour thirty thousand innocent people were killed. For what? Just to satisfy one man's insatiable thirst for blood and wanton aggression. Therefore, as I say, I am not speaking to you as a Czechoslovak Minister. I don't think very much of titles and position—it is rather all nonsense. I am speaking to you as a citizen of Europe.

My little country, after twenty years! I think, as countries go, we made good. We were interrupted. My father said before he died, "We need another twenty years". Well, we were not given those twenty years. Anyway, today, when we speak of the war, when we speak of the New Order, we cannot stop at any frontiers. This is everybody's war. It is your war as much as mine. It is a war of all decent people all over the world against the indecent ones, and I am happy and I am grateful to God that there are infinitely more decent people in this world than there are indecent ones. (Applause.)

I have said more than once that Hitler has managed to generate more hate than any son of a deluded mother ever did in the history of humanity. I think I am not far off the mark when I say there are about two billion people who hate Hitler in different degrees. I never hated until I was away over fifty. It never occurred to me to hate. Some people bored me— when I saw them coming I went the other way. Others I liked; some I loved. But I have learned to hate actively, and that is a sin which Hitler committed to my soul, as he has committed it to untold millions of free souls to whom hate was not a word in their vocabulary. (Applause.) And for no other reason, Hitler is doomed, just because so many people righteously hate him.

This is truly a gigantic struggle. It is infinitely bigger than can possibly meet the naked eye. You people in one way are fortunate—you are far away from it. I wonder how far! It is perfectly natural that it hasn't been brought to you as vividly and as terribly as it has to us over there. It was my proud privilege—and I mean exactly what I say, it was a privilege which I wouldn't give up for anything in the world—to have spent the last twelve or fifteen months in Great Britain. I left the United States just in time for the Blitz. It was arranged almost to coincide with my arrival and I saw what was happening. I saw the people of Great Britain at their best. I saw them immediately after Dunkirk, where, as you men of affairs know, Great Britain was shockingly unprepared. I arrived in America immediately after and I said to my American friends, including the great President, "The great British people are going to take a stand. They are not going to give in". You know there was a rather dangerous wave of defeatism at the time across the frontier, but I was so absolutely positive that Great Britain would be at her best. She is always at her best when she is in a tight corner. When everything is smooth, perhaps she doesn't take herself as seriously as she should. But once she is at her best, it is a sight to behold.

And I saw there the casualties—women, children, hospital patients, priests, clergymen, schoolmasters, a few soldiers—and I said to myself then, "Well, this is all wrong. This can't go on. It is not the soldiers who are paying the price although they want to. We have all become soldiers, even little children; little children in arms have become soldiers, which seems to me to be grossly unfair”.

We in Czechoslovakia didn't draft people until they were nineteen. How is it possible in our Christian civilization to draft children of a few weeks into an army to be killed?

Therefore, I say this to you, and this is really perhaps the most important thing that I want to say to you today. I am firmly of the opinion that we have got to make this the last war. It has got to be the last World War. We have over-mechanized ourselves to such an extent that, when this war is over—and mind you, first we have got to win it and we have got to win it by force of arms; there is no other way out—(applause)—when I say that, I say it also in the interests of Germany, for I used to have a great many friends in Germany—Germany must learn, once for all, that this sort of business doesn't pay, and, God willing, we are going to show it to them.

Now, I contend that this certainly should be the last war. We have had this terrific mechanization. Last year I flew from here, from Newfoundland, with your great Ace from the last war, Billy Bishop, and we flew in something like eleven and a half hours, which was rather hair-raising, but a friend of mine came over the other day in one of those blessed bombers—and when I say “blessed” —they are at the moment—in just over seven hours.

Well, if we are going to progress in mechanics as we have done in the last fifty years—and I still remember the first electric car in Prague fifty years ago—if we are going again to use these inventions, these fruits of study, of research, of human genius, to produce wholesale murder, we are not worthy of being called civilized peoples, any of us. We must realize that, only if we hitch the mechanical forces of the world to the chariot of humanitarianism in order to replace hate by love and subterfuge by decency; only if we manage to harness these terrific forces which

Providence showed us how to use—and certainly we were not meant to use them as we are using them today—only then can this world be a very fit place for human beings to live in.

When I think of today and all the destruction, I submit that all of us, the soldiers included, the generals and the strategists, all together must form a General Staff to eliminate war, general war, as a political weapon. It doesn't mean we are Pacifists. I don't like to fight, but, if anybody takes it up, certainly I am not going to put my hands in my pockets. I think we must produce an intelligent General Staff which will see to it that the minute somebody starts what Hitler started a little while ago, he will be pounced upon at once and be told to go away and stand in the corner—"You are a very, very bod boy, indeed". Instead of that, we waited far too long and today we are all paying the price. A terrible price, indeed. There isn't any country being excepted. There is no one country in the world that is not going to pay in full for what is happening today. We have all sinned. Perhaps my country is being punished a little more than she deserved, but let us think, let us look into our consciences, all of us, and see where we have made mistakes,—sometimes, perhaps, rather well meant mistakes,—for which the price now being paid is so great. Therefore, I repeat to you, it is my considered opinion that we must make this the last war of this description.

Another thing I want to say is this. We all think of a New Order. Now, you know very well what Hitler's New Order is. I told you in the beginning of my unprepared speech, it means ghettoes, it means hostages, it means theft, it means blood baths of innocents. I cannot sleep when I think of them,—of people at this very moment being taken away from Prague into Poland, in locked cattle carriages, in 20 below zero weather, with no sanitation, no food, no clothes, and the Germans calculating that, when they get to their destination, half of them will be dead. Well, they succeed very well indeed in achieving that rotten end. That is what Hitler would call a New Order. It means slavery, Gentlemen. Hitler, in one of his weak moments, said, "Yes, certainly, there are slave nations and there are master nations, and we are certainly going to put the slave nations where they belong". It so happens that I am a member of a slave nation, and that rat called Goebbels is a member of the ruling nation—also part of the New Order.

It means that education would be stopped. I must say a word in your University town. You see they closed my University, these awful people, a University which existed from 1342 until 1939, which in that year had seven thousand Czech students. It was closed by order of the so-called Protector. Books are being taken away from our children. Czech laboratories are closed. And when I say "Czech", I speak of all my colleagues in suffering in all the occupied countries—you can supplant it by any name you choose. All over the place these things are happening, driven, in my estimation, by a brilliant man who is the great evil genius, and who has managed to prepare a formidable mechanized machine of destruction. That is what is going on under the title of a New Order.

Now, I coined a word for it a few days ago. Standing on my feet I sometimes get an inspiration, and I said that Hitler has tried to accomplish a mechanized Stone Age. In the old days the Stone Age was very crude, but it was then the order of the day. Nowadays he is pushing us two thousand years back, ten thousand years back, with the help of the great inventions, of the great intelligence, and of the great research work of two thousand years of what we call Christian or Western Civilization. Well, if that is to be the New Order, I certainly don't want to live even one day under it. I would infinitely rather die in Canada today a free man than live a hundred years under Hitler as a slave, and I know we all feel the same way. (Applause.)

Another thought. I am of the humble opinion that a new world has already been born. We didn't notice it. It came upon us gradually. It has been prepared maybe for a couple of centuries, but in all this rush and all this speed and all this development we didn't realize that this new world was already upon us, and I submit, in all respect, that the new world has already been born in the bombed houses of London and Coventry and Plymouth, in the bombed city of Rotterdam, in the ghettoes of Warsaw, in the closed University of Prague, in the blood-stained steppes of Russia. A new world has been born. It is going to be rather a cruel world, Gentlemen, to start with. It is not going to be easy, and some of us older people can be very grateful that we had the opportunity—I did, at least—of half a century of well ordered and fairly pleasant life. I have had hard work and a lot of sadness, too, but on the whole, it was very satisfying. It is going to be a cruel new world, but it is up to us who call ourselves gentlemen to make this new world into something worth living in. If we don't do it, Gentlemen, somebody else will make it into something else, and, believe me, it will be infinitely more unpleasant.

You see, it is easy for me to speak. That awful man, Schicklegruber, has seen to it that the little property I had in Czechoslovakia was confiscated, so I suddenly found myself with very few pounds (which I invested in the British War Loan), and now I am perfectly satisfied to realize on how little a man can live and feel perfectly happy. I had big houses, and horses, and dogs, and all the things some people have with a lot of money. Well, I have one little dog now. (Applause.) And I do my own cooking. I am not a first class cook, but I have had Cabinet Ministers in Great Britain in my flat for a meal. In other words, one can see, if you have a clear idea in your head, if you have faith, and if, beside hating one side of this universe, you love the other side, passionately, that the material comforts are really not everything. I myself thought they were until I was hit over the head when I least expected it.

Therefore, I repeat, this is a new world. It is a new world which we must help to shape, and I say in all seriousness that, unless the English-speaking people of this world take the leadership, I am afraid we cannot win the peace. We are going to win the war. There is no question about it. I said only this morning to some gentlemen who came to see me: "Hitler cannot win this war, but we haven't won it yet, and we have got to do much better than we have been doing hitherto, if we want to win it".

And take it from one who has seen with his own eyes: Great Britain with less than two divisions, and Hitler a few miles away. I know that the next year will be tremendously important and difficult and often disappointing. We want production and more production, and I am glad to say that, since I was here a little over a year ago, I can see the stride your great Dominion has made in that year. I think, maybe, you can still do better. But that is not my business, it is yours.

Anyway, this is the situation. We must shape this new world. Now, in that connection, the English-speaking countries must take the leadership and have a plan. I am not speaking for Czechoslovakia, Gentlemen. And I am not speaking for Belgium. I am speaking for Canada, for every country that is proud of its civilization. Unless this is done, the leadership may get into hands in which we don't wish to have it. Somehow or other, when I leave shortly to go back to England, I think I will leave fairly confident that the great North American Continent —one part of it, quite; the other, almost—has seen the writing on the wall which says: "It is our business as much as the other fellow's". And I am an optimist in the long run.

But what after? And I presume you want me to say a few words about it. First, however, there is just one more remark I want to make about Great Britain. It has to do with Trade Unions. A great friend of mine is sitting at this table, one of the Trade Union boys who came over for the Labour Conference. We were rather proud of our Labour Unions. We got on with them very well. In Great Britain the Trade Unions have agreed to compulsory arbitration for the duration of the war. (Applause.) They did it with chins lifted up, without giving anything away, without at all being ashamed, and without setting out the rights of the workmen. I think it was a magnificent thing to do, and, if it were done in other places, we wouldn't have some of these utterly, absolutely, unspeakably futile strikes that interfere with the gear of this war.

When this war is won, a terrible mess will face us all. I want to say a word about Germany. I am not, I never was, anti-German. I was always violently anti-Prussian. During the last war I was attached as an Austrian Officer to a Prussian Army Corps, so I know exactly how lamentable the lack of humour of a Prussian Guard Officer can be. You can't tell me anything about the Prussians. I know them. I was always anti-Prussian. I was not anti-German, and I think the Germans have contributed greatly, and will again, God willing, one of these days, to the general uplifting of culture, intelligence, philosophy, religion, and all that on the other side of the Atlantic. But somehow or other it seems to me that Germany suffers from periodical moral blackouts. This is not the first one, as you will see if you read history. If you read the history of the German people down to the time of that bully called Bismarck, the history of the times of Frederick the Great and of the last Wilhelm, you will see the super-vulgarized efforts of all these people passing into the hands of the lowest type of gangsterism which has ever disturbed the equilibrium of the world. So, I submit, as an ex-friend of Germany, and, I hope, as a future friend of Germany—I am not a friend of Germany at this moment, I am at war with Germany, I am at war with Nazi Germany—until we find out who is who in Germany, it is rather dangerous to say there are a great many nice ones and some less nice ones—I am sure there *are* some nice ones but I don't happen to know them now. Therefore, when the war is over, Germany (I think I can use the comparison I used in a small committee the other day) must get into quarantine. When one wants to bring a dog into England, it takes six months before he is let out if he is very well bred and his master even better bred than the dog. There are no exceptions. My little dog had to wait for six months. I think I am not exaggerating when I prescribe the same procedure as far as Germany is concerned, because Germany is not a healthy animal and certainly not a little dog. Germany is suffering from an extremely dangerous plague called Naziism, which is a very virulent bug, and we certainly don't want to get it.

Now, when the war is over, I submit to you that Germany must come into quarantine for a period of time. How long, I know not; let us leave it to the doctors who will be in charge, but certainly don't let us get sentimental the day after the war is over and say they are very nice people, we will go and play bridge and cricket with them. (Applause.)

And there is another point which I want to stress as strongly as I know how. I can prove to you conclusively that the German youth have been prepared for this war, vaguely, for centuries, but definitely from the day the Treaty of Versailles was signed. It was not a first class Treaty. I know all about it. I know all its weaknesses, naturally, but compared with the Treaty of Munich it is a classic written by Homer. But still, ever since the end of the last war, the poisoning of the mind of the German child has been in progress.

I had a remarkable collection of German textbooks which, unfortunately, I left in Prague in 1938 when I visited my beloved city for the last time, but I could prove to you conclusively, through the Faculty of the University, that that business has been going on, this business of bringing out and arousing the Prussian spirit—"We haven't been beaten"—the attempt to cover up truth with as much colourful but untrue covering as was possible. This is my point, Gentlemen: I think the re-education of the German youth, and, in the same connection, perhaps, the re-education of the youth of other countries who have suffered a little bit from this same bug, will be one of the most important, most glorious, and most sacred undertakings that the people who will be making peace must take upon themselves. We must give the German youth the opportunity to find out what truth is, according to honest, concerted, considered opinion of people. I believe that, if we men in this room will give time to it, we can come as near to what we consider political, historical, and national truth as any other body of men in the world, and I infinitely prefer the considered opinion of many, even if it takes a long time to arrive at a conclusion, than the decision of one man who thinks for us all. Imagine that horror in Germany! One fellow does all the thinking in the country of Goethe, of Schumann, of Heinrich Heine. They allow one fellow who used to be an interior decorator or something—not that that is something to be ashamed of—I myself was a day labourer once and I am not saying that with my tongue in my cheek—he does all the thinking. Everything he does is perfect, he doesn't make any mistakes, and the German youth are taught to follow him, and told that, if they follow him, they will not make any mistakes. To my mind it is a horrible idea. We must erase that once for all. We must make Europe—and when I say Europe, it is the world—safe for free thinking.

I coined a phrase the other day—"collective individualism". All of us in this room think for ourselves. Sometimes we think very differently from our neighbour. It happens that my Consul General is sitting next to me. We agree, but very often we have great differences of opinion. Nevertheless, if the fundamentals, the great ideas, have been built up, the difference of opinion is only healthy. That is why I say "collective individualism"—have a soldier who not only listens to his General but also does a little of his own thinking, who thinks for his next fellow, and who is inventive. Apropos of that, I think that this war will prove that a soldier of a free country, a British Empire soldier, given the same equipment that that Nazified robber has, is infinitely superior. At this moment, your wonderful troops in Libya are being put,—I think I am not exaggerating,—for the first time, to that test of being equipped, and I am confident of the result. I am very proud to say there is a little group of Czech soldiers in Tobruk at the moment, fighting. (Applause.) (That is digressing from my theme.)

The re-education of Europe, if you want, of the youth of Germany, prima facie, seems to me a necessity, because it is so nice to be allowed to hear the truth, it is so nice to be criticized, it is so nice to laugh at oneself. You know, I have seen the youth of Germany, with my bewildered and horrified eyes, losing their freedom and becoming robbers. I have seen the gleam of individual joy, the most sacred joy that Providence has given, the freedom of our individual souls, disappearing.

When the war is over and the culprits are punished—and, believe me, punished they are going to be—(applause)—then let us give everybody a chance to be free, to think freely, and to behave as it behooves human being to behave.

Now, I have said to you, I am convinced this war is going to be won. Let me say just one word about Russia. It so happens that I am not a Communist. I had to work for my living all my life, and, when I bought something with the money I earned by very hard work, it was my little thing and I wasn't going to give it away, only as I chose. To my mind, we, all of us in this room, and in your country, and in my country, owe a very great debt to Russia. Russia stepped in, or was stepped in—I leave it to you to decide—at an extremely crucial moment in the history of the world, and she offered millions of the flower of her youth in order to fight our common foe. Therefore, I am very pro-Russian, and, as far as different "isms" are concerned, I am far too busy to be thinking about "isms" just now. I think it is not very dignified. That is how I look on the Russian situation. That is the only thing I want to say about Russia, and I see my time is almost up.

Now, I stop where I started. This is the greatest struggle in the history of the human race between two ideologies. We must give up everything to make *our* ideology win. It is a glorious civilization, this civilization of ours. My little country perhaps will come with a small bill—not any bigger than that—when the war is over. We will want certain prerogatives for ourselves, but definitely not more than anybody else. Everybody in the whole world should have a minimum, and we will be satisfied with that, and I hope we will try to earn it.

When you feel the war is far away, when it doesn't really come home to roost as it did to my house and to my family, and all that, just think of the innocent people abroad. I once read "Innocents Abroad". It is a very sombre type of that rather delightful story. The innocents abroad—the hostages, the women, the children, the Jews in concentration camps, the lack of liberty, the lack of freedom, the suppression of wonderful cultures. Think of that, and I know that, if you do, just for two minutes every day, you will walk a little faster, just like our people, thinking of that, are walking a little slower, especially in our factories. We have a very well organized system of walking slowly, and I figured out the other day that, in the Skoda works alone, there are 1,860,000 minutes wasted every day. That is rather nice. And so I am confident that the people on the other side, who, for the moment, are under the vulgar, goose-stepping, rotten Prussian heel of Hitler, are going to help us by walking slowly. Let us all, as free people who should appreciate what is happening to us every day, free, in a free town, in a free country, on a free continent, let us walk a little faster, a lot faster, because the shorter the war, the shorter the mess afterwards.

And, in thanking you again for letting me come, and in thanking your great Dominion for the help they are giving to some of our refugees,—they are, I trust, worthy of it,—I thank you for the interest you have taken in my incoherent remarks. Hitler is going to lose the war. We are going to win it. Let us get on with the job. God bless you! (Applause—prolonged, the audience standing.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Mr. Masaryk, there is only one fitting word that can be used in response to your statesmanlike address, and that word is "Gratitude". I happen to be the person through whom the feelings of this audience, and the audience on the air, are being expressed, and we do, Sir, extend you our gratitude for the thoughts you have given us and for the inspiration that you have brought. When one thinks that your father, the founder of the Czechoslovak Republic, is dead, and that the state that he created is now overrun by foreign tyrants, and when one looks at the map of Europe today, one can imagine that you might be justified in feeling that all was lost. Yet, Sir, you have convinced us today that, though that State is overrun at the moment, its ideals are still as strongly established as ever. (Applause.) The faith of its people in the future remains firm, and, despite present trials, and despite future trials, yes, and despite the fact that, not only have we to win the war, but, as you say, Sir, we have also to win the peace, we share your confidence and the confidence of your people that those ideals and that faith will win through.

We are very grateful to you. You have given us something to take away with us and ponder over. You have given us something to remember.

And may I tell this audience that, at this head table, we have gathered together an outstanding group of Czechoslovakian people. We have the Czechoslovakian Consul-General. We have the Czech delegates to the International Labour Conference. We have the local President and the National Secretary of the Czechoslovak National Alliance in Canada. And we have also as our guest Flight-Lieutenant Gellner, who is a Czechoslovakian, but who is serving at present with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a private and confidential telegram, informing Flight-Lieutenant Gellner that he has just been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. (Applause.) In your name I assure him that he has our admiration and our congratulations. We are delighted to have these gentlemen present to share with us Mr. Jan Masaryk's magnificent address. (Applause.)

"INTO THE BLITZ"

AN ADDRESS BY

WILLIAM STRANGE

Lieutenant-Commander, R.C.N.V.R.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, December 11, 1941

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen of The Empire Club: During these last few days still more places have been temporarily rubbed off the map because they have been standing in the way of a treacherous redrawing, or attempted redrawing, of the pattern of the world according to one man's diabolical desire. The Far Eastern situation is at present in the forefront of our minds. It is, therefore, most opportune that today we should have the privilege of listening to William Strange, in person. Not only has he recently been to England and, as we all know, has just written his latest book *Into the Blitz* (the royalties of which he is giving to the men of the Merchant Service), but also, a year or two ago, he made a special study of the Far East. He published his conclusions in a book which he called *Canada, The Pacific, and The War.* And at this moment, when our eyes are so definitely focussed on the East, we are particularly happy to welcome as our speaker—William Strange. (Applause.)

MR. WILLIAM STRANGE: Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Empire Club: No man or woman speaking before any gathering large or small at this time can possibly afford to disregard the gravity of the news that we have been receiving in these past days. On the strength of a brief sojourn in Britain in the month of April, when the bombs were falling down in uncomfortably large quantities, I have been invited to come before you and to give an address to this gathering under the general title, *Into the Blitz,* the idea being that I, at that time, went into the Blitz and had the good fortune to encounter enemy activity to an extent which would, in ordinary circumstances, have made personal experience of some possibly only minor public interest. But the circumstances are very far from ordinary today. They have not, of course, been normal for a very long time; but, in these past days, they have become so very far out of the ordinary that many Canadians are beginning to wonder whether it is necessary to leave these shores to go into the Blitz, and whether, perhaps, the Blitz is not coming to these North American shores at any moment.

In view of this, and in view of the fact that, in collaboration with a number of men far better informed than myself, I, two years ago, undertook a study of Far Eastern affairs, and wrote a short book on the subject. I am going to crave your indulgence so that I may split my address, so to speak, in two portions, with Far Eastern matters occupying, shall we say, the foreground, and the things that I have to say about Britain supplying the lively and, I hope, somewhat inspiring background.

The first thing that I should like to say is this: It is a proud and pleasing thing that one is at last able to come out in public, and in a forthright manner, and to say that, thank God, our good neighbours, who have been our good cousins, have passed from that relationship and are now our brothers in arms. (Applause.)

At the very outset of this new phase of the conflict, they and we have experienced loss which neither of us has sought to minimize. As it was in Europe, so it has been in the Far East. Our enemies, scorning those moralities for which we stand and for which indeed we are fighting, have used every form of duplicity in order to gain what they hope to be the initial advantage. It is certainly not my function to discuss the damage that has been done,—no one at the present time apparently knows,—and it is still less my function to speculate upon what that damage may be. It is rather, surely, the function of all persons who are speaking and writing in public today to refrain from speculation and to deal only with those subjects which may be reasonably supposed to be matters of fact. One thing above all others that our enemies would wish to spread in our ranks is confusion. It is, therefore, the duty of those of us who are concerned with the dissemination of information of any kind to stand solid against that evil and to oppose it, so far as we are able, with the clear light of clarification. I am going to make a minor and brief attempt to do that this afternoon.

I think it would be well that some things should be said with respect to the air and sea blitz which has been treacherously unleashed by the Japanese, because the opening fireworks have been so very spectacular. There can be no doubt at all that the damage inflicted upon the American and British forces will, to some extent, alter the course of the war, although I should like to add to that statement the further remark that it will most certainly not change its final destination. (Applause.) Neither can we doubt that the precautions being taken at this moment on the Pacific Coast lines of both Canada and the United States are not idle precautions.

In 1937, when I was more intimately concerned with Far Eastern affairs than I have been until these past few days, no man on what might be called the side of the Democracies, (for I think in our own minds we knew even then how the sides would line up eventually), no man, I think, had considered the possibility of the enormous successes of the Nazis in Europe. We hadn't expected that France would fall. But, even at that time, anyone who studied the Pacific situation realized that a war in the Pacific would very likely result in sporadic raids upon the

American and Canadian coasts. That was clear, I think, to almost everybody, even when it was believed that the French Navy would look after the Mediterranean and that the British would have much greater naval forces than they now have to deal with Japan, forces not diminished in any way by loss or by the necessity to deal with an Atlantic situation made more acute by the possession of the French bases by the Germans. And, too, at that time we had not expected that the Atlantic situation would be such that a large proportion of the United States navy might have to take on work in the Atlantic. But, even ruling out those possibilities which have since, unfortunately, become certainties, we did not minimize or overlook the possibility that there would be raids on the western coast of this continent.

One might, if one wished, consider, on the other hand, the great risk involved for the Japanese in sending aircraft carriers, of which they have only a strictly limited number, all the way across the Pacific to knock down houses and perhaps damage one or two factories in Vancouver or Seattle or San Francisco. That would, to normal people, appear to be a risk disproportionate to the advantages to be gained. But the Japanese are not normal people; they are savage people with a very different outlook, not only upon the value of human life but also upon methods of warfare, from the outlook that we possess, and I think, therefore, that we shall be very wise to take most definitely into account the fact that such raids are possible.

I think that we have to remember, as we failed to remember in the earlier part of the struggle against the sorry senior partner in this horrible conspiracy, that we are dealing with people who have no scruples and whose thirst for blood is apparently insatiable, people who are prepared to go to any length in order to spread death and destruction in their flaming path.

It is perfectly obvious to me that the words "into the blitz" have ceased to have, from my point of view, any kind of personal flavour: this whole continent is likely to be into a similar kind of blitz at any time from now on.

But let us take some comfort from these facts. Such "blitzes" as our Western Pacific coastal towns may possibly receive are bound to be limited, unless, of course, the enemy has something up his sleeve of which we have no present knowledge. An aircraft carrier is a vulnerable ship and it carries only a limited number of planes. It cannot carry a bomber capable of travelling great distances. It is capable, certainly, of staging a hit-and-run raid whose consequences would be noticeable to the inhabitants of the area raided, but, lest there be any unreasoning fear in the hearts of any people who have awakened suddenly to the fact that we are at war and that the war is real, it may be useful to hazard the opinion that, even if the balance of the naval power in the Pacific has been seriously disturbed, the Japanese are not capable of inflicting serious long-term damage to the war effort of the North American democracies.

From what we hear, the cities under threat are going to have to pull their socks up in such matters as blackouts and so on, just as the British had to pull their socks up when the threat first came to them. They may have to learn the strenuous and very active wartime job of the A.R.P., and they may have to learn it in the school of bitter and bloody experience, but in that they surely will not fail. They have before them an example of what can be done in the way of carrying on under circumstances which seem to be in many ways impossible, which will inspire them, as it has inspired the whole world, to new standards of heroism, new standards of endurance, and new determination to see that the world will finally be so ordered that these outrages, this criminal behaviour, can never be repeated.

Gentlemen, I am not here to pose as an expert on the craft of war-making; neither would I wish the rather distant publication of an insignificant book, most of whose contents have been made irrelevant by subsequent events, to establish me in your minds as an expert on Pacific affairs. I have said what I have said merely because this is necessarily a time when the publication of our unexpected and grievous losses must tend to cause a certain feeling akin to dismay among many. At such time it is essential that steadying facts should be placed before the public wherever it is possible.

I would like to turn the spotlight now to Britain, to that land of what have been described as "the finest hour people", because I believe, by doing that, I can more clearly illuminate the perhaps rather small consolation that I have been attempting to give. It is possible that the Japanese air power is somewhat greater than we had expected. I do not say it is so: I merely say it is possible that it is so. Even at that, however, no man in his right mind could assume, for one moment, that it had even one-quarter of the striking power of what the Germans had at the commencement of that great series of air battles which has now come to be known as "The Battle of Britain". We may take great courage from the fact that the strongest air force in the world has battered at one small island for many months, but has failed to make it impossible for British aircraft factories to send Hurricanes to break the villainous intrusion of the Germans and their Italian batmen into Africa; has failed to prevent British munitions factories from making shells, or from sending tanks to Russia where they are being used to such excellent purpose; and has failed to prevent the British from sending Stirling bombers to Berlin, to send the war back in no uncertain fashion to that infamous country from which it came.

You see, if you have been, even though very briefly, into the real blitz, you come back with some ideas in your head which you did not have before. It may be rather wicked of me to say this, but I have felt, since I came back this summer, a sort of only partially suppressed indignation at certain—shall I say?—deficiencies in our attitude in this country towards the war; and, along with others, I have said, from time to time, that the need for the good five cent cigar is past; that what we really need is a good fifty-dollar bomb.

Well, it seems now that there may be in Japanese currency, for whatever that may now be worth, the equivalent of a fifty-dollar bomb dropped on North American soil one of these nights, and I have the feeling that the reverberations have already been felt in advance. People are going about, I notice, with a slightly worried look on their faces, born of a new realization that war is not a football game, that war is not a radio programme, that war is not even "Carry On, Canada". War is GO OUT AND FIGHT! AND DON'T EXPECT SOMEONE ELSE TO GO AND DO THE FIGHTING FOR YOU!

Over these past months, Gentlemen, I have, in a rather humble way, been stumping small tracts of this country, and blasting the ears of listeners from behind the microphone, in an endeavour to beat these facts into that form of so-called intelligence which pastes a victory "V" on its windshield and then goes for a hundred-mile gasoline-consuming drive into the country. And all of a sudden, on a Sunday afternoon spent by the teeming millions of this continent not in the factories, nor in the A.R.P. stations or auxiliary fire service stations, nor on the coasts on watch for the invader, nor out amid the biting winds of a submarine-infested ocean, but in the almost completely normal calm of homes that most certainly still will be there in the morning,—all of a sudden, into the measured quietitude of this Sunday afternoon, there comes a little yapping voice, saying, "Very sorry, please, but it is time to wake up".

I do firmly believe that it can now be taken that the general public must at last be awake to those dangers of which statesmen and politicians and writers and speakers have so long been warning. The dangers are at last close enough that people, if ever they are to know that they are real, must know it now. These things being so, perhaps it will be well for us to consider how these dangers have been met and met successfully by others.

I believe that the great opportunity that has now come to the United States and Canada to show, as Shakespeare once expressed it, in the words of *Henry V*, the "mettle of our pasture", has been made possible only by the incredible devotion to duty of four most heroic fighting forces: the Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and the civilian population of Britain. (Applause.) All of these have sustained heavy losses. None of them expects for one moment that the victory will be achieved without great increase in those losses. And losses, Gentlemen, are not merely figures; they are not only ships and planes and tanks and guns and houses and factories and the rest—they are human lives. There is not one man, woman, or child, in Britain today, who may not tomorrow become a casualty. There is indeed not one man, woman, or child, who is not prepared to *become* a casualty, for the very simple reason that they realize, from bitter and bloody experience, that wars are not won without loss of human life, nor by people who are not prepared to give their lives, if necessary, for something which they hold dearer than life itself. (Applause.)

The real reason for my brief excursion into the blitz (for, when I was there, there was plenty of blitzing going on) was that I, in my capacity as a writer, would be able to create accurate word pictures of the disturbing truth and, also, of the magnificent and inspirational happenings which form the living pattern of Britain in this war.

I would like on this occasion, if I may, to express my profound gratitude to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for having made it possible for me, at any rate, to attempt that task. I rather have the feeling, as I said at the beginning of this address, that a report of my own personal experience must be somewhat irrelevant. I am sure you gentlement must have heard many recitations of personal experience, and you must have read very many more, but I would like to tell you something of just one experience that I shared with the several million men and women of London who have not been driven from their wartime job of "carrying on" by the thunder and the lightning of the Luftwaffe.

This is, in part, the story of a raid that took place on the night of April 16th. It has become known, rather curiously from my point of view, to a number of Canadians as "Black Wednesday". Nobody in Britain called it "Black Wednesday". I think, at least when I was there, they used to refer to it as "*The* Wednesday". The "Black" was my invention, because I wanted a good title for a radio show.

That raid started at about half past nine in the evening and I was sitting, perhaps a trifle reprehensibly, in a bar with a fairly well-known Canadian correspondent, trying to convince some Englishmen around us that I, too, was a Canadian, and receiving, I must say, excellent backing from my friend. The sirens went and we had another drink and waited to see what was going to happen. Nobody was very much disturbed, because, at that time there had been, for the last few nights, some kind of activity over London almost every night. We didn't realize, as we could not possibly realize, actually what was going to happen. What did happen was this. The Germans kept up that raid until almost daylight. They used approximately five hundred planes to do it. They dropped a large quantity of high explosives, not determined, and about a hundred thousand incendiary bombs.

I, being a strictly non-courageous individual determined to get back with my story, if I possibly could, sat in the basement of a large hotel and watched the proceedings, emerging every now and then for a short time, definitely into the blitz, to watch the proceedings from outside.

You will not be surprised, I know, to be told that the people in the basement of the hotel took very little notice of the raid. They were rather annoyed that they had to stay up all night. Many of them went to sleep. In particular, I remember a tall Jewish gentlemen who slept, simply lying on the floor, using one arm as a pillow, and who awoke, I think, only three times during the proceedings. The last time, after a stick of about seven bombs had come down uncomfortably close and shaken the building, he awoke only for a moment—long enough to open one eye and say the one word, "bombs". He said it in a rather bored voice and then went back to sleep. I, personally, was not the least bit bored. If you want a frank confession, I was very frightened. An air raid is a very frightening experience and anybody who tells you to the contrary is not telling the truth.

I don't want to spend time on the basement side of things. Nothing happens in basements. But toward morning I went out into the street. The Warden at the doorway of the hotel told me not to, but I flourished a pass I had, in his face. I find it is a very useful thing to do on such occasions, and I was allowed to go out. Almost immediately a bomb came down in the next street and I found myself a little bruised on picking myself up and brushing my suit. It was the same suit that I am wearing at this moment, only, as I have said on more than one occasion, it has been to the cleaners since. I was assisted in this job by a London policeman who was exerting the usual efficiency which the London Police always do exert in being helpful. That, I think, was the nearest I came to being actually hit, and it was frightening for the moment: but only for the moment.

Then I went on to have a look at London. Now, this is the consoling thing. It won't sound consoling when I first tell you, but you will see in the end that it is. I could not have believed that anything could look so awful as London looked that morning. The whole place seemed on fire. Rushing through the streets were ambulances and fire-reels. The police and all the A.R.P. people were tremendously busy, taxed to the very limit. Fires, fires, everywhere you looked, but fires going out. Casualties? Yes, if you wanted to look for casualties, you would see them; and sometimes, if you did not want to look for casualties, you would see them. But, I can tell you, (and here we come to the consolation), that in spite of all that dreadful damage,—and it would be folly to minimize it; it *was* dreadful; five hundred planes can do a lot of damage in a night—they got the place cleaned up by the following Saturday. There were new gaps, and, of course, the cleaning-up process was by no means complete, but they had the city working again in three days. Certain railway stations—I can't give you particulars for obvious reasons—had been damaged, but they had *them* working again by the following Saturday. The city, the metropolis, —because I wish to refer not only to what is called the City of London but to the whole of London,—survived the raid apparently quite easily. True, a lot of places were knocked down, a lot of people were killed, and a lot of others were wounded, but, if ever there was a true slogan coined, it is the slogan, "London can take it". Certainly London took it that night.

But I came out of that experience with another slogan in my mind, Gentlemen, a slogan with a great big question mark at the end: How long can London go on taking it like that? And I do have the feeling, most definitely—now that we have the great United States with us, one may have that feeling more confidently—there must be much less *taking it* from now on and a great deal more *dishing it out.*

I should like, if I may, to read to you a thing that I wrote for a radio play and which arose out of that experience. It is more or less self-explanatory, but I should preface it by telling you that, on that morning, I came across a sight which filled me with an indignation so deep that I cannot describe it: a little girl being dug from a basement. When the time came to write of it I wrote these words:

She lay there, very still and white,
Untouched by the blast that had brought life to its outrageous end;
She lay upon the stones where only yesterday
She'd walked, her little hand clasped in her mother's hand.
And the red light of the fires, and the gold of rising sunshine
Glinted on her hair, stirred by a little cold breeze of morning.
And it was the end. Not for her that welcome dawning,
That prayed-for coming of the day when flying devils go their cowards' way
Winging back to safety and the land.
She lay there, mute and pale, a lifeless monument
To unleashed villainy such as man has not known.
Another life unlived, another flower ungrown,
To the mills of Mars a tiny speck of grist,
Another innocence clenched in the mailéd fist.
And the light came up, and the day grew fast,
And great London's well-appointed rhythm pulsed again,
But she lay there, on the stone, for her all past,
A silent symbol of great London's pain.

And so, Gentlemen, when we have before us pictures of that kind, when we have the knowledge that nights such as that may be repeated within these coming weeks or months in Britain, I believe that we of this hitherto unscathed and partially complacent continent may feel very proud of the great opportunity that we now have as brothers in arms to go more extensively into the blitz and indeed to come, please God, to the stage where we shall bring about the Nazi-annihilating blitzkrieg of righteously indignant democracy.

I should like to conclude this address with words that I spoke on the CBC's national network shortly after my return from Britain. I make no apology for the repetition, because they say something which needed then to be said, and which I think still needs to be said: "Long since, indeed now for some years, our enemies—taking full advantage of the totalitarian machine—have drilled their people into a mass effort which, say what you will, has produced terrible results which may yet mean the end of all that we have, all that we are, and all that we hope to be. And, say what you will, we have not even yet replied to this with a similar weight of endeavour. We shall *have* to do it. We shall have to make many sacrifices, and take a real part in the toil which is the fortunate lot of those who do not live within the wide-spread lines of battle. We shall have to stop our easy-going semi-belligerent way of thinking, our pleasure in the making of money, and our enjoyment of ease. We shall have to develop a much greater understanding of the danger of our position, and a more solid determination to face that danger in an intelligently active way. These things do not come from governments: THEY COME FROM PEOPLES.

And if, in this time of awful danger, of brutality unleashed, of rampant misery, of the semi-slavery of more than half of Europe, of the continuing success of the most evil tyranny of all—if in this time, and faced with these things, we fail herein through not having heard the voices, or read the written words—then we shall have to say, with Shakespeare:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

(Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Mr. Strange, it is my privilege, and it is a real privilege, to say "Thank you" for that moving as well as informative address. If I interpret rightly what you have been telling us, it amounts to this: that the expansion of this war means also its shrinkage, and that it is very rapidly coming nearer and nearer home; and that you, Sir, are convinced, not only that this continent needs to stiffen up, but also that, with or without the substitute of a fifty-dollar bomb for a five-cent cigar, it will stiffen up and in its turn will become as tough as Great Britain has become. (Applause.)

I think, Gentlemen, you will be happy to know, that, as one symptom of that stiffening up, a message has been handed to this head table during the meeting saying that this broadcast was broken into by the station in order to make an official announcement that President Roosevelt has just asked Congress for a declaration of war on Germany. Truly, as the war expands it also shrinks and comes nearer home. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, in your name I offer Mr. Strange our warm thanks for talking to us today out of his own experiences, and for describing those experiences in the particularly charming language which is one of his many gifts. (Applause.)

"BLINDS UP IN BRITAIN"

AN ADDRESS BY

C. H. J. SNIDER

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, January 8, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: It often falls to the lot of a Chairman to introduce or to present to an audience a speaker who is perfectly well known to everyone who is listening to him. That is the case today when Mr. Snider comes and talks to us. But for purposes of our official and printed records, may we just remind ourselves that, as everyone knows, he is Associate Editor of *The Evening Telegram*; that he also has a reputation as a novelist, as a naval historian, as a sailor; that in peace times he is a recognized authority on yachting; that at all times he is a recognized authority on getting out a newspaper. As far as getting out that newspaper is concerned, he has formed the precedent of going himself as a special correspondent whenever there have been outstanding international events. He spent last month in Britain, where he went to see how this wonderful, this almost amazing million-and-a-third dollars fund which has been raised by *The Evening Telegram* was being applied to the British War Victims. That is the story that he is coming to tell us today. Two years ago he talked to us on "War with the Blinds Down"; today he will talk to us on "Blinds Up in Britain". Gentlemen, it is my privilege and my pleasure to give to you "Jerry" Snider. (Applause.)

Mr. C. H. J. Snider: Mr. President, Fellow Members of The Empire Club and Honoured Guests:

> "I waited for the train at Coventry,
> And hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
> To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
> The City's ancient legend into this"—

So Tennyson, the better part of a century ago, when trains were still such a novelty that the poet did not know whether the tracks were T-rails or U-shaped, but wrote—"Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change!"

Tennyson never rated a railroad man's union card. But he was an inspired poet. He saw far enough into the future to envisage pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales, and the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue, and he saw far enough into the past to make a noble legend of a great lady "clothed on with chastity", out of what his twentieth century heirs might render as a strip-tease.

I, too, waited for the train at Coventry last month, after pilots of the purple twilight had dropped me down with costly bales of radium and heart's blood dried for transfusions. There were no porters but girls, and the only groom was a grizzled damosel who had driven her own car (at 2 shillings and 5 pence a day, which did not pay for the petrol) from Birmingham, on the order of the Ministry, to help me shape the city's modern legend into this:

It was the night of November 14th, 1940.

The moon was at the full, so brilliant that in the blackout air wardens read over their night's orders with ease, by her light.

From a heaven so serene it seemed tuned to the crystal clarity of the music of the spheres, invisible destruction suddenly sifted down.

The audiophones had picked up the tone of hostile planes. The sirens had sounded and people had gone to their nightly aid-raid shelters, as a matter of routine, for Coventry had had a hundred alarms and many raids. Mingled with the sirens' wail was the growing thudding of far away anti-aircraft guns. Then shrapnel began to whistle down from the crystal dome of the sky. It was followed by the tin-can rattle of incendiary bombs—all invisible until they struck something and began to burn. And then the crash of high explosive bombs, bursting in harrow-tooth lines across the city. And still not the slightest mote in the sky to show whence death came.

Death, invisible, miles up in the moonlight, was circling unseen, fed by oxygen in zero atmosphere, hunched over a chart, on a split-second schedule, blotting out lives with the touch of a frozen finger on a freezing button.

That is how a target is bullseyed in war in the air. Blindly, automatically. On this occasion Hellfire Corner in Coventry was blitzed again as it had been thirty-seven times before. It was once a row of innocent retail shops. After the first bombing it was just a mass of broken brick. This mass was churned up for the thirty-eighth time. It must have been at the turning point of each raider's death map.

Even in the brightest moonlight Coventry was only a dim blur of silver, sprinkled with red sparks spreading to jets of flame as the incendiary bombs did their work.

Soon the red sparks united in a great rose of flame, but the bombing went on, hour after hour, from seven till midnight. A lull, and another wave broke and broke and broke from midnight till seven. Then our gallant band of sky angels literally got the upper hand of the invading hordes and the clouds dropped shattered Germans on land and sea as we chased them home.

Five hundred and ninety-seven fires burned that night. Four thousand fighters—five hundred hired men, thirty-five hundred trained volunteers, eight hundred of these women—fought them. They fought till the water pressure failed from the blowing up of many mains. The Coventrians fought on. They had a canal, a silver direction-arrow in the moonlight, which no blackout could conceal, while the moon was shining. If it brought death, it frustrated death; for they pumped from the canal when the water failed. And at last they overcame. Thirty-five schools were gone, a dozen churches, thousands of shops and tens of thousands of homes. The gas-works were blown up, the electric power off, waterworks and sewage disposal burst and intermingled.

Five hundred dead were in the ruins.

A holocaust, yes, a human hecatomb. Yet for a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants to escape with half a thousand killed, in twelve hours of destruction, seems marvellous. It is attributable to the mercy of God and the wisdom of the municipal authorities, who made their public air shelters many, small, and widely scattered. Almost every house also had its own shelter. One family of nine was dug out, unconscious but alive, from the ruins of their home. It had been completely destroyed but the shelter under the stairs had saved them.

I came by a three-gabled overhanging house of great antiquity, leaning like an old blind woman on a crummoch with her bonnet askew. Its roof was gone and its leaded windows were lightless. This had been one of the show-places of Coventry. In summer its courtyard was gay with flowers. Its timbered walls had been sanctuary, generation after generation, to old souls who did their own housework and looked after themselves and one another under the direction of a matron employed by the municipality. It was the famous Ford's Hospital, a survival of ancient piety, a bequest by William Ford, a rich Coventry merchant, for the maintenance of seventeen poor old women. It had been functioning since 1529, the year of the fall of the great Cardinal who had served his God less faithfully than he had served his king.

When the November sky mingled death with the moonbeams the surviving sixteen would not budge. So the matron could not leave them. A bomb crashed through the roof. Brave A.R.P. workers and firemen carried out all of the ancient Godivas—the youngest was over seventy. The steed each rode was not the white horse of legend but a wire-meshed emergency stretcher, with a grey blanket covering grey flannel night gowns and grey hair. Seven of the grey forms were still on their stretcher. They had been killed in the explosion. And the good matron had been killed trying to save them.

Next I came to red brick walls, scorched but standing up under pieces of mansard roof. All the windows were out, some of the floors had fallen in, the walls showed gaps. Opposite a tumbled heap of sandbags, once defending an entrance against shellbursts, I read an imperative sign "Keep This Door Closed", but there was no door to keep closed. There were no doors left. This had been the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital.

When the heavens rained hellfire three hundred patients were in it. Incendiary bombs struck the roof and evacuation began. It was doubtful whether the patients would survive removal, so they were taken from the fifth floor to the fouth at first, and then down as matters became worse. The situation grew worse all the time. Before morning two hundred and forty patients had been carried away to safety. But before morning the roof and floors had collapsed under the continued burning and bombing.

The ruins killed and buried sixty patients, too ill to be moved, and ten nurses and four doctors. The dead nurses were found spread over the bodies of their dead charges in a last effort to protect them. One of the surgeons had his operating equipment on and his scalpel clutched in his hand. He had been engaged in an operation critical for himself and the patient. Both died in it.

The three spires—St. Michael's, Trinity, Christchurch—still raised blistered fingers to heaven. To the tallest of these, St. Michael's, I was taken. It is a beautiful spire of stone, nine storeys high above its tower; said to be the finest in England, just as St. Michael's was the largest parish church in England until it rose to the dignity of a cathedral.

Escorted by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriff we went through the groined archway of red sandstone; and found ourselves, not in the expected cathedral, but in a roofless barn, with nothing between us and the sky but the smoke-blackened walls above mounds of rubble and fallen stone. We could see the spires of Trinity and Christchurch stark against the clouds. Shattered windows still displayed exquisite Gothic tracery. Their glorious glass was mingled with the rubble. The stone floor had been cleared in many places down to the memorial inscriptions; but all the holy furniture which remained was one tall chancel cross, bolt upright as on Golgotha, with its members all burned into the rectangular embossing of charcoal.

The Hun had done this, in a night when the devil was let loose from a heaven so serene, so pure, it seemed tuned to the crystal clarity of the music of the spheres.

The cathedral burned all night. All night long the wound-up clock in the tower told the time and struck the hours. After midnight the quarters ceased to chime because the electric power was off. But the clock ticked on and boomed the hours above the burning and crashing and the scream of yet more bombs. It kept heart in the people.

"O ye fire and heat
Bless ye the Lord,
Praise Him and magnify
Him for ever",

chanted the Provost.

The work people of Coventry—in Coventry every man is too proud not to work—responded with music as noble, their quota of the million marching feet where'er there was a turning wheel. War workers who had fought fires all night trudged doggedly by dawnlight to the factories which, by God's grace, had escaped destruction. Production! Production! Production! was the uninterrupted anthem. They left to their women the task of digging their homes out of the debris—if they had any homes. If they hadn't, they left to their well tried civic organizations the task of finding shelter for their families.

The Lady Mayoress had her dust cap on and was sweeping fallen plaster out of her dining-room when someone tapped on the front door. "Come round to the back", she cried. "That door has been blown off its hinges and is only propped up". He came around to the back, a tall, spare figure in military greatcoat.

It was the King.

My last appearance before The Empire Club was to receive from the Honourable Howard Ferguson your cheque for the British War Victims Fund. It may not be amiss for me to tell you how your money has been spent.

While His Majesty was interviewing the Lady Mayoress behind her dustpan, she was preparing an appropriate address for her husband for letting royalty in on her with her house in such a state. The Lord Mayor of the year, James Moseley, retired engine driver, had been out all night in the bombardment, coming home occasionally to see how his family fared in the garden shelter. He had gone back to the Council House to provide food, billets, and clothing for his battered citizenry.

Scarcely had the drone of the last hostile plane died in the sky when Sir George Wilkinson, then Lord Mayor of London, got him on the restored trunk line and said in effect, "I have placed $50,000 to your credit this morning. Let me know how much more Coventry can use". Sir George was able to do this because you had poured your money into his great national air raid distress reservoir, through *The Evening Telegram* British War Victims' Fund. (Applause.) For Coventry's wounds, it was the balm of Gilead. That is true of every one of the blitzed centres which I have visited for our readers. In each the swift, unhesitating succour which your generosity makes possible was what had put fresh heart into the people to go on with their work of fighting the Hun on the ruins of their homes.

God speed the grand work His Worship, Mayor Conboy, of Toronto, and the Attorney-General, the Honourable Gordon Conant, of Ontario, are doing in fostering civilian defence by means of A.R.P. training and all kindred activity. God grant the City of Toronto shall never suffer as Coventry has suffered. God is more likely to grant this if the City of Toronto takes the same interest in the things that pertain unto her peace and makes the same provision to relieve the possible distress that Coventry had done for itself, and you have done for Coventry.

When the war was a hundred days old, I had the honour of addressing you, after a return from Britain and France, and I spoke, as your President has said, on "War With the Blinds Down". That suggested to the consciences of some, "War With the Brakes On", and it suggested to our American friends, a "Phoney War". Well, our friends have since learned better.

Times have changed and my topic has changed, as you have heard, to "War With the Blinds Up", and I have been trying to show you something of what one sees with the blinds up in Britain, taking the specific case of a specific city.

British folk say, "If you have seen one blitz you have seen them all". They consider it bad form to talk about their own particular bombing, but they eagerly insist that their area has had it worse and oftener than any other. After an examination of eight bombed cities, I am inclined to agree with the second proposition. London, Coventry, Lambeth, Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol, Hull, and Liverpool, each seemed to me to have suffered most when I learned the particular circumstances of their heroic defence.

One would expect, with the blinds up, a scene of carnage and destruction unparelleled in the history of the Island, and one gets it. Forty-two thousand, four hundred and eighty-seven had been killed by bombardment, and fifty-three thousand, four hundred and two wounded had been treated in hospital, when I left England last month. A frightful bill for a frightful battle. More, I suppose, than perished in all the battles in the Island's previous history, unless we accept the dubious story of Boadicea's revolt having cost seventy thousand Roman lives.

But, apart from the great destruction which is very evident to anyone who goes about and which impresses itself on you when you encounter people who have lost their property and who have lost their relatives by this means, apart from that, the most arresting thing with the blinds up is the new Briton. John Bull has been tried in the furnace. For two years and four months it has brought out the fine gold of character. He has developed a hardness, a toughness, a ferocity which he has not known or not shown since Waterloo, and it bodes ill for those who cross his path. This is no "phoney" war for him. It is a fight for life. For him there is no half-way, no merry making of snowballs for someone else to throw in his defence.

If that was ever Canada's idea, let us repent for having entertained it even for a moment. Let us repent, not in the dust and ashes which should be our portion, if it were so, but in deeds and deeds and deeds worthy of the great salvation being wrought for us.

This new Briton has enlisted children of seventeen. He has thrown his sons and daughters into the fire to save us. Us, here in Canada. Without the sacrifices of the British soldier, the British sailor, the British airman—all boys in their twenties—and the British taxpayer surrendering half of his daily bread, and the British women drudging on the land and in all war services save shooting —without their sacrifices we might all be in quicklime graves by now or working under Gestapo gauleiters like most of Europe. Make no mistake, the Monroe Doctrine could not have saved Canada from slavery if Britain had not stood between us and the Hun for 1939, 1940, and 1941. Our own effort could not have saved us. Neither we nor they have bombers, fighters, tanks, ships, and soldiers ready to do it. Uncle Sam could not have defended Toronto any more effectively than he defended Pearl Harbour.

This arresting figure of the new Briton is twice the man he was three years ago. If John Bull was forty million strong in 1939, he is eighty million strong in 1942, and it will take more than eighty million Germans, plus all the "utensils" of the Mediterranean and all the insect pests of the Pacific, however deadly, to beat him, so long as we do our part.

The background of this new figure is also impressive. England and Scotland are an armed camp. It is a fortress garrisoned by keen Canadians while millions of homeborn train to fight for their firesides, and do fight for their firesides, everywhere in the world. The whole Island is thatched with barrage balloons and it is ringed with minefields through which endless convoys enter and leave, merchant ships shepherded by men of war with Spitfires in the clouds above to protect both.

From far out at sea to milestones far inland, the Island bristles with steel and concrete and electric defences against invasion, some very obvious, some very subtle. Every commons, every pond, every golf course, may be a death-trap for an invader. Sign-posts have been removed, roads are barricaded and defended, and inhabitants are trained to say nothing, but to welcome the invader with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

And the peace of the people reflects the new tempo.

Each walks with purposeful stride, heart high and chin up. Time killing, clock watching, lateness, and laziness, has given way before the new, yet not new, instinct of self-preservation.

There, to my mind, is the explanation of the phenomenon of the new Briton. Churchill has not said, "Let there be a new Briton", and there was a new Briton. The Briton has seen that, if he is to survive, he must help himself, and he is helping himself. There is less of "The Government ought to", and more of "WE must". True to his race instinct, the Briton has not snatched at some other race's experiment as a life-belt or parachute. He has used the tried, perhaps antiquated, machinery with which his grandfather was familiar,—his football and cricket clubs, his trade unions, his borough councils, his parish organizations. Parliament has set up Ministries of this, that, and the other, with greater power than the Czars of all the Russias ever wielded, and the new Briton humours them with obedience, so long as they serve his new-old end, self-preservation—nature's first law.

So he has accepted—no, demanded—conscription for everyone up to 51. He will gladly raise the age limit to 101. Everybody wants to fight for his country, and, if the old boys have to stay in the home guard, that is their hard luck. "And the home's", adds the Briton with delayed-action humour.

He has no romantic notions about woman's place in battle being the high tower from whence she waves on her knight with a silken scarf and sighs for his return: "His arms for her defence, her arms his recompense". If his father had such ideas, he lost them in 1918, when he came home and found his lady knocking off more money in munitions than he had been able to earn in the army. And then his daughter got the vote!

So the new Briton has, with perhaps suspicious cheerfulness, conscripted women from twenty to thirty to do all the work they are told to do. He has done this after they have, in hundreds of thousands, voluntarily done the dull and dirty work of the war and of the land, feeding the pigs and milking the cows, greasing the trucks and driving the generals and keeping the books and darning the socks.

Self-preservation again. Perhaps a little of job-preservation, too. He relied on his trade union to see to it that the munitions jobs stayed in the right, that is, in trade union hands—"Reserved classes". It may be that, since women are good enough for all the work of the army, except fighting, they may prove good enough to release some of the fighting material now moored in munition work and reserved occupations.

The young have thriven on the new regimen. In a quarter of a century's visiting of Britain I have never before seen so many physically fit, mentally alert, quick-moving, resolute-countenanced, hard-working young men and young women as I saw last month. Such used to be outstanding. Now they are the rule, the type.

Older men—always excepting Churchill—show the strain of two years of financial anxiety, restricted diet, heavier work, longer hours, broken rest, and uncomfortable quarters. They think they, too, can take it, and they do,—but it hurts. And the mothers! They tell me it is all a matter of makeup, and they are putting theirs now into war savings, but they seem to me flat-cheeked and shrunken. One and all, they are eking out, by their own abstinence, the narrow milk and butter and bacon and jam rations, so that their men will be strong and their children plump.

There is food for all in Britain. Nobody will starve. Meal by meal I made a point of faring as my fellows while I was there, and I got plenty to eat, but not what I wanted. No salads, no milk, no fruit, to satisfy. At home I have two oranges every morning. In England I could find none. The only bananas were cardboard fruiterers' signs. While apples were rotting or freezing in Ontario orchards where workers would not pick them and growers could not afford to market them, apples were selling at 75 cents apiece in English railway stations.

This fighting-fit Briton has not been formed without Churchill's promised blood and sweat and tears—his own and others. The war dynamo has had to run while it is being built, and it may still develop hot bearings here and waste power there. Compared to the machine of 1939 its effective horsepower is as Niagara Hydro to the Kleinberg milldam of my boyhood, which used to turn the wheels only when Ben Hogben remembered to pull the stop-log. But it is going and it is going with still more power. Everybody has a job—and everybody is paying an exceedingly high income tax.

Here is a club story of why an exciting action at law was dropped.

A rich plaintiff had a good case for damages. His friend, an eminent Counsel, told him offhand he was certain to win. The retaining fee would be one thousand guineas.

"A thousand guineas retainer for an open-and-shut case, with your costs beside? Do I hear you aright, old chap?"

"Quite. Like you, I pay high income tax, nineteen shillings in the pound. If you pay me a thousand guineas, I shall have only fifty for myself".

"Umm. Well, to have a thousand guineas to pay you I shall have to make twenty thousand more than I do, and pay nineteen thousand more to the government. It is cheaper to stay out of court. As they might say in America, let us skip the whole thing, old dear".

Let us do likewise for the rest of my remarks, if any. As a matter of fact at this time that is all there is. There isn't any more. I am afraid of talking myself into paying more income tax. (Applause—prolonged.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Mr. Snider, you have given us some lasting pictures. That picture of the bombing of Coventry is something that will remain with us, especially since it was drawn with that particular gift which you have for picturesque phraseology. The spires reaching up like blistered fingers to heaven—the clock going on striking the hours whilst its church burned—the inhabitants of Britain waiting to welcome the invader with bloody hands to hospitable graves. It is this kind of phraseology that makes a picture live and last. And it is this kind of phraseology, Sir, if I may take this opportunity of saying so, that makes your articles in *The Evening Telegram* so fascinating. May I presume to comment, too, on your brilliant mingling of tradition, of history, with the present? When you build up the present against its own background in this way, one realizes that the human bodies which you speak of in Coventry are carrying on the traditions of the past, and the human hearts that are still surviving in Coventry are also carrying on those same traditions for the sake of their own firesides—and ours. This talk today, Sir, we shall cherish and remember. Your pictures will stay with us. On behalf of this audience, and on behalf of the people who have been listening to us on the air today, Mr. Snider, I say, "Thank you, very, very much". (Applause.)

"THE COASTAL COMMAND AND ITS WORK WITH THE ROYAL NAVY"

An Address By

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL
SIR FREDERICK BOWHILL, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, January 15, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen of The Empire Club of Canada: When we look at the headlines on our papers, our thoughts swing to the Atlantic, Pearl Harbour, Hong Kong, Singapore, Libya, or Russia, just as the day's news happens to focus our attention. But in spite of all, our thoughts inevitably come back to the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle which may be the finally decisive factor of our success in the war. And the Battle of the Atlantic, of course, means the keeping open not only of a sea-lane, but also of an air-lane. Therefore The Empire Club offers a very special welcome today to Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill who will talk to us about the air side as well as the naval side of the Battle of the Atlantic. (Applause.)

May I recall to those people who are listening to me on the radio that Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill speaks to us from a particularly wide knowledge and experience. He began his flying in the last war, flying a seaplane carrier; he eventually commanded squadrons in Mesopotamia, in East Africa, and in the Mediterranean; he was the head of the Coastal Command in Britain during the chase and the sinking of the "Bismarck"; today he is the supreme head of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command.

that vital link between the two hemispheres in this World War. It is my privilege to present to you Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill. (Applause.)

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR FREDERICK BOWHILL: Mr. President, Gentlemen: It is indeed a great honour to be asked to talk to the members of this distinguished Club this afternoon.

I propose to divide my talk into two headings: one, the *Battle of the Atlantic*; and, two, the chase of the *Bismarck*. (Applause.)

Now, as regards the *Battle of the Atlantic,* the Navy (and when I speak about the Navy I mean all our Navies—the Royal Navy, the Royal Canadian Navy, and the Royal Australian Navy) has been given a very heavy task and that task is to defend the sea communications of the Empire and to deny sea communications to the enemy. The Royal Air Force and in particular my own Coastal Command had the honour of working in the very closest conjunction with the Navy in this most important task.

You will all realize that if our lifeline were broken and by the lifeline I mean the Merchant Navy, it would mean the finish, and I always think we never give sufficient credit to that magnificent body of men—the Merchant Navy. (Applause.) Day in, day out, month in, month out, year in, year out, they brave the dangers of the sea and that of the enemy, and very often, when they get safe into port, they are bombed there, because the enemy knows our ports are vital to us.

As regards the war itself. We are fighting at a disadvantage because Germany and Italy are fighting on internal lines. They have no long sea communications. Even when Germany took Norway their sea communication were very small because they had taken care to overrun Denmark first. And the same of Italy, although very often they can't keep them open. I think we might say that Japan, owing to its foul actions, and having over-run Siam, etcetera, now also is working on internal lines.

Look at our problems. We have to feed the Empire, not only feed it but also get all the sinews of war in through very long lines of communication, dangerous and open to attack in all directions. In our fighting abroad we have the same long lines. We are fighting on external lines.

Now, let us look at the task of the Navy. Our lifeline can be attacked on five broad bases: one, by the U-boat; two, by the surface warship; three, by the armed merchant raider; four, by mines; and, five (but not least) by the air.

Let us examine each of those points separately, as they appear to the Admiralty and to the Coastal Command working under the Admiralty.

The U-boat. You will remember that German Air Admiral who told Admiral Fisher, many many years ago, "You Britons will always be fools, we Germans can never be gentlemen". Well, we started the war on that principle. The Germans put their U-boats over our sea-lanes before war started. They decided at once on unrestricted warfare. Therefore, they took a heavy toll of our Merchant Navy until we could get the convoy system into being.

Now, I know there are some people who argue as to whether the convoy system is correct or not. It is not for me to enter into that argument today. All I maintain is that you must remember, if the convoy system is to work properly, it must, like anything else in the world, have proper tools. Those tools are escort vessels and aircraft. Well, we gradually got the convoy system going and down went our sinkings in a remarkable degree,—in fact, so much so, that some people were inclined to believe we had overcome the U-boat menace. That, unfortunately, was not the case, and these are some of the reasons. Germany over-ran Norway and opened up all those Norwegian fiords, hundreds of miles of good water, which meant very many exits and very many decent ports for refueling, repairs, relaxation of crews. Also, this threw them at least 150 miles—and when I talk about miles, I talk about sea miles—closer to our northern lines of communication, or three hundred miles, if they had to go down and back from bases in Germany. A very valuable asset to Germany.

Then they over-ran France and the same thing happened. They got the valuable Biscay ports with fine docks, etcetera, and they could work from them in the same way as they could work from the Norwegian ports. Again they were three hundred miles closer to our communications, or six hundred miles if they had to work from bases in Germany. We lost the service of the French navy, and not only that, but Italy came into the war, and Italy, at that time, had a strong navy. We had to return all those escort vessels which had been borrowed from the Mediterranean, our convoys were left very sparsely armed as regards escort vessels, and the U-boat started to take its heavy toll again.

You remember that we got fifty destroyers from the United States of America and that small escort vessels were being rapidly built at home and over here. Gradually then, as the number of escort vessels went up, the number of sinkings went down, and I think we can safely say, we have now got the situation in hand as regards the U-boat. (Applause.)

Now, we will take the surface warship. When war started I had sleepless nights thinking what would happen if the Germans sent out their three pocket battleships at one and the same time. Thank God they didn't! You remember those three pocket battleships were built for the purpose of preying on convoys. They were fast, they had long range and they had heavy armament. They have all been out some time, but never three together. The Germans have not shown very much ability in that respect. As you know, the *Graf Spee* is finished, the *Bismarck* is finished. In the Bay of Biscay ports for months we have got shut up those three big German warships, and the *Lutzow* was torpedoed by the Coastal Command aircraft. That was done the night before I left to come over here to take command. I stopped up all night and had the satisfaction of knowing that, while we didn't sink her, she went limping home, badly damaged. So I hope we have got the warship threat under control.

As regards the armed merchant raider, the situation is more difficult, first, because she is very easily camouflaged, second, because she can remain a long time at sea—sometimes nine months without refuelling. But there is one weakness in her armour, and that she must not get damaged if she is going to do her work. By working on this we have relegated her to what I could call the "desert areas of the sea". She daren't come near our lines of communication, and the most she can hope, therefore, is to pick up stragglers or an occasional ship which has been routed separately.

Now, as to the mines. There is no doubt that the magnetic mine at the start of the war took quite a heavy toll of our shipping. I think it was what Hitler called one of his secret weapons, but I want you to remember that the magnetic mine was not an invention of the Germans, but that it was invented by the Royal Navy at the latter part of the last war. Unfortunately, owing to the financial stringency during the piping times of peace, we didn't develop it. The Germans did. It was due to a small but very gallant body of naval officers and ratings who, when two of those magnetic mines were discovered, washed up on a sand bank off the mouth of the Thames, went and collected them and stripped them to see how they worked —at great personal risk to themselves. Then, thanks to our scientists, we quickly got the antidote against the German mine, and we can safely say now the German mine is more of a nuisance than anything else, except, of course, to that very gallant body of men, the mine-sweepers.

Not so with our mine. Our magnetic mine is proving very dangerous and taking a heavy toll of the Germans.

Also, in this war we have had to contend with a mine being dropped from aircraft by parachute. They come down low to within about 150 feet of the water and drop the mine. That means to say that the mines could be dropped in position in our channels close to shore. This couldn't have been done during the last war by surface vessel or by U-boat. So much for the mine.

And, last but not least, we come to the air. Now, the air can be a nuisance or more than a nuisance to our lines of communication in three ways: one, it can report our convoys; two, it can bomb or torpedo the ships; and, three, it can whistle up the U-boats in the vicinity.

Here, again, having Norway and also France at their disposal, has greatly helped them as it has thrown their bases and thus their air attack closer to our lines of communication. I have often known one of the bombers, which they generally use, leave Norway, go deep into the Atlantic and go back to Brest. It was a hard and difficult position to defend, but by the good shooting of the escort vessels, by arming all our merchant ships, and by their good shooting, and by hitting their aircraft with long range fighters which had a greater speed, we have again kept that difficult situation in hand.

So there are the five broad principles we had to contend with. Now, you can imagine what it meant in the way of men and material: hundreds of ships required to carry our men, our foodstuffs, and our sinews of war; thousands of men to man our escort vessels; thousands in the Coastal Command; superimposed on that, the people who are building ships, repairing ships, etcetera,—and that is a great point in this war. We found that we had to take a tremendous lot of men away from other jobs to repair ships, but it paid.

That is the situation, very broadly given to you, which has existed every day since war started and is continuing and will continue until the war finishes. In fact, we have got to be like my countrymen on the border of Scotland—you will remember during those troublesome times when we were having a certain amount of bother with our Southern neighbours:

"They carved the meal with gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred".

You can never let up one minute. So, for the *Battle of the Atlantic*.

As regards the chase of the *Bismarck*. We found the *Bismarck* and the cruiser *Prince Eugen* ten miles apart, not very far from Bergen. They were found by a Coastal Command—a P.R.U. aircraft. They were tucked close into the cliffs, and you remember what a wonderful hiding-place those Norwegian fiords are. There are five thousand miles of mountainous waterways with deep water, steep, too. So you can imagine what a hiding-place they are, as I have said before, and how difficult to search every mile. As soon as the report came in, I examined the charts in the hope that I would find that they had anchored in a position from which I could attack by torpedo aircraft. You remember that, if you are going to attack by torpedo aircraft, you have to come down fairly low, close to the water, and you have to have a certain distance away from your target so that your torpedo, upon entering the water, takes up its proper depth and steadies itself. I found that I could not attack by torpedo. In fact I did not expect it. I would have been very surprised if such had been the case. We are up against a clever and cunning enemy. I gave orders at once for my bombers to go out and attack. Unfortunately, by the time they arrived over the target, the weather had seriously deteriorated, and it was with great difficulty they found those ships. They had to come down very low and drop their bombs. It was so bad they couldn't tell me whether they had hit or not. But, even if they had hit, (you remember they were two modern ships and would therefore have decks heavily armoured against such attack), the damage could only have been superficial from the height at which the bombs were dropped. Then, down came the fog all over those Norwegian fiords and hundreds of miles out at sea.

Again and again I sent out my aircraft to see if we could get through, and we couldn't. It was an ideal time for those ships to slip out. When the fog lifted a little bit, my aircraft reported those ships had gone. Now came the problem: had they gone farther afield in those five thousand miles of Norwegian fiords; had they gone to the north of Norway; had they gone to break out on one of our trade routes via Denmark Straits; or had they gone to break out on our trade route via the Faroes?

The aircraft I had was limited. The first thing I did was to examine the Norwegian fiords to be sure they weren't there. Also I sent out aircraft in case they were trying to break out. The Norwegian fiords were very carefully examined and the report was negative. The weather was very bad. I rather liked the report over the 'phone from one of my Group Commanders. His aircraft had come back and said: "Those ships could not be there; if they were, we would have hit them, we came so low". I found afterwards that one of the aircraft which I had sent to search outside passed very close to those two ships but, unfortunately, owing to the bad weather, they did not see them.

Then came silence. Then one night that silence was broken by two gallant little ships—the *Norfolk* and the *Suffolk*. They reported: "Have seen the enemy and am attempting to shadow". Two little cruisers. Unfortunately, night shut down and they lost the enemy. I immediately warned my aircraft in Iceland to get ready and get up and search. The next report came from one of His Majesty's Ships, the *Sheffield*: "Am in sight of the enemy and am proceeding to shadow". And shadow she did, and I think it was one of the finest feats of seamanship the Navy has done, and that is saying a lot for His Majesty's Navy.

My aircraft then got in touch and the chase went on. Then, as you know, the naval unit closed and engaged the enemy. Unfortunately, in that engagement we lost the *Hood*. The weather was still bad. Then came that ominous signal: "Have lost touch with the enemy". Now, my task then was a very difficult one. You remember the distances were long. The aircraft with long range was limited. I had to make up my mind what the enemy was going to do. Would she go on? Would she go back by the way she came through the Denmark Straits? Would she go back the shorter route by the Faroes or would she try to make the Biscay Ports?

I reasoned as follows: Would she go on? She had been damaged. How badly damaged, we did not know, but she had been damaged. Also, she had been going full speed for a very considerable time and therefore had burnt up a tremendous lot of fuel. If she tried to get to her fuel ships, her programme was badly put out. Therefore, I maintained, she wouldn't go on.

Would she go back via the Faroes? I maintained "no", because she did not know the naval dispositions and it was rather a dangerous thing for her to do.

Would she double back by her tracks and go via Denmark Straits? That was the most plausible thing she could do.

Then I examined the other way—the Biscay Port. If she went to the Biscay Port, she would have fine repair facilities, but what was most important from her point of view was the fact that the last three to four hundred miles she would be under the protection of her own aircraft.

So, weighing the pros and cons, I said "Biscay Ports", and I put my patrols across so as to find her if she should make this move.

Hour after hour passed and it was a very anxious time. Was this prize going to slip through our fingers? Had I reasoned aright? Then I remembered Queen Victoria's words: "Please understand, there is no depression in this house. There is no use talking defeat. It does not exist". (Applause.)

Then into my operations room flashed the signal: "Am in touch with the enemy". The pilot was a youngster of 21 in a Catalina, which is an American built flying boat. He was badly hit because he came very close. I told you the weather was bad. He had to come close to keep in touch. Although he was badly hit, he reported he could still hang on.

The next thing, I gave orders for the other aircraft to close and sent up additional aircraft from my bases. But, of course, to get to the scene of action would take time. The distances were long. Then came another signal which I was not supposed to see. It was addressed by this youngster to the Wing Commander at his base: "Am hit again. May I bomb the blighter?" He was sternly told, of course, to do nothing of the sort. His duty was to hang on, which he did until he was relieved. Directly he was relieved he certainly went and bombed that ship.

The Navy, with their usual wonderful dispositions, rapidly closed in, and the result you know. The *Bismarck* was sunk, but for twelve hours after I had reasoned I had a very bad time. Still, it was a great honour for the Coastal Command and the Air Force to be associated with that sinking. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I am going to get Flight Lieutenant McDougall shortly to show you how a single man dinghy works. You know that the rubber dinghies, which we carry in all our airplanes now, have saved thousands. That is perhaps an exaggeration, but anyway, hundreds of lives. We have the big ones and we have the small ones. The small dinghy, which you are going to be shown very shortly is that used in single seater fighters.

Before I finish, may I just say one word about the Empire Training Scheme? I always believe in keeping to something I know. I had the honour, as you know, to lunch with Mr. Winston Churchill when he came up to Ottawa the other day. I went around one of the stations beforehand with our Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Charles Portal. When we had gone around, Portal said to me, "Have you seen Garrod's report?" Garrod is Air Marshal Garrod, Air Marshal for Training on the Air Council. He had been over here for six weeks. I said, "Yes, I have just seen it". I can't give you anything confidential, but in that report he was struck by the wonderful work which was being done in what I like to term it—your "Air University". Portal said, "What I have seen and what I have heard give me the greatest confidence". That was also echoed by Mr. Winston Churchill.

Now, Gentlemen, that wonderful work is due—and I think that here again we give credit where credit it due—to the Royal Canadian Air Force and also to its wonderful Chief of Staff Breadner. (Loud applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: We were more than fortunate in having Sir Frederick Bowhill as our speaker today. I may now tell you that Sir Frederick flew his plane from Montreal this morning with no ceiling at all, and with his plane skimming the tree tops, in order to get here. I hoped he would tell you that. But, Gentlemen, we get the measure of a man, we get the measure of the stature of a man, by his own personal modesty. Sir Frederick has an incredibly important job. But, like all great fighting men, he gives the limelight of full credit to other arms of the Service. And when, after talking about those other arms, he came to his own branch of the Service, he merely began that part of his address by saying, "last but not least". But in all sincerity, we would like to tell him how conscious we are that that "last but not least" is a magnificent job and that it has everyone's fullest and grateful admiration.

We have today had the privilege of hearing the story of the *Bismarck* told us by the man who had charge of the air operations leading to her destruction, by the man who had the skill and insight to make that vitally correct assessment of the enemy's intentions in that encounter. But, again like all great fighting men, Sir Frederick gives the fullest credit to his subordinates. Those personal and intimate details which he brought into the story—the young Flying Officer asking "May I bomb the blighter"—reflect the courage of the man flying the plane. But, Gentlemen, such courage comes from the inspiration of leaders like Sir Frederick Bowhill himself.

Therefore, Sir, not only on behalf of this audience, but on behalf of the people who are listening to us over the radio, I would express our gratitude to you for this inspiring talk, this wonderful story which you have brought and which to hear from you first hand has been a very special privilege. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, if you can remain for a few moments, Flight Lieutenant McDougall will show us something which I know we shall all find particularly interesting. He has brought with him a rubber dinghy in which a pilot finds safety should he come down in the sea, and he is going to be kind enough to give us a demonstration of how it works.

(Flight Lieutenant McDougall gave a demonstration in which the audience was most interested, describing the equipment carried, and showing how the dinghy was inflated in the water when required by the pilot.)

"TOWARDS VICTORY"

AN ADDRESS BY

MR. VICTOR PODOSKI

CONSUL GENERAL OF POLAND

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, January 22, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, The Empire Club of Canada today continues its series of talks by brilliant men of thought and action by having as its guest speaker Mr. Victor Podoski, Consul General of Poland. (Applause.) May we remind ourselves that he was born in the Ukraine; that he fought for two years in the Polish Cavalry; that subsequently he was Assistant Military Attache in London; and that, since then, he has held diplomatic posts in Russia at Moscow, in the United States at Washington, and today in Canada at Ottawa. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, it is my privilege to ask you to rise and drink a toast to Poland and her Consul General, Victor Podoski. (Toast to Poland and her Consul General, Victor Podoski.)

Upon rising to his feet, MR. PODOSKI was greeted with vigorous applause.

He addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. President, my visible and invisible friends: It is a great privilege for me to address the members of The Empire Club. In the two years of my stay in Canada I have never had the privilege of addressing the members of your Club; but I have been in touch with the British Empire for a long time.

My first contact was in 1913 when I met the first members of your glorious Empire in a country which lies in the northern portion of the British Isles, a country for which every Pole has a warm spot in his heart. I refer to that superior race of the Scotch. (Applause.) I always find it safe to mention the Scotch; everybody likes them, and most people like their produce. Ever since Poland was invaded we have had demonstrations of generosity and hospitality on the part of the Scotch, contrary to the old jokes. So I find it fitting to pay my first tribute to that marvellous race, the Scotch, the builders of the Empire.

In the second place, I would like to pay my tribute to the Canadians. The Prime Minister of Canada, the members of your Government, and the citizens of Canada, men and women, have shown only understanding and encouragement and kindness to myself and the Polish people who have found shelter here since the war. I would like to mention our dear friend, the good friend of Poland, Dean C. R. Young, who is the Chairman of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Friends of Poland, and who is at this table. It was he who, twenty-three years ago, together with Colonel A. D. LePan, organized the Polish Army Camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where the Polish flag flew many generations after it had disappeared from Polish soil.

Then I would like to mention the generous co-operation we are receiving from the Canadian Red Cross and from the I.O.D.E. That great organization is contributing a lot of effort in order to collect the money and the articles of relief for the women and children of Poland who are now in Russia to the number of at least a million and a half.

And, in the last place, I would like to pay tribute to my own people, the Poles—(applause)—the people who cannot speak for themselves. They are now in one concentration camp, which is Poland today. They are silent and will be silent until the great day of liberation, and we all believe that this day is not very far ahead. We are so certain of victory that we do not say "if", but "when"—*when* victory comes.

Let me tell you briefly what Poland, your ally, has done for this common cause. On September 1, 1939, Poland was invaded by the Germans from three different sides, north, west, and east, at the same time. We had tremendous handicaps, enormous difficulties to overcome. Poland was the first country to be invaded. The Germans tried their new methods, never applied anywhere before. The Germans were the only nation well prepared for this war. Poland naturally was not adequately prepared. We were prepared, like all other peace-loving nations, for a peaceful economic and cultural development. Therefore, it was a tremendous handicap to fight against a nation which had been preparing for war, materially for the last seven years, and spiritually for generations. The whole German philosophy and methods applied by the German nation tended towards the conquest of the world.

Poland was the first country to resist domination. We had that spell of non-resistance to break. Before that, every country, big or small, signed on the dotted line. They were not prepared, nor was Poland prepared; but when we were attacked, we had no decision to make. There was but one reply for us to give: we will defend our country, our liberty, our traditions, our institutions, and at the same time do our best to prevent the Germans from inflicting their philosophy upon the entire world. Had Poland hesitated, signed on the dotted line, the whole unleashed fury of the German nation would have been turned westward, and the course of history would have been very different today. By resisting we made it possible for our Allies, the French and the British, to mobilize their forces and to concentrate them. So that when, eight months later, the German power turned westward to invade the north and the west of Europe, they had had the time in which to prepare and to resist.

We had a number of difficulties and handicaps in addition to those I have just mentioned. The Germans were three times stronger in manpower when the war started, fourteen times stronger in mechanized divisions, and seventeen times stronger in the air. That was before they started the war. Every day of the war was their ally and every day of the war was our enemy. The Germans killed many planes "asleep", before they could take off in the air.

The whole territory of Poland—as my friend, Mr. North Winship, the United States Consul General here, can testify—the whole territory of Poland was bombed, burnt and ruined. I saw Mr. Winship last on the 10th of September in Krzemieniel, a place 300 miles distant from Warsaw, and on the 10th of September that little place was bombed, and later every other town not only between Warsaw and Krzemieniel, but also between the Rumanian and the Russian border was ruined and destroyed.

This campaign officially, as the Germans put it, lasted only eighteen days, but in fact it lasted at least six weeks. A German official communique was issued as late as the 25th of October, some of the German planes having been shot down on that day. Resistance was put up in different places months after the official campaign was over.

One of our great handicaps was the climate. The ground was dry and the whole terrain of Poland could be used for German tanks and armoured cars to roll along and for heavy bombers to take off. And on the 15th of September, the fifteenth day of war and destruction, the rain came, blessed by the Polish people when it filled the valleys and the rivers with water and the hearts of the Poles with new hopes. We hoped that we would be able to resist until our Allies were able to come to our rescue.

Then a neighbor of ours came on our back. I mention this in order to make it possible for you to understand that it was supreme goodwill on the part of Poland to bury the hatchet with the Soviet Republic. The Soviets are now our Allies, and the magnificent resistance put up by the Russian peoples justifies our maximum goodwill in burying the hatchet. (Applause.) You can readily understand how difficult it was to be the first nation invaded and completely surrounded by enemy forces at the time. And yet Poland resisted all the time. Peace was not signed with the enemy. We had no collaborators with the enemy, no puppet government was formed in Poland, and, after the military campaign was over, our men and women kept resisting.

On the twenty-seventh day of the war Warsaw, an open city, surrendered only because there was no ammunition left. There had been no water for five days preceding the surrender, and there were as many as five hundred fires at the same time in the City, because the German incendiary bombs set them, there was no water to extinguish them, and, when the women climbed the roofs of the houses and buildings to extinguish them, they were machine-gunned by the German planes.

When it became impossible to fight on the territory of Poland, men who could carry arms escaped and went to the Near East and formed a brigade under General Kopanski. Most of them, however, went to France, and within a few months an army 92,000 strong was in readiness to take part in the Battle of France. These Polish troops fought seven days after the collapse. Then those who were south of the Maginot Line crossed the border to Switzerland, and the Swiss Officer-Commanding-in-Chief was there to meet them and to pay them a tribute due to brave soldiers. For few of them had shoes in good condition, and not many had hats, none had a round of ammunition, but every man carried his gun, the symbol of a gallant soldier. (Applause.)

But all those who could reach Atlantic ports did so and were conveyed in British, Polish, and Canadian ships to the coast of the United Kingdom, and in a few months' time, an independent army was formed in Scotland, which is still there guarding the coast of that glorious little country. The Polish soldiers and some of their families (very few of them have had the luck of having their families join them) have been shown such admirable hospitality that "the water that separates Poland from the United Kingdom", to use the words of Prime Minister Churchill, "will be too shallow to form any obstacle in the future".

You have, no doubt, heard of the exploits of the Polish submarine *Orzel,* for forty-two days commanded by a sub-lieutenant who had no charts. She managed to get through mine fields from Tallin in the Baltic Sea and reported at some United Kingdom port ready for new action. Two ships of the Polish Merchant Marine left Dakar under similar conditions, without any charts, and reported in one of the British ports. The units of our Navy and Merchant Marine have never ceased to be in action. It was the good fortune of the Polish destroyer *Plorun* to be the first to sight and contact the *Bismarck.* Another Polish submarine, *Sokol,* has five German men-of-war to its credit.

You have heard of the "Polish avenging eagles"—our fliers. (Applause.) They have a number of enemy aircraft to their credit. In the year 1941 they made 1,430 excursions over the enemy territory, and have to their credit 590 German and Italian aircraft. (Applause.) That was in the year 1941 alone. Of course, their defence of London in the months of September and October, 1940, made them known all over the world. Some of them are in Canada; we have an army camp and recruiting station at Windsor, and at Owen Sound we have a training centre where these boys from Canada and the U.S.A. are trained and sent to Great Britain. At Tobruk and El Gazalla the Poles have taken part in battles along with the Australians and the British.

And now, since we buried the hatchet with the Soviet, we have been able to have a Polish Army there. We have enough manpower for an army of 200,000 men. So far we have organized six divisions and 25,000 will leave Russia very soon, fully equipped, and will join the Polish Near-East Division under General Kopanski in Lybia.

You have probably heard jokes about the Polish airmen. Polish airmen are good in the air but their English is not very fluent. Mr. Reynolds, an American correspondent, reports his conversation with a Polish pilot who related to him his experience. He said that he had had a few shots at a German plane which was hit, and that the pilot tried to save his life by the use of his parachute. The Polish pilot said to himself: "Shall I kill him? I kill him, he is a German. I will not kill him he is a brave soldier. I will kill him, I will not kill him; I will kill, I will not kill. I will not kill him—because, damn it, I have no ammunition". (Amusement.)

Air Marshal Cunningham, who commands the Near East forces, is quoted as saying, "Give me three Polish fliers for each of my air squadrons and I will be all right".

Now that is what the Polish army has done outside of Poland and inside of it.

The civilian population in Poland carries on by means of sabotage, destroying the German transports going to Russia, and blowing up the ammunition dumps, sometimes making raids on those dumps and carrying away arms for the day of liberation. Women do their work as couriers, carrying secret correspondence, orders, throughout the territory and across the lines. The Polish population is helping as it can, some of them who cannot help actively, doing so by passive resistance. The Germans cannot get any co-operation from the Poles.

During the few weeks of the German campaign in Poland the Germans suffered great losses. According to Swiss sources, about 300,000 Germans lost their lives or were wounded—nearly a third of a million Germans! The best pilots and the best soldiers were out of commission for the time being. One thousand planes were destroyed or badly damaged; seven hundred tanks were destroyed or badly damaged. That meant eight months, delay for the enemy to strike the blow to our Western Allies.

Now, the whole territory of Poland, as I mentioned to you, was destroyed. But the occupation of Poland which followed the invasion has been a much sadder picture than the military campaign itself. I have here some interesting photographs, enlargements of snapshots found in Great Britain on the dead bodies of German pilots. They will show you what Poland *is* today, what the population suffers in the occupied country, the whole of which has been turned into one dreadful concentration camp. I would like to circulate these around with a request that they be returned to me. They will show you what Canada would look like if the enemy came to your own shores.

Poland has done everything that was in her power to do, and the Poles carry on offering resistance. One thing that we possess and have not lost is courage and confidence of full decisive victory. (Applause.)

The conditions which prevail in Poland today are so terrible as to baffle description, and I have it on good authority from an American who left Warsaw in November last,—only three months ago. He talked to German wounded soldiers who were evacuated from the Eastern front in Russia, and they said that conditions in Russia were so terrible that no words could describe them. They thought it was the limit, the most horrible things they had ever seen—until they came to Poland. When they reached Poland, they said that what they saw there surpassed all that they had experienced on the Eastern front. Women are being abducted, school girls at the age of 14 are being arrested, rounded up and supplied to the soldiers or the Gestapo agents. Young boys are being demoralized, taken to gambling houses, and given alcohol free. Sterilization is an approved thing, both of men and women.

All the museums and all the libraries have been looted, and what was not destroyed by bombs and shells was carried away by German professors who specially came to Poland (which they knew well) for that purpose. They had been the guests of the Polish professors before the war and had acquainted themselves with different museums, universities, and libraries, in order to come back immediately after the war was over and pack things with great care and organizing talent and take them back to their own country. Everything that had to do with Polish culture, showing that it was a thousand years old and distinct from German culture, was deliberately destroyed and burned, so that no trace would be left of what was Poland before the 1st of September 1939.

Our sacrifice and courage and faith have been an inspiration to our Allies.

In 1941 we had two new Allies—the great power of Russia and the great power of the United States. This has had a very discouraging influence on our enemies. The Germans did not know what Russia meant, but they do know what the United States are. There are many Germans in the United States and they have great respect and admiration for what the United States can achieve. Many Germans have been to the United States. Many of them have received letters and books, magazines and newspapers, so they know what the United States means as an opponent. The 7th of December has had a tremendous demoralizing effect, just as the 22nd of June had a discouraging effect, upon the German population.

A further strengthening of the Allied camp was afforded by a common declaration signed in Washington by twenty-six nations, at the first of this year, which may be the beginning of our victorious advance. The twenty-six nations have a unanimity of mind, purpose, and effort. We are organizing not only for war to end war, but also for peace to begin a new development of united nations.

Further, if we compare our material assets, with those of our enemy, we shall see that the following items fall to *our* credit: 11% of the world's population is on their side, 89% on our side; steel: 18% on the enemy side, 64% on our side; coal: 33% on their side, 67% on our side; oil: 3% on their side, 97% on our side; wheat: 14% for them, 66% for us; sugar: 13% for them, 51% for us; automobiles: 12% for them, 88% for us; cotton: one on their side, everything, 100% on our side.

In addition to these figures, we have something more important: we have the confidence that our case is growing stronger, that we have more resources, that we have more power than they have. It is increasing on our side all the time. On the other hand, there are signs of the weakening of the Germans. In Russia and in Lybia they have lost *manpower,* so much so that it will be months before they can recuperate. They have lost *youth* and their best-trained men, both on land and in the air. They have lost *time,* they have to wait until spring to continue their offensive in Russia. That means delay, that means cause for unrest in the country itself. And they have lost their *confidence*; an invincible nation, a master race, a nation that "cannot lose" was forced to retreat, for the first time in Russia, then in North Africa. Something has gone wrong with their wonderful machine. It is like an engine that worked perfectly and suddenly develops a knock. It is difficult for the rulers of the Axis Powers to impress it upon their nations that they are still the master race that suffers no defeats. The moral effect of that is tremendous on a nation that had so far, until a few months ago, enjoyed a chain of continual successes. *We* can take it, *we* are used to it; but *they* are not used to taking it, *they* are used to winning all the time. So that every additional success on our part acts as a discouragement to them.

The Germans are *frightened of air raids.* They are *frightened of cold.* They sleep on down and cover themselves with down. When they got to Russia their blood was too thick to stand the cold which the Russians stand very well.

The Germans are *frightened of diseases.* They are not as immune to infectious diseases as the Russians. They seldom suffered from contagious diseases in Germany, as they were so clean in their own land. They believed so much in sanitation, that this is turning against them in adverse conditions. The Russians will not die in thousands from diseases such as typhus, malaria, and even leprosy, and black death. (I am quoting these diseases from an official German communique.) A Siberian tribe of the Kirgiz, which suffers from black death year after year and is immunized against it, carried it to the Baltic countries and to Russia. To them it is not deadly, but it is merciless to the German soldiers, and not only kills their physique but also destroys the morale of their comrades.

The only hospital for lepers was near Dvinsk, in Latvia. That hospital was bombed, and out of 100 patients, many were killed but 30 escaped and carried leprosy out with them.

There is *another thing frightening* to the German population. At first, when the Polish campaign began, the Germans had only small casualties; perhaps there was one family in a village, or in an apartment house, with a member killed or wounded. So he was a hero; he "died for his Fuehrer". But now there are several men who are killed or wounded in every family. In every village, town, or city, there are too many heroes to make the families happy and to make the nation comfortable.

These are the signs of weakening on the part of the Germans, but I would not advise my friends to be too confident. We must not think that "these wonderful Russians" will win the war for us: they will win the war for themselves. We have to win the war for ourselves. (Applause.) After going through the German invasion in Poland, I can only advise you most strongly and in most emphatic terms, my Canadian friends, to put forth every ounce of effort in order to win the war for yourselves.

The important thing that keeps us alive and afloat through adversity, under grey skies, in very critical moments, is the *confidence* based on the belief that our cause is a right cause. Contrary to those blatant and pompous and boastful words of the Fuehrer and his accomplices, we have great leaders like Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Roosevelt and many others, who, in modest and moderate terms, appeal to their countrymen to do their utmost.

We are fortunate enough, and you especially, members of the British Empire, to have inspiration coming from such a wonderful Sovereign as your Sovereign is. (Applause.) And I would like to end my address by quoting the message of His Majesty the King, the Christmas message, full of modesty, and faith in God, and belief that we will win and achieve complete victory, because *God is on our side*. This is what His Majesty said in his Christmas message:

> "If skies before us are still dark and threatening, there are stars to guide us on our way. Never did heroism shine more brightly than it does now, nor fortitude, nor sacrifice, nor sympathy, nor neighbourly kindness.
>
> And with them the brightest of all stars is our faith in God. These stars we will follow with His help until light shall shine and darkness shall collapse".

With these words of your Sovereign, my friends, members of this glorious and great British Empire, I wish to finish my address and to thank you for the privilege of addressing you today. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, I am sure you will wish me to say how delighted we are to have Sir William Mulock with us at the head table, looking so well, and to tell him how much we admire him as, year after year, he passes birthday after birthday, just brushing them on one side, almost without noticing them. (Applause.)

And to Mr. Podoski, I also am sure you will wish me to express our very grateful appreciation for the eloquent way in which he has talked to us in our own language about his own brave and valiant country. (Applause.) Time and time again, through the centuries, that country has been bandied about by more powerful neighbours; time and time again, those powerful neighbours have divided it piecemeal amongst themselves; time and time again, it has been the victim of pillage and destruction, as armies have swept over it and swept back again. And yet, Gentlemen, refusing defeat, still fighting, determined to rise again despite the German attempts at obliteration which Mr. Podoski described, despite the fact, as he said, that Poland at this moment is one large concentration camp, this country of his looks forward full of faith and full of optimism to complete victory. (Applause.)

It is a great story, Gentlemen, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Podoski. Let us assure him that, like himself, we look forward with confidence to a restored and unified Poland.

"PAGES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF AN OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT"

AN ADDRESS BY

NORMAN M. MACLEOD

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, January 29, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Under conditions of national or international tenseness it is very easy for the newspaperman to profit by the exploitation of sensationalism. That has never been more true than it is under the conditions of the present world situation. But there has never been a time when it was more important that our newspapermen should be responsible men, men of intellectual honesty, men of sound and impartial judgment, men who write from a conscientious and solid conviction. Such a man is Mr. Norman MacLeod who is our guest speaker today. He comes to us as one of the leading men who sit in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. We know his writing; we have had the pleasure of listening to him before; and in your name I welcome Mr. MacLeod once again to this gathering of The Empire Club of Canada. Mr. Norman MacLeod. (Applause.)

MR. NORMAN MACLEOD: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I would be a very ungracious guest if I did not acknowledge the all too kindly introduction of our Chairman today. This is not the first time that The Empire Club has honoured me by asking me to address one of their luncheon meetings, and familiarity, a growing familiarity with you as an audience, has simply bred a greater and greater appreciation of the privilege that is mine every time you ask me here.

Today, the circumstances are somewhat different. They remind me of a recent personal episode in my life that I was told in my own community I would never have the courage to repeat in public. However, I am going to prove that I have a certain amount. If this is courage, I have it today.

One of my hobbies is farming, on a small scale, and, during the past summer, I took one of my farm hands and went to an auction sale. Our purpose was to purchase a cow or two. They were lined up in the stable. The lighting was none too good, and, if you have ever attended a farm auction, you will know that the custom is to affix to the tail of each cow a little card, telling the approximate time at which that animal is due to freshen—that is, to have a calf and commence milking.

We wanted to get a couple of cows that would freshen at a particular time, and I passed along the line, inspecting tails and reading tags, until I got to one end of the stable where the light was particularly poor. I looked at the card on the tail of the animal and twisted it around. I couldn't read the date, so I called over the farm hand who was with me, who takes great pride in his education as a cattle man. I said, "Lorne, I can't read the date here. Will you see if you can read it. From the top it looks like a pretty likely animal." Lorne took hold of the tail and twisted it around and couldn't read it. At that moment the proprietor of the farm who was selling out passed and I said, "Mr. Cummings, what date does this cow freshen?" Mr. Cummings said, "Well, it will be quite a while, I think. You had better drop that tail. That happens to be the bull of the herd."

Gentlemen, the application of that story is that today I am afraid this cow is not going to freshen. Since I entered the room here today circumstances have arisen which make it impossible for me to deliver the address that I had prepared for this gathering. Those circumstances are entirely beyond my control. I greatly regret them. I realized that I was going to try the patience of this audience considerably with the subject that I had chosen. I realize only too truly that I am going to try you much more greatly by having to reminisce instead, and give you perhaps a few pages from the notebook of an Ottawa correspondent.

The circumstances remind me a little of the first time that I came to address The Empire Club here. I think it was some four years ago. I came to Toronto on the morning train. I had my club bag and I had my brief-case which had my manuscript, and the porter came along and offered to carry out my club bag, to which I agreed. He proceeded to take the brief-case also, but I said, "Oh, no! it is important. I will look after that myself." Then I walked off the train and left it on the seat. I had a very anxious morning until it was restored to me just before the Club met.

On this occasion there will be no restoration of the manuscript and I simply have to apologize to you for asking without warning for your indulgence.

I have been in the Press Gallery in Ottawa for about seventeen years now. I can't remember any time at which the experience there has not been interesting. I can't remember any time, in my memory, when it has been more interesting than during the past few weeks.

I think we were all getting a little anxious about the safety of our British Prime Minister before we got the welcome news in the press that he had arrived back in England. He had been out of print for so long and the submarines had been such a threat on the Atlantic that, I think, some of us were getting apprehensive about his safety. It was with a great sense of relief, I know, in Ottawa, that we read of his safe arrival.

You, in Toronto, didn't have the great privilege that we had in Ottawa, of seeing Mr. Churchill, face to face. I am wondering if, in this situation, I can give you some adequate word picture of a man whom you admire so greatly, that will perhaps make him a little more intimate in your thoughts.

I was on the train going down to Washington after

Mr. Churchill had finished his Ottawa programme. It was one of these sealed trains, that are common in Europe, but are rare on this continent yet. When you got on at Ottawa you were not allowed to leave the train until you arrived in Washington. You couldn't send any telegraph messages or communicate with the outside world at all.

It was New Year's Eve. I had thoughtlessly told my family that I would wire them a New Year's Eve message. When I failed to do so, they didn't realize that it was due to the restrictions, but thought that some catastrophe had happened.

The Ottawa programme had been a very strenuous one. Every person in the party, newspapermen as well as Mr. Churchill, felt very tired, and I have never known a more sombre New Year's Eve gathering than the party on that train. After dinner, some of us gathered in the club car. About nine-thirty, there was a general movement to bed, and, by eleven o'clock, I think every person was in his compartment.

At five minutes to twelve, Standard Time, there was a commotion through the train. The porter went through shouting, "Everyone in the diner. The Prime Minister wants to meet everyone in the diner."

Well, we struggled out. We didn't know what the purpose was. We thought perhaps it was a News Conference. When we got there, there were certain refreshments on the table, and, at one minute to twelve, Mr. Churchill appeared in the corridor from his car, which was the car behind the diner. He had his own glass in hand and he said, "Gentlemen, it is a New Year. It is appropriate that we should toast it."

He gave the toast which, I think, you all read. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the simplicity with which he gave it: "Here's to 1942. A year of difficulty, a year of trial, a year of struggle, but a long step forward toward Victory."

The toast was drunk, Mr. Churchill's face wreathed into a very homely smile that he has, and he said, "Now, 'Auld Lang Syne.'" He formed a chain with the two correspondents next to him on each side, sang a verse of "Auld Lang Syne", not omitting the double time at the end of it, and then the correspondents gave three cheers for Mr. Churchill,—the Prime Minister, as he was called—and Mr. Churchill just responded with the "V" signal.

I have never seen a more enthusiastic display of hands in response to his and he backed out cheerily through the door.

Now, Gentlemen, Mr. Churchill was working on that train. He had the siren suit that is the Air Raid Precaution suit he uses for lounging. He was in the midst of all the work that drives a British Prime Minister in wartime, and yet, with all that pressure of work, and with its importance driving him, it seemed fitting to him that a few moments should be taken at the start of another year to drink it in and to sing "Auld Lang Syne."

Now, I think you will agree with me, it is a man with that sense of values that we want to be behind, a man in whose ultimate ability to lead us we will have far greater confidence than we would have in the dictators. (Applause.)

I think, if you have never seen Mr. Churchill except in his pictures, that the trait that would impress you most would be his simplicity and his homeliness. He is a man with a magnificent mastery of the English language, but without any florid style of oratory at all. He uses the right word with a precision and a simplicity that are simply captivating. You never feel that Mr. Churchill is soaring in the clouds of rhetoric or striving for effect at all. You feel that he is dealing in realities, and, I think, you feel with him that he is a person who is interpreting the ideals, the aims, the hopes, and the aspirations of the mass of the British people. There is no suggestion that he is removed from the people. The feeling that he gives you, rather, is a feeling of his closeness to the people, in spite of the very great brilliance that so distinguishes him from us all.

Well, Gentlemen, that was Mr. Churchill. A year or two years ago, in Ottawa, we had another scene of great enthusiasm, the only scene I remember that surpassed the reception that Mr. Churchill got, and that was the royal tour of Their Majesties, the King and the Queen, when they came to Canada. I accompanied that party from Quebec to the Pacific Coast and to Washington and New York and, ultimately, to Halifax.

There are features of that trip that, I think, foreshadowed what we are experiencing at the present time, that is the great unity of the Canadian people. You started from the Atlantic and you went to the Pacific. The impressive part of that tour wasn't the great reception that you gave Their Majesties here in Toronto. That was rather a thing to be expected. The really spectacular phase of the tour and, I think, the thing that most impressed His Majesty, occurred on the Prairies. As you know, the Prairies have been pretty hard hit, particularly in Saskatchewan, after the years of drought. Money for the necessities of life is very scarce there and even has had to be supplemented in a large scale by relief. There is a large foreign population and it wouldn't have been unreasonable if the great welcome to Their Majesties had been confined to the larger centres where the English-speaking people predominate.

The contrary was the case. One of the most dramatic things I have ever seen was the heroic measures to which the foreign-born people on the Prairies went to see that their children, a new generation of Canadians, saw Their Majesties.

The Saskatchewan Government allowed farmers to run their cars without any license for the purpose of bringing people in to see the King and the Queen. The older people didn't come themselves. They gave all the transportation space to the children. They piled them into trucks, just the way you would load pigs or sheep going to market. They drove, some of them, 250 miles. They arrived in cities like Regina, without any money for food or any place to stay. The cities had to barracks them in the churches and in the schools, but every child had a little Union Jack. It was just as though these new Canadians of ours, that is, the generation that still have their memory of life in Continental Europe, had determined that their children should see the simplicity of the democracy under which they were living today. It was a magnificent demonstration of democracy. The amazing thing was that there were no casualties suffered among the children who were the subject of this mass movement, and the psychology that it represented, as I say, was not lost upon the King or the Queen, and this was, I think, the most gratifying feature of their whole tour.

I have spoken about the simplicity and the homeliness of Mr. Churchill. I could speak in the same vein about Their Majesties. There was one incident that I don't think was reported, that will illustrate it. They arrived at Jasper Park and were given one of the lodges there for the night. The first thing that the Queen did was to dismiss all the staff. She and His Majesty wanted to have a home evening together. His Majesty had some movies that he had taken on the trip, that weren't finished, and they were going to set up their movie camera and run off these pictures and have an evening to themselves.

But, as the Queen was strolling through the park, she noticed a particular type of cedar that, she thought, would do very well in one of their estates in Scotland, and she wanted to question the parks gardener about it, so she asked the Manager of the lodge if it would be possible for this gentleman to come over during the evening. The head gardener, of course, went over after dinner. He knocked at the door of the lodge. There was no reply, so he knocked again, a little more peremptorily, when the door was opened by a lady who said, "Why, good evening, Mr. Jones, it is so good of you to come over. Won't you come in?"

I imagine that gardener was, perhaps, one of the few people who have ever had the door opened for him by the Queen of England. The apology for the delay was that the noise of the movie projector had prevented them from hearing his first knock.

If I might tell a more personal story: Around Melville, Saskatchewan, they parked the royal train, for the night, just about a hundred yards from where the celebration had been held. The theory was that the celebration would be over, the crowd would disperse, and the King and the Queen would get a good night's sleep. Well, Melville is a town of four thousand, I think, according to our Bureau of Statistics figures. That particular night there were fifteen thousand people in it, and so far they were quite determined that the appearance of the King and the Queen would be a continuous performance. At ten o'clock they were still shouting and cheering and Their Majesties retired to their car. They would stand it for just so long and, then, feeling they really owed something to people who were cheering so lustily, they would go out and make another appearance and, again, there would be bedlam. Then they would go back and still it wouldn't die down.

Finally, the railway authorities realized that the royal car would have to be moved several miles down the road, if Their Majesties were going to get any rest at all.

I was doing some work in my berth. It was quite a hot night and I had stripped to my undershirt. I was sitting with my typewriter on my knee, and had left the shade up because it was one of those long northern nights with a particularly beautiful sunset. At about eleven o'clock one could still see the daylight with the red glow in the sky and the mist coming up on the prairies. It was really a beautiful scene. I was working away and had a psychic feeling I sometimes get that I was under observation. As I looked up, very much in negligé, they were just moving the royal car on the parallel track, and there was Her Majesty looking through the window. When she caught my eye, she waved very cheerfully. The King looked to see what strange man she was waving at and seemed to be a little startled at first, but apparently he thought it was alright and waved, too.

So you can form your own ideas of what delightful people we have in our British Monarchy, and of how close they are to us, their people.

Going back a little bit further in history, I think I will perhaps tell you a story here and now that is prompted by the presence of my friend, Mr. Hatch, on my right here, and may have some interest to him. It relates to the era after the Drury Government was defeated in Ontario. I was in the Queen's Park press gallery at that time and the great public question of that day wasn't Conscription, it was just how long the Ontario Temperance Act would stay on the Statute Books and whether it would stay or go. Mr. Ferguson who hasn't made his reputation for shrewdness for nothing, wasn't enlightening the public very much. It was the really big news that any ambitious newspaperman wanted to break in the press gallery and I went about it by sinister and underhand tactics.

The Mail had supported Mr. Ferguson very strongly for Premier, and I think they had done it out of conviction that he was the man for the job and without any hope of fear or favour or reward. I assured Mr. Ferguson that the Directors of the *Mail* were just waiting for the quid pro quo, and that, if he didn't treat them as they thought they should be treated in the matter of news, their attitude might change. Fortunately, Mr. Ferguson wasn't able to check up on my story because the Chief Director of the *Mail* at that time was on a trip around the world. How it happened that Mr. Ferguson didn't know that, I don't know. However, we finally reached what I might call an understanding. Mr. Ferguson wasn't anxious to antagonize or disappoint *The Mail*. Neither was he anxious to irritate any of the other Toronto papers by singling us out for favouritism.

So I said, "Well now, Mr. Ferguson, after all, *The Mail* is known to be reasonably close to the Government, and, if I simply knew definitely what your policy was, I wouldn't care whether I announced it as coming from you or not. I would just put it in the paper. We will put it on the front page with big headlines, and events will bear out the scoop that we had."

Well, things were arranged very much on that line, and I wrote my story and didn't use Mr. Ferguson's name. I left it in the office and went home, feeling that I had done a pretty good day's work.

The late Walter Wilkinson was Managing Editor of the news, and Mr. Hector Charlesworth will remember that he was around *The Mail* office. He came in from the theatre about eleven o'clock and wanted to know if there was any news. They said, "Yes, MacLeod had got Ferguson's liquor policy." He was greatly interested and got hold of the proof and said, "Where did he get this? Did he get it from Ferguson?" "O, yes, he got it from Ferguson." "Well, why didn't he say so?"

Well, old Mr. Wilkinson went down the proof, throwing in at the end of the first paragraph, "Premier Ferguson announced today exclusively to *The Mail and Empire,"* and then just continued down, "Mr. Ferguson says," and "The Government believes." He made a much more authoritative story of it but it certainly didn't improve my relations with the Conservative Government.

Well, the sequel to it was that, after we had the plebiscite announced, Mr. Wilkinson called me in and said, "You had better get on the train for Kemptville. Go up and get the terms of the plebiscite from Mr. Ferguson." I said, "Well, your memory is conveniently short, isn't it?" "O," he said, "I know there was a little difficulty, but go up and get the terms of the plebiscite."

I had the feeling that I was just going for a ride. I got up to Kemptville and Mr. Ferguson was in bed with a bad attack of influenza. However, I went in and told him what I wanted, and his reply was that all he had wanted was something to live for and now he had it,—it was to get even with Wa'ly Wilkinson. He told me to go back to Wally Wilkinson and take a certain message to him.

The days of Drury, Ferguson, Manion, Doherty, W. F. Nicholls, and Hartley Dewart, were colourful days in our

Provincial Legislature. I think that we who knew them will probably never see their return again. We certainly never realized, I think, that they were going to come as they have with Mr. Hepburn. I think that Mr. Ferguson now must be sitting back in retirement and just regretting that he couldn't have learned the lessons in showmanship that Mr. Hepburn would have been able to give him before he came into power. If he could have, he might have been able really to go places.

Gentlemen, these remarks are rambling. I apologize more sincerely than I can say for the disappointment to which I have had to subject this audience. I am not suggesting that what I intended to say would have been any easier to listen to than what I have given, but it would have been better prepared. I do appreciate most greatly the invitation that you gave me to be here, and it has been a most pleasant experience for me, just to turn back a few of the years and chat with this group for these few minutes. I thank you. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Mr. MacLeod, I am glad that you began by telling a story, because it gives me a chance to tell one. Probably everybody in the room, with two exceptions, knows my story, but can I tell it to those two people?

It is a story of the blackout in England. It was, as they say in the North Country, "dead dark". Two cars collide. They are both badly damaged. A man gets out of each of them. The first man reaches into his hip pocket and says to the other fellow, "I say, you look badly shaken up. I am sorry about this—all my fault. Have a drink." The second fellows says, "Well, that is good of you," takes a drink, and hands the flask back.

"Oh! you didn't take much", says the first man. "Take another one." So the second man takes another one, and, as he hands the flask back once more, says "*You* don't look too good either. You'd better have a drink yourself."

But the first screwed the cap on, stuck the flask back in his pocket and replied, "Oh, no, not until the policeman has been."

Well, Gentlemen, there is a point in that story. The pretended friendliness had no real foundation. And I know that one of the things you will wish me to say on your behalf to Mr. MacLeod is that here he is among true friends.

After we were seated at this table, one of those situations arose which sometimes face a Speaker and a Chairman,—a situation which has to be solved on the spur of the moment, without any possibility of time for thought. Mr. MacLeod, due to circumstances beyong his control, bravely discarded his prepared address. We know how difficult it is, not only to discard a manuscript, but even to discard the very theme upon which one's thoughts have been centred right up to five minutes before one gets up to speak.

Mr. MacLeod had therefore to extemporise literally on the spur of the moment. And, on your behalf, may I say to Mr. MacLeod that he has earned our added admiration, as well as our added thanks, for the brilliant way in which he has demonstrated his enviable capacity of presenting an extemporised luncheon address, which could not have been excelled. Mr. MacLeod, the sustained interest of your audience must have shown how much we have enjoyed your talk to us, and it is my privilege to offer to you our warmest appreciation. (Applause.)

"THE NEXT FEW WEEKS IN THE FAR EAST"

AN ADDRESS BY

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, February 5, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen of The Empire Club of Canada: For over 100 years the English language has had four Estates: the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the Press. Thomas Carlyle quoted Burke as having said there were three Estates in Parliament, but that there was a fourth Estate in the Press Gallery which was greater than them all. During the hundred or more years that have passed since then the Press has proved all important in our modern life. Today we have perhaps a fifth Estate—the radio news commentator.

The same qualities that go to make a brilliant journalist go also to make a brilliant news commentator. That capacity for shrewd analysis; that ability for following the main thread in a tangle; that gift for seeing the picture as a whole; and then the combination of all those in being able to redraw that picture so that we too can see it.

Our speaker today, Willson Woodside, is a member of both these honourable companies, being widely known both as a press-man and a news commentator, and we have the privileged opportunity of listening to him in person whilst he talks to us about a problem which is perplexing every one of us: "The Next Few Weeks in the Far East."

Gentlemen, I give you Willson Woodside! (Applause.)

Mr. Willson Woodside: Mr. President, Guests, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the Air Audience: I suppose it is something of a jolt to many of you to see the body that belongs to the voice which you occasionally hear over the radio at five minutes to nine. But then, of course, I have been here before. Not being of Churchillian character, I have even taken a peek into what I said on those occasions!

I find that seven and a half years ago, when I first spoke here, I spent my time telling of the tens of thousands of young men studying "sport flying" in Germany, and what I had seen and heard of big additions to all the aircraft factories there, and stories of great underground hangars being dug. There were few secrets in Germany then, for there were so many bitter opponents of the Nazi regime that little could be kept secret. But we didn't want to believe the evidence, because we didn't want to make the painful effort to stop Germany, and we certainly did not want to fight another war. So a lot of people thought I was very excited and let it pass at that.

However, four years later, when I next appeared before the Club, we still didn't want to believe that we would have to stop Germany or fight her. It was just after Munich, and the cry "PEACE FOR OUR TIME" was ringing everywhere. I held the view that Britain's position was weaker and war more certain for this Munich appeasement, and said that I thought that only a Churchill Government would see Britain through. I remember after that talk, a former professor of mine stopped his car on University Avenue and shouted at me across the street, "It is guys like you that start wars".

So here we are, three and a half years later, standing at one of the great crises of the war. And I had better quit reminiscing and get down to my subject, which is "The Next Few Weeks in the Far East". You see what happens when you remove the five-minute limit from radio commentators! I can assure you, it is something of a relief to be able to "stretch" a bit, after squeezing one's sentences so hard, night after night. Whether it's such a pleasure to the audience, is another thing.

As to this business of talking from a manuscript, I have never done it in my life before, but war regulations are war regulations.

The Pacific War has been going on almost two months to a day. Reinforcements which Britain and the United States have been able to gather together, find shipping and convoys for, and get under way in the first three weeks—and that would be very quick work—will now be nearing Java and Singapore. In the meantime, perhaps a few shipments which were en route to Egypt have been diverted at the Cape of Good Hope, and have reached the Far Eastern fighting front.

With every week from now on, the flow of aid to the Far East must increase. In the meantime, although Singapore, Java, and Rangoon, the three main objectives of this first phase of the Japanese War, are still holding out, the enemy's breath is hot on their neck. It is plainly going to be a very close call for them. The next few weeks may decide their fate; may decide whether we are to have any advance bases for our counter-offensive, or will have to work out of distant Australia and India; may decide whether we are to lose our entire Far Eastern supply of rubber, or retain the very respectable production of Java and Sumatra—which is not far short of what we have lost in Malaya. The next few weeks, in fact, may make a difference of a year or two in the length of the war with Japan.

Not that I subscribe to a view which you will often hear: that if Japan once gets the Phillipines, Singapore, Rangoon, and the Netherland Indies, she will be established in an "impregnable" position in the South West Pacific. She will be appallingly spread out. She will have immensely long lines of communication from the arms factories in the homeland. She cannot possibly garrison strongly all of her own territories and all of the places she is seizing. For she will still have a war—and a growing war—on her hands in China. And I believe that she will still need to keep her best and biggest army in Manchuria, watching Russia.

There is no reason at all, therefore, why we cannot do exactly as the Japs have done, and come along in force to each of her conquests in turn, picking them off much as Gary Cooper picked off, first the turkeys and then the Germans, in the picture "Sergeant York". It is not a question of being able to retake what we are losing today. It is just that it will be a lot better, and save a lot of time and a lot of destruction of valuable resources, if we can hold our advance bases, and move our counter-offensive forces right into them.

I speak particularly today of RANGOON, SINGAPORE, AND JAVA, for I believe that these are the chief Japanese objectives at this stage of the war. Such projects as the conquest of Australia, I am sure, lie in the next phase. But first, perhaps, we would do well to draw the broad picture of the strategy of the Japanese war up to the present. Their grand strategy has admittedly been brilliant. Consider the first stroke against the main Pacific base of the United States in Hawaii, in order to delay the despatch of air and sea equipment to the Far East from the nation which was free to send them. I don't say any more about the stroke at Pearl Harbour, except that it was surely one of the most successful opening days of any war in history. We shall see how the Japanese feel about it when the closing day comes!

Their isolation of the Philippines was also cleverly carried out. First they broke the chain of air relay stations which could have brought bombers and possibly long range fighters from the big bases in Hawaii—that is if the planes at Hawaii hadn't been smashed. Then they took Hong Kong, on the other side of the Philippines. Then they moved around and took Davao to isolate the Philippines from the Indies. In Indo-China they had already isolated the Philippines from Singapore. Thus one must say there is little prospect of relief reaching that gallant band that are fighting on in Bataan, and will probably be able to fight on still longer in the island fortress of Corregidor.

Next they proceeded to isolate Singapore. Now, if you will follow the map, you will see they are busy isolating Java.

Let us take the three in turn and consider their chances for the next few weeks, during which their fate will probably be decided.

Probably the most immediately menaced is RANGOON. The Japanese are within eighty miles of this sole supply port of Free China, for arms from Britain and America. Eighty miles would be, according to the standards of the Philippine and Malayan campaigns, a couple of weeks' advance for them. There is only one considerable obstacle between the Japs and Rangoon, the Salween River, and, so far in this war, it has always proven possible for an attacker to cross an extended river line at some point.

The Japs, however, are operating across difficult mountain passes from their bases in Siam. There is a limit to the forces they can maintain in Burma. Rangoon, on the other hand, is only a few hundred miles from India, a couple of days' journey for Indian Army units. It ought to be possible for the Indian Army Command, now that its other flank on the Caucasus has been freed for some time to come, to throw a considerable part of its weight to the Burma flank.

In the field of grand strategy, India is faced with a double pincers attack by the "Maniaxis"—the Japs in the Far East, and the Germans in the Middle East—and it is mighty fortunate for her that the enemy timing has failed, and she is able to parry one thrust at a time. We may take it, I think, that the chief obstacle to getting Indian troops into action in Burma is shipping. But already we hear of these splendid fighting men moving up to the front on the Salween River.

No question of shipping hinders the flow of Chinese troops to the Rangoon fighting area. Chiang Kai-Shek, we know, was quick to offer some of his most experienced divisions to help us keep the lower stretches of the Burma Road open. We heard weeks ago that these men had moved into North Burma. The thousands of trucks carrying arms northward from Rangoon to safety in the rugged north—and I understand that they are not attempting to carry these things all the way at the present time but are dumping them down in safety in the north—could carry huge numbers of Chinese troops southward on the return trip.

An official spokesman in Chungking expressed surprise early this week that these Chinese troops had not been thrown against the Japs already, as they had experience in dealing with them, while our men had to learn their tricks from the beginning. It makes one wonder a bit whether our local commanders *want* to see the Chinese play a large part in saving Burma. I can't forget the opportunity which they passed up to form strong Chinese Home Guard units at Hong Kong, which could have been immensely valuable in guarding the island coast line; or that, in Singapore, the first thousand Chinese Home Guards were organized only last weekend; and that apparently no use was made of the Chinese population of the Malay States, where it amounts to about a third of the whole.

However, this policy apparently is changing. Chinese troops wouldn't have been admitted to Burma if they weren't to be used. Considering the difficult Japanese communications, and the very satisfying performance of the Anglo-American air squadrons around Rangoon, there appears to be a fighting chance of holding that city.

On its docks are said to be piled enough Lend-Lease material to tax the capacity of the Burma Road trucking system for several months. It might be explained, however, that only two fair-sized ship-loads per month can be moved over the Burma Road. Two ship-loads a month—that is what a tenuous supply line China has for arms from the Western world.

But an extension of the Burma Railway has actually been under construction from the present terminus at Lashio as far as Chungking—through appalling country, and under appalling health conditions—which would greatly increase the supply capacity of this "back door" route. Construction has been suspended for some time but could be resumed in a hurry when the Rangoon situation cleared up.

Surveys have been completed for another mountain road, actually a slightly shorter one, from the rail-head of Sadiya in the extreme north-east corner of India, which would be hundreds of miles further removed from the Japanese. This would, of course, be pushed in all haste as an alternative to the Burma Road, should Rangoon be lost.

Next we come to Singapore, which has, I believe, of all the Far East fighting centres, the strongest pull on our emotions. Most of us, also, are best informed about Singapore, so that I will be able to add little to your knowledge of the situation. You know that the naval base is on the north side of the island and will be no use for the duration of the siege, as it lies directly under the muzzles of Jap guns on the other side of the mile-wide Strait of Johore.

Some of the work-shops, however, were built underground and some of the oil storage tanks, so that these could be saved from destruction. But the main shops and the dock installations can be thoroughly destroyed if the Japs decide to do so. There is the possibility, however, that they are confident they can take Singapore soon—February 11th has been suggested as their scheduled day—and, in this case, they might do their best to take over the naval dockyard in as good shape as possible for their own use. They may, therefore, hold their bomb and shell fire, and try, instead, perhaps with parachute troops, to keep us from sabotaging the dockyard facilities, should we be driven away from the northern part. We, in our turn, would scarcely start that sobatage until we considered the battle for the Island definitely lost.

What are the chances of holding Singapore? Well, I don't know a great deal about it. I warned Mr. Pratt that I had never been there. Shortage of time and money for my trips has always taken me to Europe, where I fell into the habit of visiting Nazi Germany every year, rather as if it were a patient of mine. But I do know that it isn't enough just to stand here in Toronto, where one can do nothing to make good one's word, and say: "We will never give up Singapore!"

That is hardly an adequate appraisal of the situation. I think it must be admitted, that what has gone before in the Malayan campaign, does not encourage any complacent belief that our troops and planes will accomplish the customary miracle—though in our hearts most of us, I think, still believe they will.

Though we were outnumbered in Malaya after the Japs had brought their full strength to bear, we had the advantage at first, as we were on land and the Japs in ships offshore. Yet our command seems to have completely misjudged the nature of jungle fighting and dismissed the areas on either side of roads and railways as virtually "impassable". I understand that this was even printed in British military handbooks, while German military text books of the same date, three years ago, declared the exact opposite and laid down the method by which the Japs, in the event, conquered Malaya. Our little Nipponese are very quick to learn. How quickly, for instance, they learned from Taranto, and improved on it at Pearl Harbour.

At the beginning of the Malayan campaign, our air power, too, might have been expected to do to the Jap transport fleets approaching the coast something of what the Dutch and Americans did to the big Jap convoy in the Straits of Macassar last week. It is a great mystery, what happened to our Malayan air power, of which we had heard so much. The BBC announced last week that, after seven weeks of fighting, only 87 Japanese planes had been shot down over Malaya, of which only 54 had been brought down by anti-aircraft fire.

Now, at the very beginning of the siege of Singapore, the R.A.F. has had to give up three of its four main island aerodromes because these are in the north. They are left with the Singapore Municipal Airport on the southern side of the Island, and, I understand, a considerable number of dispersion fields which they had prepared. They will probably have to prepare fields on islands off to the sea-ward side, and be supported by Allied planes operating from more secure bases in Sumatra and even Java.

American Flying Fortresses, recently reported aiding in Malaya, are probably operating from the region of Batavia. It looks as though Singapore is going to take a very heavy pounding, until we can put in fighter forces which can make the sky over the Island too dangerous, and until we can smash up their bombing aerodromes within 50 or 100 miles of Singapore.

We leave Singapore, therefore, with no easy feeling of optimism, but with Wavell's words ringing in our ears, that it must be held, and that help on a large scale is on the way. A despatch which came in a day or two ago spoke of the immense improvement in the spirit of Singapore, which Cecil Brown blamed in an article in "Life" magazine as responsible for the mistakes in the conduct of the Malayan campaign. This new despatch said Singapore had discovered more unity of spirit in the last eight weeks than it had found in the previous eighty years. And our troops, which Mr. Churchill put at 60,000 ten days ago and which have been reinforced since, have only a 40-mile northern front to watch, with a mile-wide anti-tank ditch in front of them, and their rear freed for once from the infiltration tactics which drove them all the way down the peninsula. They may soon be put to the great test, as the Japs can't be expected to wait to make their big assault until after our reinforcements arrive. As a matter of fact, Tokyo was announcing this morning that the big assault was under way and London admitted that this was not impossible.

In any case, and especially if their frontal assault should fail, the Japs would press on with the isolation of Singapore to prevent our convoys from getting in to its relief. They have already closed the Straits of Malacca. More lately they have been bombing the two islands of Banka and Billiton—and, as a rule, you will notice that, when the Japs start bombing a place, their landing forces are not very far behind.

The invasion of Banka and Billiton, which we must oppose at all costs, would also push the isolation of Java still further.

I think we all have a fair idea of the geography of the Netherlands Indies from the maps. Java is the most developed, most-populated, island of the Indies. It has been made the heart of the Dutch defence system. It is an immediate Japanese goal no less than Singapore and Rangoon.

You will see how the Japs have pushed one arm down from Davao in the southern Philippines to Amboina. If they can take Amboina, I think they will try to drive a wedge between Java and Australia, and possibly try to take Darwin, in order to cut the direct route from America. Then they are coming around the western corner of Borneo; they took Pontianak the other day. The big invasion convoy which they started down the Macassar Straits about two weeks ago was,I am sure, intended as a frontal assault on Java.

That provided us with our only big victory in the Far Eastern campaign so far, but a very important victory.

It may have staved off the invasion of Java for two, or perhaps three, priceless weeks. I think there is no mistake that that big convoy was headed straight for Surabaya. But, with a good deal of its strength lost or put out of sailing condition, it seems to have pulled up in the neighbourhood of Balikpapan for reorganization. However, it is ominous that the bombing of Surabaya has begun on a big scale. It is the chief naval base between Ceylon and Sydney, an immensely valuable base for our counter-offensive.

Personally, I think the success in the Straits of Macassar showed that an American battle squadron, with a couple of aircraft carriers and submarines, would have as good a chance operating out of Surabaya, as the British had operating out of Alexandria after the Germans moved into Crete. There would, of course, be an outcry if a battleship or two were lost, yet, if they want to save the Indies,—and on a purely material basis they provide an extremely valuable rubber supply, almost as valuable as that of Malaya,—that risk must be taken. And I don't think that Washington is beyond taking it.

Java is the best defended island in the Netherland Indies. The Dutch have concentrated their army and mechanized forces there. They always intended to use Borneo and the Celebes as a cushion against the Japanese and do exactly what they have done to make the Straits of Macassar a very dangerous approach for an attack against Java. But the Dutch may not have an army in Java at the present time of more than 100,000 or 150,000. I understand the natives are most loyal and good fighters. But Java has a long coast line with many beaches and is not unassailable, by any means. Yet, I think Java has a better chance of holding out than Rangoon or Singapore, and is, perhaps, on the whole, more important to our counter-offensive.

The American War Department announced this morning that United States Army fighters had gone into action in Java. That attack on the Marshall Islands last Sunday may be an indication that the Americans are pushing their first big convoy down that way towards the Far East, which would mean that it is at the present time about half way to Java or not more than three weeks from its destination.

I have spoken about our counter-offensive from time to time. Of course this battle squadron, if the Americans really are going to send one to Surabaya, would not constitute a "counter-offensive". What we are trying to do at the present is hang on; the real counter-offensive will have to wait a bit. When that comes we really have a wonderful set-up in the Far East. We have great bases such as Australia, India, China, from which to move in and crush the Japanese in the China Sea area. I expect the Americans will make Australia their main base in the Far East. I noticed some weeks ago a despatch from Australia that, in a number of cities, housing quarters had been prepared to receive troops, and also I noticed that American currency had been declared legal tender. They must be expecting a lot of it!

Besides, the only alternative dry dock to Singapore, in the Far East, is being built at Sydney. It is intended to accommodate battleships up to 45,000 tons. The Americans are believed to be building battleships up to 57,500 tons. But those which will come into commission during the next year or two will be of 35,000 tons. Two of these are already in service, and I should think most of the others will be in commission a year from today. The *New York Times'* military correspondent said the other day that probably the Americans would rush materials and technicians out to Sydney to hasten the completion of this dry dock.

While the Americans concentrate on Australia, I would suppose that the British will make India their main counter-offensive base. But not the least factor in the Far East is going to be the Chinese effort. The Chinese have hung on, and how they have hung on! (Applause.) They have shown themselves more than willing to co-operate in every way. They did their best, in the few days they had, to relieve Hong Kong. I think, with a few weeks' grace, they might have done it. When the time comes they will push into Indo-China. They will retake Hainan Island, they will clear out that small enclave around Canton, and they will retake Hong-Kong. Then they will push the Japanese down the Yangtse, and eventually give us bomber bases against Japan in the region of Shanghai—regardless of Russian policy.

That brings us around to Russia and Russian policy. I believe that Russia, when she has freed herself from the terrible menace which she is presently combatting in the West, will take a sharp enough attitude towards Japan. Litvinov did speak about our "common enemies", and Pravda came out last week with a blast against Japanese map-makers who included Siberia as far as Lake Baikal in their maps—which is as good as a statement of policy, to me.

We know that, at the present time, the Russians are as busy as any people decently ought to be, defending themselves. I think that, about the time the United States has her big bomber production and her big bomber air-crew training in full swing, and is ready to move across from Alaska into Siberian bases, Russia will probably be ready to open these up. Still, no one wants to be dogmatic in predicting what Russia will do. And there are still a great many "ifs" about Russia's clearing up the German menace in the West. Which reminds me of a pleasant story going the rounds concerning Goering's visit to Pétain, when, it is said, Goering demanded the immediate surrender of Napoleon's plan of retreat from Moscow!

We know from various indications that Hitler is mobilizing all available manpower of Germany and demanding a large number of Hungarian troops, who, I believe, have performed very well. He is pushing all the armament factories of Europe to the utmost. And we have to face the possibility that the Russian winter offensive may just have reached its peak and be ready to peter out at the time the Germans are ready to launch their Spring offensive. We have to keep in mind, wonderful as the Russian gains have been, that, just as they have reached the point where they could gather in big strategic successes, the Germans are stiffening their resistance and sending fresh troops and aviation forces to the Eastern front to prevent the loss of points such as Novgorod, Vyazma, Orel, and Kharkov, which would upset their spring plans.

Still, we have underestimated all along what the Russians could do. For my part, I am going to put my money on the Russians, confident that they will continue to hold out longer, and push farther, than we expect.

At any rate, no matter what Russia does, or does not, it won't affect the outcome of "The Next Few Weeks' Fighting in the Far East".

I have presented the picture as I see it, I confess, from an arm chair in Toronto, and from my maps. The Japs are right on top of Singapore, Java, and Rangoon, with their grinning faces. Substantial reinforcements are making their way, at a painfully slow, 10, 12, or 14 knots, across the vast spaces of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. It is going to be a close call. But McArthur's stand in the Philippines, without any real prospect of relief, is constant encouragement that our forces will hold on, somehow, until the blitz fades out of the Jap blitzkrieg. Then the Japs will find themselves appallingly extended, with many of their warships, planes, and troops, used up, and our immense forces gathering against them. (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Mr. Woodside, we are glad that you began by reminding us that it is only two months since this thing started in the Far East. As we look back on recent weeks it seems almost hard to remember that it is only so recently that this continent has been at war with Japan. In planning and in intention Japan must have been at war with us for a long time.

As you have said, Japan has been quick to learn. We sometimes seem quick to forget. We forget that a generation ago, from being a tenth rate nation, Japan came up almost overnight among the group of first class powers. We ought not to have forgotten how quick she is to learn.

We thank you for this valuable analysis of the situation, this story of the widespread strategy in which Japan has been using armed forces on a checker board, moving them where she could find blank squares or even where she could find a square that was held by a piece that could be taken by a major piece.

But, Sir, whilst you have talked to us about the seriousness of the situation, and whilst you have presented its realities, and whilst you have given us a picture of the present position and the immediate possibilities, nevertheless, you left us with a note of optimism. We are slow to move because we are a democracy and a democracy inevitably moves more slowly than a dictatorship. But that road which you mention, going across from India to China, just like the road that is now being built from one side of Africa to the other in order to supply our forces, is an immense undertaking. Such things show the enormous scale of our preparations, which cannot but lead to ultimate victory. In the meantime, as you have said, China has been holding on in the Far East. Today, it is not only China holding on; it is the British Commonwealth, the United States, and Russia, that are holding on along with China.

We thank you for your address which will put in proportion the news as we read it day by day. And we thank you, Sir, for your encouraging note. (Applause.)

"WITH THE R.A.F. OVER EUROPE"

AN ADDRESS BY

FLYING OFFICER D. T. WITT, D.F.C., D.F.M., ROYAL AIR FORCE

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, February 19, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen of The Empire Club of Canada: Nothing, I think, has seized our admiration more than has the valour of the Royal Air Force. So often it is the case of individual bravery against bravery, skill against skill, wit against wit, and our Royal Air Force has built up for itself that magnificent reputation which all of us so much admire. The Empire Club today has achieved something that it has wanted for a long time, that is the privilege of having a first hand story from a Flying Officer, and we welcome Flying Office Witt as our Guest-Speaker at this luncheon meeting. (Applause.)

I don't want to embarrass Flying Officer Witt, but for the benefit of those people who are listening to us on the air, may I say that, as the audience in this hall can see, he is still in his very early twenties. Yet in spite of that, he has taken part in sixty-five raids over Germany and Italy, and among his special targets has been that of the *Scharnhorst*. He has had the unenviable experience of having to bale out. He wears the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Flying Medal. Gentlemen, in your name I am very happy to welcome Flying Officer Witt, who will speak to us on "With the Royal Air Force Over Europe". Flying Officer Witt. (Applause.)

FLYING OFFICER D. T. WITT, D.F.C., D.F.M.: Mr. President and Gentlemen: The very pleasant reception you have just given me, a stranger in your midst, is a lot different and a lot more pleasant than the receptions I have been given during the past two years from a people in whose midst I was also a stranger, but glad of it. Here, it was applause; and over there, the explosion of anti-aircraft shells. But I must admit that I think I'd rather be facing anti-aircraft shells than standing up here to try to tell you of one airman's experiences on operations.

When the Chairman, after his introductory remarks, turned the meeting over to me, I felt that same queer feeling in my tummy that we used to get just before zero hour on our first operational flights at the beginning of the war, when the heaviest things we dropped were packages of leaflets. I have done 65 raids on enemy territory but this is the first time I have ever had to describe publicly even one of them.

I well remember those first raids, which incidentally, while not of any apparent value in converting the Germans to our way of thinking, were invaluable to us as tests for navigation and endurance. In addition, those raids helped build up our morale and prepared us for the more vital work that lay ahead. In those days we carried about 1,500 pounds of leaflets, and the odd bottle or brick which gave us intense personal satisfaction, although it was against regulations and could not be entered in the official operational history.

When I left my squadron last September, our loads had changed from 1,500 pounds of paper to the heaviest loads of high explosives carried by any aircraft in the world, bar none. And, needless to say, we didn't bother carrying the odd bottle or brick.

I started flying in 1936. By the time the war broke out I had taken a very thorough ground course and had done sufficient flying to be called "experienced". But, despite that, I must honestly admit I had the wind up when it suddenly became apparent that war was inevitable and that we would soon be flying in actual combat against a real enemy who was very much in earnest.

On that fateful Sunday morning, September 3, 1939, we were all gathered around the radio waiting for what we considered to be the word "go". Immediately it came in the form of a declaration of war, our fighting spirits got the better of us and we all rushed off to the flights and demanded that we be allowed to take off immediately and go into action.

Imagine our horror when we were told that there would be no immediate action such as we had envisaged, but that we would be standing by to go and drop pamphlets. We were mad at that! Our great day, or night rather, came on September 8, five days after war was declared, when we were ordered to leave our visiting cards at Kiel.

Up to that time there had only been two pamphlet raids and these were done by other squadrons in the command, and we had absolutely no knowledge of what had gone on over the other side. The general feeling was that this would probably be our first and last raid, we having heard hair-raising stories of the locality called *Windy Corner*, which was then the right turn into Germany around the top of the then neutral Holland. We expected that spot to be absolutely thick with fighters and, in their absence, an anti-aircraft barrage such as had never been seen before.

With these thoughts in mind we were a solemn squadron that night in the briefing room, but thanks to our Squadron Commander, then Wing Commander Staton, an old timer of the last war, who had had plenty of contact with the Hun, we were given a real old-fashioned pep talk which quickly restored our confidence, the more so because he himself was going with us in one of the aircraft.

That is the kind of man he is, which is better shown by his later exploits as the leader of the first British attack on

German land objectives—that of the famous raid on Sylt. Those of you who saw "Target For Tonight", the British picture which depicts how a raid is planned and executed, will probably remember the Group Captain in the operations room. That was Group Captain Staton. If you saw the picture, you got a glimpse of the kind of man he is. That picture gave a better insight into his character than I can ever hope to convey.

The great moment for which we had been waiting arrived at last. Donning our heavy flying clothing, we proceeded to our aircraft, a walk that was interspersed with seemingly thousands of handshakes and goodbyes. It was very melodramatic and, by the time we had got seated in our aircraft, we were again sure that this was goodbye forever. The great moment came as we taxied out and had our last message from the base, a green light O.K., to go.

Everything checked, we roared off into the darkness and, as we left the ground, I was overcome with the greatest feeling of relief I have ever experienced. The tension was broken and, in place of my feelings of anxiety, I felt a surge of pride in the knowledge that I was fortunate enough to be one of the first to get a crack at the enemy and experience the rare satisfaction that comes with the realization that you are doing something for your country. There's nothing insincere about a feeling like that. It does come to you. I and all my comrades thrilled to the same inner feeling that we were prepared without regrets to give everything we had for Britain and the Empire.

We had never flown under such conditions before, where the whole of England was one black void. Our last glimpse of our country was a barely discernible coastline, after which there were hundreds of miles of cold, unfriendly sea. Not knowing what to expect, we climbed and climbed until we could positively get no higher.

Imagine our surprise when, on our first sight of enemy territory, we found it was all lit up. There was an immediate panic check of the navigation for fear we had missed our real mark and had gone off course and were in danger of violating the neutrality of Denmark.

All was well, however. The lights below were German lights and we continued on. As we drew near to Kiel, we prepared ourselves for the anti-aircraft barrage we fully expected would be sent up against us. Imagine our amazement when there was not even as much as a single searchlight directed up toward us. This again led us to doubt our position but another check revealed that we were actually over our target.

We got rid of all our pamphlets and set course for home. We droned along for three hours and, just as dawn was breaking, we got our first glimpse of the English coast. Gentlemen, you can well imagine the feelings that sight induced; they were akin to the sight of the White Cliffs of Dover after a long dangerous voyage.

Whether the enemy was saving ammunition for what was to come later, I shall never know, but, had he any idea of the way that trip raised our morale and built up our confidence, he surely would have considered it money well spent to try to bring some of us down.

In comparison with this trip, the next one, to us at least, was really exciting, because we had our first experience of going through searchlights and anti-aircraft fire, which, although relatively light, was sufficiently heavy to give us an initiation into flying under fire and what to expect in the future.

When considered in the light of the flak which we were later to experience, the shooting of the Germans that night was atrocious, but we didn't think so at the time.

We did another pamphlet raid, this one on Hamburg, and it was over this second largest city in Germany that we ran into our first spot of trouble. We had unloaded half our leaflets when both engines iced up and cut out completely. We were at 8,000 feet and the powerless Whitley began descending rapidly.

We prepared to abandon the aircraft, and, when it dawned on us that we would land on German territory, I had a vivid mental picture of what that would mean. I saw myself in a German prison camp, wielding a heavy, stone-cracking hammer, while the other members of the crew spread the stones on a road I imagined we were building.

Perhaps this fleeting, instantaneous, mental picture of what I thought was in store for us caused me to pause momentarily. By this time the aircraft was down to 2,000 feet. Suddenly one of the engines cut in. The icing conditions had disappeared. The vision of the German prison camp vanished.

We were down to 1,000 feet when the second engine came to life, and there was a cheer from the crew. I might state here that the crew must have been calmer than I, since they had thrown out the rest of the pamphlets during this spell of trouble. Rather than risk crossing the North Sea for England, we decided to run the gauntlet of the enemy and fly right down the middle of the Ruhr Valley into France.

All went well until we got to France, where we ran into some of the worst weather I have ever experienced. By this time we were getting short of petrol and we had to make a landing. We came down and, to our dismay, there was a fine drizzle of rain obscuring the whole countryside. As we sat there, peering into the murk, we couldn't help thinking of what a dismal anti-climax this was after having so successfully overcome our previous difficulties.

The landing had to be made, however, and we circled around looking for a suitable field. We sighted what we thought was a field big enough, and we came in for a landing. Before we finally touched down, we had to make four tries at it, due to the mist and rain. Imagine our consternation, after having made a successful landing under those conditions, to be suddenly confronted with a huge haystack into which the Whitley buried her nose.

We were rescued by friendly French peasants, who took us to their farm and gave us one of the most welcome meals we ever had. Later in the day, an Air Force salvage party extricated our machine and hammered out the dents, and we were able to fly back to England.

After doing two more pamphlet raids, we got the opportunity which we had been awaiting. You all remember the raid on Sylt. After this we did a spell of security patrol which was to us very dull but very necessary. On this patrol we used to fly from Sylt to Norderney to Borkum, hovering over German seaplane bases from which came the aircraft which laid the magnetic mines around Britain. You remember the number of ships that were sunk by magnetic mines, and how they were curbed, and how later still the menace was virtually eliminated. The curb was effected by our security patrols for, as soon as a German mine-laying aircraft got ready to take off on its deadly mission, we would unload our bombs on it.

But air warfare isn't all bombing and destruction. There are times when the glory of peace and beauty overshadow the grimmest experiences and sights. I'll never forget the Norwegian campaign. We were sent out one night to bomb shipping in the Oslo fjord. It was a perfect night. The moon was full and cast a luminous glow over the grandeur of the Norwegian coast. Expecting ideal conditions for our attack, we were greatly surprised to find the fjord completely cloud-covered. We decided to attack our alternative target, which was Stavanger.

To get there we had to fly over the high Norwegian mountain ranges. It was a sight beyond description, but one that will live in my memory forever. Unless you can actually see for yourself the wondrous beauty of a high, snow-capped range of mountains, glinting in the moonlight, no matter how I try to describe it, you will never catch the real beauty of it. I sat in the cockpit, awed, and was sure I'd never again see anything to compare with it, yet, within a short while, I saw an even more beautiful sight, when we flew over the Alps to bomb the Fiat works at Turin, in Italy.

The first part of this trip was over blacked-out France. It was like flying in a huge void. Then, suddenly, without warning, we saw Switzerland, lit up like something out of fairyland. It seemed as if someone had a master switch and had suddenly turned on every light in the country. Actually, what happens is, you don't see Switzerland until you are directly in line with it but not over it, for Switzerland was and is neutral. And we observed her neutrality by carefully avoiding flying over any part of the brightly lit countryside. Being neutral, Switzerland had no blackout, which explains the unexpected appearance of lights on a continent which was almost entirely blacked out.

So much for the beauty we saw on our raids. The sights we saw during the Battle of France weren't so pleasant. During the last month before the fall of France, we were called upon to exert maximum effort, and we did two nights of flying with one night of rest. By the end of the third week we were physically exhausted. We witnessed some awful sights in that last terrible week—the sight of the flames from huge fires consuming Calais and Dunkirk, visible over forty miles away, which hid from us our army which, we knew, was desperately fighting to hold off the Huns until they could be evacuated. The sudden realization that now we were the only ones who could strike directly at the Hun, overshadowed our feeling of depression brought on by the Battle of France, and gave us new hope and determination. The knowledge that now it was up to us, gave us the incentive to redouble our efforts.

From that moment the strength and striking power of the bomber command grew steadily. We went out night after night smashing at the Ruhr and other German industrial centres. By August, 1940, I had done 38 raids and the powers that be decided that I was due for a rest. By some stroke of luck I was picked to help develop the four-engine Stirling bomber which at that time was just coming into service.

This work took five months and we then decided the Stirling was fit to be tried out under actual active service conditions. This machine was at that time, and still is, the largest and heaviest weight-carrying aircraft that has gone into active service anywhere in the world. By this time I was completely rested and ready to get into the fray again. Our first test of the new bomber was a nice easy trip to the channel ports and was, to everyone's satisfaction, a complete success.

The Stirling, being a success, we decided to do some real work with it and tried it out on Brest, the haven until last week of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. Full of confidence, I sailed right into the attack. I knew the defences around these two battleships were supposed to be the heaviest and most concentrated around any single objective, but what the Germans sent up at us was a complete and very unpleasant surprise. We were caught in a heavy concentration of searchlights and were helpless to do anything to evade them. The only thing left was to dive down to sea level and try to shoot out the searchlights and the men manning them. As we went down, the heavy flak we encountered at 10,000 feet gave way to green curtain and red light flak, which surrounded us down to sea level.

Our spectacular dive was witnessed by the crew of another Stirling which also carried a neutral observer who had been sent to England to get a first hand account of R.A.F. bombing tactics. When we got back to base, the crew of the other Stirling told us that they watched us going down and were so convinced that we would never pull out that they waved goodbye. The neutral decided on that one trip that he had seen enough to make him thoroughly conversant with operational conditions.

This attack was carried out last February, which gives you some idea of how long these two battleships have been under bombardment and also some idea of the damage which must have resulted. That our attacks were having effect is borne out by the fact that the Germans were continually adding to the defences around the ships. For example, on that raid in February all we encountered was heavy and light anti-aircraft fire and scores of searchlights. We next attacked the *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* in April, and this time we had to contend with a very thick balloon barrage and a heavy ground smoke screen in addition to the anti-aircraft fire. This meant that our attacks became nothing more than practice shooting for the anti-aircraft defence, with our aircraft as targets, because we were unable positively to identify the ships through the smoke screen.

There was one answer to this—daylight attacks. Before the plans were formulated, however, for this new kind of attack, the *Scharnhorst*, under the protection of the smoke screen and barrage, had escaped further damage, and was made sufficiently seaworthy to sail, under the cover of dirty weather, to La Pallice, a French port near Bordeaux.

She was missed from Brest, soon after dawn, by the coastal command reconnaisance patrols. Within the hour she was sighted and an immediate standby order was issued in Bomber Command. Imagine our joy when it was decided to give our Stirlings the job of making the first attack on the *Scharnhorst* at her new haven.

Our squadron supplied three of the six machines ordered to do the immediate attack. I was fortunate enough to be chosen to captain one Stirling. My navigator was a Canadian making his first raid. He is Pilot Officer Ed. Baker, of Calgary, a graduate of the British Empire

Air Training Plan. And right here I want to pay tribute to his courage and ability. He probably had that same squeamish feeling in his stomach which I had when I made my first raid, only I had the advantage of making my first trip under the cover of darkness and at a time when anti-aircraft defences were weak and untried. He made his first trip in the face of one of the heaviest anti-aircraft barrages that I have ever experienced. In addition, the raid was carried out in broad daylight, which meant that we also ran the risk of being attacked by fighters. Unperturbed however, Baker came through like a veteran, and, even when shells were bursting all around us as we made the final approach, he kept cool enough to make a precision sight on the ship and hit her squarely admidship with a 2,000-pound bomb.

We were still cheering Baker's great effort when the second pilot seemed to lose his voice, but not for long, and when he found it he wasn't cheering. He had spotted twelve Messerschmitts closing in to attack us. Our three Stirlings closed formation and dived to a low altitude to prevent the fighters getting under us. We were then ready to take them on, and I assure you that we were not dismayed at the odds, because we knew that our combined fire power was equal to that of three Messerschmitts, which was the maximum number that could effectively attack us at one time. They made their first attack and our gunners held their fire until, in their own expression, they could "see the whites of their eyes". This strategy was very effective for one Messerschmitt went crashing into the sea.

They attacked again and we shot down another fighter, which had the effect of making the Germans show a little more respect for us. This was evident by the fact that they stood off at long range and shot at us with cannon fire. At this range our machine-gun fire was not very effective but we scored a lucky hit and set one on fire. That was apparently enough for them because we were not attacked again, and we all arrived at base, safe but slightly battle-scarred.

The next day further good work was done and the *Scharnhorst* was hit again by the Halifax Squadrons. Apparently she had been damaged so extensively that repairs could not be carried out at La Pallice and the next night she was escorted back to her much more heavily protected base at Brest. Again she was with her sister ship, hidden from our bombers by the smoke screen and balloon barrage, which prevented us doing further serious damage.

The ambition of every bomber pilot is a trip to Ber--lin. For me the realization of this ambition was a memorable and exciting experience. The first time Stirlings were sent to raid Berlin, three machines were detailed. We all got away without any difficulty but, due to minor trouble which would have jeopardized the safety of the aircraft on the long trip to Berlin, two of them had to attack their alternative target. I was not aware, however, that they had abandoned the Berlin trip and I carried on in blissful ignorance.

We all knew that this trip would be tougher than any we had yet done. We had been told that Berlin was guarded by a belt of searchlights and exceptionally heavy flak, thirty miles wide. This can well be illustrated if you picture in your minds Toronto as the target we had been sent out to bomb, to reach which we had to go through a belt of anti-aircraft fire extending almost to Hamilton on the west, Oshawa on the east, and Aurora on the north.

Things were really hot that night. It was so bad that I never believed a barrage of such intensity could ever be produced. Hitler's promise that no British aircraft would ever reach Berlin had been proved false once again. but they certainly did their best to stop us. When I returned home and found that I had been over Berlin alone, I got again that queer feeling in my stomach. Then I realized why the barrage had seemed so terrific; when, as I thought, they were firing at other aircraft as well, they were actually all concentrating on our machine.

We got a lot of satisfaction next day, however, when we saw the German communique telling of a raid on Berlin by scattered forces and admitting damage in the heart of the Capital. Apparently the work of the Stirling was so effective that the Germans were convinced there must have been more than one.

We had a comparatively quiet time after this. I did another three raids on Berlin and several on German industrial centres, including Dusseldorf and the Ruhr Valley, and also had a very interesting trip in the search for the battleship *Bismarck*. She fell prey to the Navy, however, before we could get at her.

The exploits and work of certain members of the crew of a heavy bomber like the Stirling are not as common knowledge as are those of a pilot or a navigator. The gunners and engineers, for example, share exactly the same danger, and experience exactly the same thrill in accomplishment, and frequently see a lot more action, than anyone else in the aircraft.

An outstanding example I have in mind was on a daylight raid against the seaplane base at Borkum. I was doing my 57th raid at the time. We had gone out on a lone mission without fighter escort, relying entirely on cloud cover to keep us hidden to within striking distance of our target. All went well until we were within three miles of our objective, when we were suddenly caught at our game by six Messerschmitts. They descended on us out of the clouds. Then began a not very pleasant game of hide-and-seek, nipping in and out of the clouds, with the six enemy planes in two flights of three, chasing us. We had not dropped our bombs at this time and our main concern was to elude the fighters until we had completed our primary task.

This we did successfully and then turned to the other job on hand. The fighters, yellow-nosed Messerschmitts, Goering's hand-picked fighter boys, came at us, guns blazing. A cannon shell from one of the fighters exploded in the rear turret, wounding the gunner in the wrist. The intercommunicating telephone system was blown to pieces and he could not tell the rest of us that he had been hit. He climbed painfully out of his wrecked turret to come forward and get a relief gunner, when he spied another Messerschmitt commencing an attack. He knew he had not time to get back into his turret and the protection its armour offered, so, disregarding all risk, he flung himself forward, grabbed the gun control with his good hand, and, taking pot luck aim, let the Messerschmitt have a long burst. His aim was good, for the fighter shot into flames and crashed into the sea.

The engineer then took over the wounded gunner's position in the rear turret and repeated his success by sending another Messerschmitt down into the water. We then regained the sanctuary of the clouds and escaped without further trouble.

To the layman, these experiences may seem melodramatic, but to us, they were part of a job that had to be done. Almost every man who was ever a member of a bomber crew can tell you the same kind of experiences. They occur every day.

On my 62nd trip, for instance, we had to do a night raid on Hanover. Having successfully completed our mission, we were leaving the target area, when a tremendous blast of anti-aircraft fire burst directly underneath us. There was an immediate check made to see whether any vital damage had been done. We knew we had been hit, but not how badly.

Our troubles did not immediately show themselves and we got to the Dutch coast before the engineer discovered that our petrol pipe lines had been damaged by the shellfire and that we were steadily losing petrol. At that moment we had barely enough to make the English coast.

Preparations were made for a descent into the sea, and, for the first time in my flying career, I had to send out an S.O.S.

To conserve petrol, I stopped two of the four engines, and it seemed that we would make it. Without warning, however, one of the operating engines cut dead, and we swung around in circles, out of control. The other engine had to be throttled right back to enable us to keep the aircraft straight. Fortunately, we were at 14,000 feet and had plenty of time to look for the trouble. The engineer quickly made temporary repairs and the engine came to life again.

We continued on course and suddenly I saw a flashing beacon ahead. I shouted "England ahead", and there was a lot of whooping and cheering. I thought of bacon and eggs waiting at base and started calculating how long it would be before I could get at them. That was a very pleasant moment. I scanned the sky and then I saw the moon ahead of me. It took a moment for the significance of that to sink in, and then came the awful realization that the moon was in the wrong place for us to be heading for England. It should have been behind us. We were heading back toward the Dutch coast.

I immediately swung the aircraft around and set course for England, and, after a careful check, we decided that we might just make the coast. We were within five minutes of the English coast when one of the two remaining engines died on us. The next five minutes were like five years, but suddenly all our fears and worries vanished. We saw a challenging searchlight shoot up from the coast and we knew that we were over land, which, in itself, acted on us like a tonic. We had hardly finished congratulating ourselves when the last engine cut out—all the petrol had gone.

The machine was uncontrollable. We were at 9,000 feet and losing height rapidly. I immediately gave the order to abandon aircraft. I held the aircraft as steady as possible to give the rest of the crew a chance to jump clear, and then climbed down, attached my parachute pack to the harness, and tumbled out through the escape hatch in the bottom. I pulled the rip-cord, and it seemed an eternity before I felt the sudden jerk on the harness which told me the parachute had opened. The wind swayed me from side to side and my arms were so weak from battling with the almost uncontrollable aircraft that I wasn't strong enough to pull on the webbing and spill the air out of the parachute and stabilize it.

I was suddenly violently air-sick and lost all interest in life. The next thing I knew was a terrific thump and I was spread-eagled on the ground in the middle of a cornfield. To me that stubble-covered field was more comfortable than the softest couch. I was so comfortable, relatively speaking, that I lay there for fully fifteen minutes before moving a muscle. Finally, I gathered myself together and limped off to find help. I then suffered the final indignity of the whole trip by being taken into protective custody by a John Bull-type of farmer, who mistook me for a parachutist and turned me over to the local constabulary.

The same experience was suffered by a Canadian, Pilot Officer Keith Keyell, of Alemeda, Saskatchewan, who was my navigator on that and twenty-four other raids. He broke his ankle landing when we all jumped, and was replaced in my crew by Pilot Officer Ed. Baker, who was with me on that raid on the *Scharnhorst*.

In practically all of these experiences I have recounted, there was a Canadian—not a Canadian who, perhaps years ago, went to England and is now a veteran, but a young Canadian who has enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force since war broke out.

There are at least 21 distinct R.C.A.F. Squadrons operating in Britain today, and, in addition, hundreds of R.C.A.F. pilots, observers, and gunners, serving with R.A.F. units. Over here you really don't get a true picture of what is being accomplished by the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Over there, you can see the finished products, coming by the hundreds to reinforce R.A.F. squadrons and many separate R.C.A.F. squadrons.

You probably don't know, either, that the first Canadian graduates of this vast Air Training Plan stepped into the breach when we were sorely in need of well trained air-crews. They came when ten were of far greater value than a hundred at a later date. They were welcomed with open arms. Since the beginning of the war the R.C.A.F. has grown from 4.500 officers and men to the present ever increasing total of over 100,000. Their work has been excellent and there is not a day that passes without the recording of some outstanding feat. They have established an amazing record in a short time, a record of courage and skill which will go down as a milestone in the history of this struggle against ruthless, unwarranted aggression. I am proud to have been associated with your sons and the sons of your countrymen. (Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen: Air Commander Brookes has added to our indebtedness to him by having persuaded Flying Officer Witt, not too willingly, to discard a little of his reticence and let us share this story with him. To Flying Officer Witt I would say in your name that we have been thrilled with this story—a story told with all the modesty of an airman, and yet a story that leaves every one of us conscious of the fact that he has crowded several lifetimes of experience into a couple of years and even then left much to be told, if he would tell it to us.

To you, Sir, may I say that we are truly grateful for the privilege today of having listened at first hand to this magnificent story of an airman's own experiences. (Applause.)

"WAR NEARS NEW ZEALAND"

AN ADDRESS BY

SIR CLUTHA MACKENZIE

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, February 26, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen: As you will of course have noticed, our Speakers' Committee has been endeavouring to cover every phase of the world situation, and today we are very happy to welcome as our Guest Speaker, Sir Clutha Mackenzie, who comes to us from New Zealand. I think you who are in this hall already know, but may we remind our listeners on the air, that Sir Clutha Mackenzie was a Member of Parliament, having been a Member of the House of Representatives in New Zealand; that he served in the last war, served when he was still only in his 'teens; that his sight was destroyed in Gallipoli. But to him there was no turning back. He immediately took up Braille, as soon as he was well enough he learned to use a typewriter, and then edited a magazine for the New Zealand troops.

Today he comes to talk to us on the topic, "War Nears New Zealand", and Gentlemen, nation after nation, country after country, has been saying in the past, "It can't happen here". As day by day goes by, fewer and fewer nations can possibly say that. Probably today no nation is daring enough to say that. So, we are particularly happy to have Sir Clutha Mackenzie come to us and talk on the topic, "War Nears New Zealand". Gentlemen: I give you Sir Clutha Mackenzie. (Applause.)

Sir Clutha Mackenzie: Mr. President, Gentlemen, may I thank you very warmly indeed for your kind welcome to me today and for the generous words in which you have introduced me, Mr. President.

New Zealand was one of the last areas of land in the world to which the genus homo sapiens reached. It was discovered only about a thousand years ago by Polynesian people. The courageous Maori race, facing 1400 to 2000 mile voyages across stormy seas from their islands in the Eastern Pacific, settled the country. They tied together pairs of large canoes, decked them over, set sails and navigated by astronomical observation. When they came to New Zealand they found there a land, fresh and pure, scintillating with virgin beauty, untouched hitherto by man. Great ranges of mountains rose to a permanent snowline. The mountain sides were clothed with a beautiful forest, of a type we do not know in Europe or North America or even in our neighbouring continent, Australia, —a semi-tropical rain forest. Great trees met together in a mass overhead, and underneath all the space was filled with filmy and luxuriant ferns, and with palms and creepers and lilies clinging to the trunks of the bigger trees. Every acre of it was the most beautiful botanical collection. Frequent rains provided clear crystal streams, rivers, and lakes. The warm valleys and bays facing the sun made the country ideal for human habitation. There was nothing in the nature of wild animals, no malaria, no disease, no snakes. It was an ideal country.

The Maoris settled there in tribal society and brought with them one of those accompaniments of human nature, war. They were permanently at war with each other, fighting for the fishing grounds, and for the forests which bred the birds upon which they lived. There was little in the way of native fruits or roots, and no cereals. They lived on fish and birds and on the sweet potatoes that they brought with them from the South Sea Islands. So it was when the first European discovered New Zealand, Abel Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in the year 1642. He did not land. His only attempt was frustrated by his boat's crew being massacred by the natives, and he sailed away.

The next European, the first to land, was Capt. James Cook. He had instructions, after observing a transit of Venus in Tahiti, to sail across the Southern Seas and to fall in with what land he might. He came to New Zealand. He explored it and was extremely attracted by its beauty, by its temperate climate, and by the natives themselves. He paid three visits altogether. He charted the coasts. He went to the great inconvenience of taking hogs, as well as vegetable seeds for the Maori people. He hoisted the Union Jack and took possession in the name of Britain. But Downing Street was not interested. New Zealand was far away. For seventy years it remained a lawless no man's land. Whalers and sealers came in great numbers in the early nineteenth century. The coasts of the outlying islands were rich in seals and the sea plentiful with whales. They used the harbours as the bases of their operations and many a sailor ran away from that hard life to live with the Maori people, to help with their wars, and to enjoy the ease of the Maori life.

Missionaries came, too, and endeavoured by piety, example, and instruction, to offset the evil influence of these beach-comber whites. In the early 1820's they petitioned the British House of Commons to take possession of New Zealand formally. The Duke of Wellington replied that Britain was satiated with colonies and wanted no more. So it continued to be a no man's land until the year 1840. Shortly before then the Maori chiefs themselves, deeply concerned with the degeneration among their people, at their lack of protection from land-grabbing whites, and so on, petitioned Queen Victoria to take control of New Zealand, to give them the benefits of law and order. They, on their part, would give her their loyalty as subjects if she would give them protection of their rights and their land. This bargain was made and the terms were embodied in the Treaty of Waitangi, signed in the year 1840, which marks the beginning of ordered government in New Zealand. Throughout the hundred years since, the terms of that treaty have been observed generously by both parties, Maori and white. The Maori people still own a great deal of the land and have equal citizenship with the whites and they are among the most loyal citizens of the British Commonwealth.

Well-planned settlements soon followed. Societies were founded in Britain by the churches to send out people to this new land. They faced a long six months' voyage. They carved their homes out of the forests, just as the early Canadians did here.

New Zealand proved to be a magnificent stock raising country. The people from Britain brought with them all the solid, respectable Victorian culture and there was no break in the continuity of that way of life. Universities, schools, law courts, fine towns well-planned, were immediately built, and the whole tendency of the New Zealand policy was to carry on the liberal outlook of Scotland, the great bulk of the settlers being Scottish. As I said, the land has proved to be a magnificent stock raising country and that has been the source of our wealth. Our climate is temperate. It is never unduly hot, never extremely cold. The steady rainfall all round the year produces magnificent pasture, and Great Britain, sacrificing her own agriculture back in those years, gave a completely free market to all we produced. That made us wealthy. We were able to produce great quantities of meat, wool, hides, cheese, and butter, in that climate, with a minimum of labour.

Gradually we developed our political life. Thirteen years after that Treaty of Waitangi was signed, Great Britain handed the Government over to us and we have been a self-governing colony or Dominion ever since. We have nothing but thanks to give Great Britain for the generous manner in which she has treated us in New

Zealand. You know, probably, our part in the British Commonwealth—a free democracy striving for maintenance of all those things we hold so dear. We have been, perhaps, about the most radical area within the British Empire in improving social conditions,—pensions, education, and so on,—until today, in these matters, I think we actually lead the field.

We have also, along with our sister Dominions, done our best in the defence of Empire and Democracy. In the years since the last World War, we, in common with others, have neglected our defence. We suffered from the same violent reaction against war. We supported the League of Nations. We believed in the essential humanity of man and his dislike of war and we have concentrated upon building up a delightful country in which everybody should enjoy the full fruits of the earth. Even as late as 1938 we were ignoring the writing on the wall.

Socialist governments are apt to be self-centred and to be short-viewed. Most of their members grow up in a parochial environment, keenly interested in removing the immediate social evils they see in front of them, and, normally, they do not give enough consideration to the wider field beyond their frontiers. So it was in New Zealand, but when this war came, our Government, Socialist as it was, turned fully to giving all the aid we could and taking our full part in the war. We, of course, in New Zealand, criticize some of the ways in which the Government is carrying on the war policy. That is our democratic privilege. I know there is criticism in Canada, too. In New Zealand we deeply admire the war effort being made in Australia and the war effort of Canada. I find in Australia that they equally criticize their own and look upon the magnificent way in which New Zealand and Canada are doing their part. Here it is the same. You feel dissatisfied with yourselves and you look with admiration upon New Zealand and Australia This dissatisfaction is healthy. We will note that, in all of them, in our

Dominions as in Britain, it is dissatisfaction, not with the extent of the war effort but with its lack. We all want to be doing more. We all want our countries to be putting forth the supreme effort. It is easy for us to criticize. We know the difficulties of governments. We expect them in wartime to do in thirty days what we would regard as impossible to do in years of peacetime. But that is our privilege and that is, as I say, a healthy dissatisfaction, leading always to better effort on the part of all of us.

It would be tedious if I were to give a catalogue of what New Zealand is doing in the war. We are, of course, taking our part in the Empire Air Training Scheme. May I take advantage of this opportunity to thank you most warmly indeed for the kind hospitality and generosity you have shown our boys who are in Canada under that scheme. As to the Army, we have played our part in the fortunes of war in the heavy actions in Greece, in Crete, and in Libya. Our Navy has taken its share and one of its proud achievements was the action in which H.M.S. *Achilles* of the New Zealand Navy distinguished herself in the Battle of the River Plate.

We are not an industrial country. Agriculture is our main activity, and we are producing about 20 to 25 per cent more agricultural products than in peace time and supplying them to Britain at, I think, almost no more than the actual pre-war level of prices. Britain is carrying the burden of the extra cost of freight. Our woollen factories are at maximum pressure, turning out uniforms and military requirements for our troops and for other forces thoughout the Empire.

Our taxation is heavy. We have a socialist government and its policy is to pay for the war as far as possible, as we go along, and so far we have succeeded pretty well in paying for it from our own internal resources. Some of the taxation figures might interest you. At the $4,000 level, the ordinary income tax, the social security taxes, and the war taxes, amount to $1,020 per annum—

slightly over a quarter. That is if that income is earned. If it comes from investments, the tax is 33⅓ per cent higher, or $1,360. If your income is $20,000 earned, the tax is nearly $11,000. And if it is unearned, if it comes from investments, $14,645. That is practically three-quarters. When your income, if you are lucky enough, reaches the figure of $80,000 a year, if it is earned, which it is not likely to be—-(applause)—the tax is $58,000, leaving you $22,000 to live on. But if that income comes from investments, if you have not earned it, the tax figure actually reaches $77,867. But a kindly, considerate government has passed an over-riding clause which says no man will be called on to pay more than 87½ per cent of his income as taxation, so you will escape with a payment of $70,000.

In addition to that, we have our compulsory War Loan. Perhaps one of you gentlemen here might be willing, as a friendly gesture of hands across the Pacific, to exchange $5,000 of your War Loan for $5,000 of mine. I can't get a cent of New Zealand money over here and it would be a very kindly action. I must tell you, to be quite frank, that that War Loan of ours has the attractive feature that it is interest free. I hope I am not giving the Government of Canada any bright ideas, but I am certain they have filed here in Ottawa the full details of the taxation in all the other Dominions. Our Government in New Zealand has studied them all. Our Government has brought into force every form of taxation likely to get all the pennies we have to spare. The Compulsory Loan runs in this fashion. In addition to your income tax you pay to the Government an amount equal to your income tax, less $800, and the terms of that loan are that it is interest free for three years, after which it carries two and a half per cent for ten years. The Government says it believes the saturation point in the taxation of the community has been reached.

On the matter of service, here are just a few figures.

I won't give you many. The number overseas some months ago was 60,000 men out of our population of just over 1,600,000, which I think, is about double the population of this great City of Toronto. At that time there were in training or overseas a total of 113,000 men. Men in the home guard and in the national defence and in the civic defence, and women in the various defence forces, brought the grand total at that time to 326,000 men and women, which amounts to one-fifth of our total population. The Maori troops are entirely voluntary. They volunteer freely and 5,000 have volunteered in this war, which represents a substantial contribution from the 90,000 Maoris in New Zealand—38 per cent of the men of military age.

Colonel Baker, my old friend, asked me to tell you a story which I told him many years ago. My father was High Commissioner in London in the last war and he was visiting a New Zealand Hospital one Sunday. On the lawn he was delighted to see one of our Maori men who had lost both legs, walking along stiffly with his new artificial limbs and the help of two sticks. My father said, "Hello Waitoa! I am delighted to see you getting on so well. You will soon be able to board a hospital ship for New Zealand". The Maori answered, "O, please sir, stop them from sending me back to New Zealand. I can join the Mounted Rifles. I can do anything. I don't want to go home". My father said, "Well, you have done your share. You are badly wounded. You ought to go home and rest".

"But", declared Waitoa, "no; if I go home, this will be the story: as the coach comes down the hill to my village in the bush and I get off, the people in the village, the old men and the women and the children, will come running to meet me, and they will say, 'Haeremai' (welcome); 'we are glad to see you home. So the war is over, Waitoa?' And I would have to say, 'I am home, but the war is not over'. They would look sadly and reproachfully at me and they would say, 'Waitoa! Waitoa!, why then are you here?' "

The Japanese threat to New Zealand is a long standing one, though there are comparatively few people in our country who have faced it seriously. Back in 1921 I read some of the statements and the writings of the more outspoken Japanese, the essence of which was that the Japanese had then a long scale plan of building up armed forces and of embarking upon the policy which would make them one of the world's greatest Empires. The sum opinion of that literature was to the effect that Japan would be in a position to strike out on that policy in 1933, and would then do so. And Japan then did so—Manchukuo, China, Indo-China, Siam, Pearl Harbour!

We have realized, too, those of us who have given it thought through these years, that our position was extremely precarious. Great Britain had reduced her fleet to a handful of old battleships and a hopelessly inadequate cruiser force. It was that alone which stood between us and Japan. That naval strength, or naval weakness, as it might be called, was doubtfully effective against the development of the air arm. Also, some new instrument of scientific ingenuity might be devised which would render those ships totally obsolete. We knew that, if Great Britain were involved in a great war in Europe, or worse still, defeated, there was nothing to prevent Japan from walking into New Zealand and Australia. There was the possibility of America coming to our defence as a second line, but, in those days, anti-war spirit ran very high in America, and it was extremely doubtful whether her people would permit her Government to come to our rescue. Some of us felt that for a long time, but most of our people ignored that danger.

And now the reality of that danger has come close to us. The Japanese are an ambitious people. They are courageous. They have embarked upon this war in a fervent missionary spirit and they believe they can succeed. During the past two months, their conquest has taken them right down through the Indies, and they have secured the main eastern coast of Asia, except the Russian coast. By the time they have completed the invasion of Burma and Java, they will have achieved the conquest of an extremely strong strategic and economic sphere, guarded on the west by the great central uplands of Asia, by the barrier of mountains between Burma and India, by Sumatra, down to Australia, and down a great long barrier of islands from Japan almost to New Zealand on the east.

After that, various choices lie open to them. They may turn to India, to Vladivostok, to Alaska, to other objectives, but we think the one most likely is southward to Australia and New Zealand. Australia offers to them rich minerals and food and the rounding off of their Empire.

New Zealand is perhaps the more attractive country to the Japanese. It is the one country in the world which closely resembles Japan. All the trees and crops which grow there will flourish in New Zealand and against the same background of Fujiyama-like peaks. She may extend her line of conquest down through New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, New Caledonia, and the Fiji Islands, to New Zealand, and try to get there as quickly as she can in order to forestall the arrival of strong American reinforcements. Thus she would impose a long island barrier between what she hopes will be her great new economic empire and the counter-attack likely to come from America.

As we sit here this Thursday winter afternoon in Canada, my thoughts travel to my own home in New Zealand. There it is summer, and Friday's dawn,—six or seven o'clock in the morning. At my farm home the fields are still scintillating with dew. The cows are waiting patiently about the barn to be milked. Sheep and horses are grazing in the warm early sunshine. The homestead is sitting there tranquilly on its hilltop, embowered by an orchard—fig, apple, pear, orange, lemon, and peach trees, and grape vines, all heavy laden with fruit. The fields slope down to a blue bay which mirrors a fringe of palm trees, and beyond is the inevitable jagged range of mountains which is the background to all New Zealand scenes. My boys are away on service and the girls are helping on the farm, in the absence of men. My wife is busy with Red Cross and A.R.P. work—just the usual activities with us all these days. But for me, and I suppose I typify everyone in Australia and New Zealand today, there is anxiety in my heart. Out of one of these dawns there may come the menacing drone of squadrons of Japanese planes, bombing defence posts on the coast, machine-gunning farm houses; and those green fields may become battle fields. My farm house may be burned, my wife and daughters turned out on the road or countryside, homeless, weary, and hungry, and possibly worse.

We hope the tide will turn before that comes I find, as I have travelled through the world during this war, that one's attitude towards the war is naturally tremendously influenced by geography and the immediate threat to one's home. There comes a time when mere investments and social conventions, when many of the things we value highly in peace time, seem so trivial, so worthless, and we are prepared to give everything we have, no matter how poor we may be when the war is over, if we can preserve our wives and children from terror—preserve our homes, our livelihood, our freedom. Mr. Winston Churchill has said the day will come when Paris will envy London her ruins.

We have no monopoly on such anxieties or, far worse, the tremendous suffering which is going on today throughout Europe, throughout China and so on. The Germans may murder and pillage and rob, but the people of Europe hold their heads proud, still defying the Germans and waiting for the day when we, who are safe in these countries, can muster a sufficient force and sufficient supplies to take the offensive and bring victory.

I recall that, in the same period of the World War, early in 1917, the outlook, too, was dark. Russia was collapsing; the morále of France was cracking; Italy had little fight; our expeditions in Mesopotamia, the Dardanelles, and Salonika, had failed. America had not yet come into the war, and, most menacing of all, we had not solved the U-boat problem. The sinkings of ships were reaching 170, 180 ,and 190 a week, and yet, twenty-one months from that time the Armistice was signed. Victory was ours. It can be so again today, but every one of us must do his share. I know that you here in this room, and our audience over the air, realize that most fully. At this moment, men in tropical jungles are lying wounded, dying of thirst and suffering. Out on the bitter Atlantic boats are adrift. Seamen, their ships sunk, are praying for rescue which may never come. They are holding the thin lines of a long frontier today, keeping the enemy back, depending upon us to bring them fresh strength to enable them to take the offensive, to bring victory, to bring an end to the world's travails! (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen: One of the many things that this war has done has been to replace physical distance by psychological distance, and the Pacific has never been as close to us as it is now. We think of the Dominion of New Zealand, reaching her hands down to the South Pole, just as Canada reaches hers up to the North Pole; two widely separated Dominions, yet, Gentlemen, they have never been closer than they are just now. And I think you will agree with me, after listening to Sir Clutha Mackenzie, that he has today brought them still nearer together.

To Sir Clutha, may I say, on behalf of this audience, that, even before the war, we in Canada looked with admiration on what New Zealand was doing for social security, on what New Zealand was doing to establish the highest possible standard of living for its community as a whole. It is revealing to learn today that a special Act of Parliament has had to be passed to guarantee a subsistence level to those who are in receipt of an unearned income of $80,000 a year, because income taxation has taken nearly all of it. Since the war, Sir Clutha, our admiration and our respect have both been increased for what New Zealand has done in the Navy, for what she has done in the Air Force, for what she has done in the Army. It is good for us to have had the fact driven home to us in Canada that, at this moment, some twenty per cent of all the population of New Zealand is now an active service. (Applause.)

Finally, Sir, may we say that our unbounded admiration and respect go out to the Dominion of New Zealand and her sister Dominion, Australia, for the magnificent way in which, with dignity and resolution, they are facing this new situation in the Pacific. On behalf of this audience, and on behalf of those people who have been listening to us on the air, may I offer our gratitude to you today for your story of your home country and of the Pacific. (Applause.)

"EXPERIENCE ON AN ATLANTIC CONVOY"

An Address By

CLARENCE M. HINCKS, B.A., M.D.

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, March 5, 1942

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Your Honour, Gentlemen of The Empire Club: Your president is privileged today to welcome in your name our Guest Speaker, Dr. Clarence M. Hincks. His presence with us gives us an opportunity of telling him in person how much we admire the great work he is doing, and of saying that we recognize in him a public benefactor. (Applause.) Some of the things he has said and written have doubtless struck all of us with direct and startling force. For example, when he tells us that, out of every one hundred school children entering our Canadian schools, more will go into mental hospitals than will graduate from our universities (and he is not speaking merely of morons, when he says that; he means that four out of every hundred children who enter our schools will ultimately become inmates of hospitals for the mentally deranged) I think, Gentlemen, we can understand why Dr. Hincks is working with such vitality and determination to remove illness from the mind as well as from the body.

But, as a medical man and as a social leader, he does not confine himself merely to curative efforts. To use his own words, he aims to keep well people well.

In his address to us today, he is not going to speak directly on this subject which is nearest and dearest to his heart. But everything he does in this world is not really very far away from his life's enthusiasm, and he is going to describe one experience which he has just been through in carrying out the responsibilities which he has assumed in connection with child welfare.

Your Honour and Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present to you Dr. Clarence M. Hincks, who will tell us of his "Experience on an Atlantic Convoy." Dr. Hincks.

DR. CLARENCE M. HINCKS: Your Honour, Mr. President, Distinguished Guests and Gentlemen: I do count it a distinct pleasure and privilege to be with you today. When in London I accepted your kind invitation to be present, I didn't know at that time that Mr. Hitler, through his submarines, would be attempting to prevent me from filling this delightful engagement.

Now, on a winter morning, at a British port, I boarded a ship bound for Canada, and, before we got under way, I took a last look at a hundred barrage balloons that guarded the docks and the shipping in the harbour. They floated high in the air—really brilliant jewels glistening in the sun. I looked back at the proud buildings of that world famous port, at sections that had been razed to the ground by Nazi bombs, and at the funnels and masts of two sunken ships in the harbour. While I was glad to be returning home, I sensed, at the same time, a great yearning to remain in Britain. In two months I naturally made many friends and I had come to appreciate British valour and greatness. And, in a way, I did not want to leave. I had a desire to share with the good people of Great Britain the dangers of bombing from the air, the dangers of possible invasion. You see, I felt that it was not quite fair to have enjoyed magnificent British hospitality, and, at the same time, to have escaped exposure to the physical dangers that had been the lot of my hosts during recent months. Little did I realize, on that winter morning, that, while I had experienced nothing of the hazards of the Battle of Britain, I soon would be getting a taste of that other great battle, so crucial to the Allied cause,—the Battle of the Atlantic.

Professor Jaffary and I were fortunate in securing passage in a medium-sized freighter that was used in the banana trade before the war but is utilized now to carry bacon, ham, and pork products from Canada to Britain. Our quarters were most comfortable and I would advise anybody to travel on a freighter, particularly in peace time, rather than a passenger ship (I hope my friends of the C.P.R. aren't here), if he wants general comfort and courtesy and service. We had the luxury of hot salt water baths in the morning, tea in bed before breakfast, tea at eleven o'clock, tea at four o'clock, a snack at nine-thirty. My wife won't know what to do with me, now I have come back,—I am a tea addict. We were the only passengers and we sat at the Captain's table with the Vice-Commodore of the convoy, representing the Royal Navy; with the Chief Engineer; and with the First Officer, who told me I was appointed Honorary Psychiatrist and Ship Surgeon. I said I hadn't practised medicine for twenty-five years.

Now, we learned that our boat had seen plenty of action. She had suffered from "near misses" when a German plane had dived down upon her, straddling her with bombs and machine-gunning her decks. The bombs came so close that the ship was almost lifted out of the water, and the cradles holding her propeller-shaft in place were smashed. I took great delight in going down into the bowels of the ship and seeing the repaired cradles. Six days after the beginning of the war, when she was unarmed, she was attacked during daylight by a submarine. She zigzagged to escape torpedoes and managed to dodge the shells from a four-inch gun, and she did it because her Captain was on a decoy boat in the last war. His job was to lure submarines on. He said, "I know their habits; I know what they can do; I know what they can't do. While I have a little freighter, I know how long it takes to heat up the diesel engine in a submarine. I have an even chance to get away, and yet those Germans thought I was going to surrender." Yes, the boat was already a veteran in this war.

For the first week of our journey we had good weather and no excitement. It was a different story, Gentlemen, for the succeeding eight days. We were continuously trailed by submarines. Depth charges were dropped daily by our destroyers. On two nights we were subjected to submarine raids, with five separate attacks in all. The first night's raid occurred at three o'clock in the morning. The second night, the attacks were at twelve midnight, at two in the morning, at four in the morning, at five-thirty in the morning.

Professor Jaffary and I were placed in a position of great advantage to keep track of what was going on. At the beginning of each raid, the ship's alarm would ring, and we would go on deck with members of the crew to see what we could see, and to be ready to abandon ship, if the order came. After each raid, it was our custom to sit in the ship's lounge, and here we would pick up snatches of telephone conversation that went on between the boats of our armed escorts. This we were able to do because the telephone receiving set in our ship was in a room immediately overhead, and the shrill character of its sound penetrated the ceiling of our lounge,—and here were two Canadians sitting, listening. We thus had the opportunity, which, I am told, is rather unique,—certainly for passengers,—of witnessing a raid and then getting the essential facts of what had transpired. It was just as if you were looking at a football game and had missed some of the fine points of it, and then could listen to those very fast announcers as they described the details of the play.

When we reached the deck, in the first night's raid, we found the heavens lit with flares and sky-rockets. My friend, Jaffary, said, "Isn't this just like Toronto Exhibition?" The sky was luminous and the greater number of the ships in our convoy stood out in bold relief, with the water in between sufficiently well lighted to make a submarine visible if it were operating on the surface, and with every gun on all those thirty-four ships manned with eager eyes, looking to take a smack at any submarine that showed its back.

Previous to the ringing of the ship's alarm, in this first raid, we had heard several explosions. These had been the sounds of bursting torpedoes that had found their mark in two of our ships—one ship that had been placed at the end of our line in the convoy, and the other in the next line. By the time we reached the deck, these boats had sunk. Our rescue ship managed to pick up fourteen survivors from one and twelve from the other.

On the second night of raiding—actually two nights from the first—we learned that, at nine o'clock—and here we got it again through our telephone system—an SOS had been received from a boat ninety miles astern to the effect that she had been torpedoed. Of course, it is tragic when you are out in a convoy and know there is a boat torpedoed fairly close to you. Convoys are not broken up. They keep going—they have to. This circumstance gave rise to the speculation that the submarine that had attacked us on the first night was again at work, and that, possibly, we ourselves would be unmolested. But we were wrong. Apparently the Nazis had another sub or subs because all the attacks had the character of two subs attacking at the same time. They were in our vicinity and we were subjected to four attacks, as I have said, from midnight to dawn, on this second occasion. Four of our ships that night were torpedoed with only two, however, sinking. The two remaining afloat—and here is one of the marvels of the sea, and of ship construction—were able to proceed slowly under their own steam, although they had holes thirty feet in diameter in their bottoms. Fortunately, from those four ships torpedoed on the second night, everybody was rescued.

It is very interesting. The first night of torpedoing in a convoy, people are more or less unprepared. I was the last one on deck on that first occasion, and, on the four latter occasions, I was the first. Well, I think we were all first, as a matter of fact, because one has only thirty seconds, Gentlemen, on some of these torpedoings.

Now, I had often wondered—and here I am reverting to being a mental hygienist—during the past few months, concerning the way I would feel in a submarine raid. I suspected, knowing myself, that I would be tremulous, excited, apprehensive, perhaps jittery. You can use any term you like along those lines, and that was going to be "me". Well, my expectations proved to be more or less true the first night. In fact, I exceeded my expectations. I found myself tense, worried, and beset with more than a trace of fear. I won't go into all my physiological reactions that night. They were plenty. But, to my great amazement, I experienced no such feelings on the second night, when, for hours, we were under attack. I felt as cool and collected as the officers and members of the crew. I slept soundly between raids—and they were coming every two hours. I was able to make uncomplimentary remarks, very uncomplimentary remarks, that my father would not like to hear me make, about the enemy, and to chat with those about me on other matters than submarines.

In comparing notes with my colleague, Professor Jaffary, I found he had gone through an identical experience. Both of us had become veterans, as it were, after a single night's torpedoing. You know, in medicine, we talk about establishing immunity in regard to physical disability, contagious diseases. Here you have, Gentlemen, in the psychological realm, a parallel proposition, where you establish immunity with a single night's experience. And I have to admit that we couldn't even work up a sense of excitement, when later raids were on.

Now, I dwell at this point on the way in which we humans react to danger, because of my desire to give assurance to those of my fellow-Canadians who may be apprehensive of what would occur in this country if we were called upon to take bombing from the air. We would react as our colleagues in Britain react. And what is that?

The way I reacted with my first experience of a torpedo attack. Jittery—make no mistake about that. But, after that first attack, one goes into his stride. So much so in Britain, that they have great difficulty in getting most of the population even to go to a shelter. You will learn that from your friends, and so, if we are exposed to bombing from the air, we will be jittery the first night, whether we want to or not, and, after that, there will be consummate coolness, because a blitz or two, according to Pavlov's phraseology, will have conditioned us.

We thought our troubles were over after our second night of torpedoing. When we came down to breakfast that morning, the Vice-Commodore, looking as though he had had two or three years added to his age, said, "Well, that is over." We thought we had relative immunity during the daytime. Well, our troubles weren't over. The following day a sister ship in our convoy, an 8,000-ton freighter, because of something going wrong with her steering gear, got out of control. Around ten o'clock in the morning a dense fog had just lifted, and we saw this bulky boat, two or three times our size, coming head-on to us, almost at right angles. Of course, there was the expectation that she would hit us amidship. I learned a marvellous phrase, during this voyage, from the Admiral. He said, "The essential of seamanship is anticipation." I wish we would apply that to some other fields aside from seamanship.

Well, thank God, we had seamen on our boat. The Captain knew that, if he put his boat immediately into reverse, as that particular boat had the characteristic of veering around to starboard, it would make us more parallel with the boat that was charging us. His aim was to make this not a dead-on blow but a glancing blow, if he could do it. The Chief Engineer anticipated what the Captain would order and he was right there as soon as he saw the boat coming,—he was right over the engine-room signalling down. He said, "Jim, get your hands on the lever. Be ready for a quick reverse, full speed. While doing this, be sure your compartment is closed." Anticipation! Never will I forget that phrase. Well, because we had seamanship on our boat and the engines were thrown into reverse, we had a lucky break.

There was something I didn't like about that boat. I had watched her in the convoy, day after day, and I said, "I don't like her bow." The huge freighter on the other side had a straight stem and it looked better to my eyes. I never want straight stems any more. This one had an outward curving bow and that meant that the main impact was above the water-line and the force of the blow was broken. They carved us up, of course. It carved up the Captain's bridge, smashed the life-boats, did everything. But, thank God, we were afloat.

Well, to revert to the torpedoing. We lost four ships that we know of, Gentlemen. I won't go on anticipating about some of the other boats, but we actually saw these boats go down. I timed some of them with a watch. They put up a red light as soon as the boat is torpedoed and one can take his watch and see how long it takes it to go down. Sometimes it is thirty seconds. We lost four ships out of a convoy of 34, or a percentage of 11.7. Going on the guess that each boat carried a crew of fifty officers and men (we had eighty-three, so this is a conservative guess) we lost approximately 74 men. And since there would be 1,700 men all told, in the convoy, the percentage lost was 4.3. From the angle of those directly concerned, this loss was tragic and lamentable. But from the broad angle of its implication, concerning the ability of the Allies to keep the sea-lanes open to Great Britain, it should cause serious concern but not a defeatist outlook. In other words, at this time when Hitler is making a special drive to sweep Allied merchant shipping from the Atlantic, he is embarrassing us but he is not licking us.

You heard Mr. Churchill say—we heard him in mid-Atlantic—that the battle of the Atlantic now is more acute and the sinkings greater than at the peak of the sinkings of the last war, and they are up at the top of this war. Now, you see I am giving you an account of what is occurring at the peak, and yet I say, with my friends of the Merchant Marine and the Navy, we are not getting licked, but we are getting an awful run for our money. This experience in mid-Atlantic has heightened my admiration for the Merchant Marine and the boys of the Navy. (Applause.) Those who manned our armed escort gave all the protection that was humanly possible. Unfortunately, available escort vessels could not handle the whole job alone.

Now, a word about the Merchant Marine. The officers and men of our boat faced the dangers of our voyage with calm courage. At no stage of the game did anybody run to do his duties. There was nothing in the way of hurry. A man was there with an axe ready to cut the ropes for the life-boats to drop—there is no time to undo them. They all knew their jobs. They were all ready. It gives one a great sense of security to be with a well-oiled group—not "oiled" in the sense that the expression is sometimes used. I would say that the Vice-Commodore is as human as I am, yet he wouldn't take a drink on the whole passage. But we made up for it a little when we got to port in the Nova Scotia Hotel. I hope my father isn't listening.

Now, all these men were proficient in their work, and, as soon as their ship is repaired, they will face the Hun again. They will carry food again to Britain. I asked these gallant lads what I could do for them in return for all they had done for me. They said, "Doctor, you are made. All you have got to do is tell the story of these eight days. You will make big money out of it, Doctor." They said, "You had a grandstand seat for one of the most interesting actions on the Atlantic." Well, I asked them what I could do for them, and I repeat almost verbatim what they said. They said: "Tell the Canadian people to build us more and more corvettes. We cannot expect the same amount of protection for freighters and tankers as is provided for troop transports, but we would like to have more protection than we have at present."

You see, a troop transport is girdled round with destroyers, with cruisers, even with battleships, and I don't think a submarine has a chance. But you have a contrast there, Gentlemen; with all these ships carrying oil, carrying food to Britain, it is a different story. They haven't the protection.

They said: "We appreciate the fact that corvettes cannot be built overnight, but if we know that you are busily engaged in the building of many of them, then, with greater heart, we will take our chances at present with what we've got." (Applause.)

This, Gentlemen, is the message I bring you from the men of the Merchant Marine, and, needless to say, it has my hearty endorsation.

Now, a few words about my mission to Britain. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene was invited by the British Ministry of Health to study the problems connected with the evacuation of children from London, Plymouth, and other target areas, to regions of greater safety. And so, on November 21 of last year, Dr. William E. Blatz, Professor Stuart K. Jaffary, and I, left Halifax for Liverpool. When we arrived in Britain, we were immediately attached to the staff of the Ministry of Health and given every opportunity to make a wide range of observations.

We discovered that, since the beginning of the war, approximately two million people, most of them children, had been evacuated from London and other centres. This huge undertaking—the largest planned migration in history had been effected largely by the Ministry of Health, in co-operation with the local authorities. We discovered that splendid attention was being given to the education, health, and welfare of the children concerned. Most of the young people had been billeted in private homes. There were, however, special arrangements for sick children in so-called sick bays and for difficult children in appropriate hostels. Young children under five were billeted in company with their mothers or were placed in residential nursery schools. Canada had been helping out in the situation by providing clothing and comforts through the Red Cross, the Lord Mayor's Fund, and through other avenues. But, for the most part, Britain had been shouldering the responsibility of evacuation through the utilization of her own resources. And I wish I could convey to you the dimensions of her task. Perhaps you can gain some conception of the size and difficulty of the job if I make reference to what was done outside of Plymouth. And if there is a place I would like to live, outside of Muskoka in Canada in the summer time, it is Devonshire—and they gave me Devonshire cream, although it is not allowed.

Well, before the bombing of Plymouth, the surrounding territory, for miles, had received a very considerable number of refugees from Czechoslovakia and from other European countries. Added to these newcomers, were the thousands and thousands of children who had been sent to this region from London. Indeed, the district was already crowded with children and their mothers before Plymouth had been blitzed. And then, one night, the bombs began to fall on Plymouth, and, in the space of a few hours, thirty thousand people walked out from this city to escape the rain of death from the skies. By utilizing every church building, every school, every public hall, and every hotel, these thirty thousand people were provided with beds, hot meals, medical services, and personal attention. And everything was done without confusion, without a hitch. What a wonderful people the British are! (Applause.)

Now, while we discovered that our compatriots across the sea had everything well in hand in reference to the care of evacuated children, it was evident that acute problems were looming ahead. Britain was facing a serious shortage of trained children's workers—school teachers, social workers, teachers of children under five, and so on. And, in addition, the British had been so absorbed in doing a good job for these children, that there had been relative neglect in the conduct of scientific research in reference to the many problems of evacuation—research that would lead to the development of better programmes for child care.

With these observations of Britain's need, I took the liberty, on your behalf—on behalf of my fellow-Canadian citizens—of offering a Canadian Children's Service. Such a service will, to begin with, include a small token contingent of twenty-five social workers and teachers—a university department of child psychology to undertake the task of training hundreds of British women for work in wartime nurseries.

You see, Gentlemen, they are developing wartime nurseries at the rate of several hundred a week. Here are mothers with young children going into the munitions factories. Somebody has to look after the children, and there aren't enough child specialists in the world today to take care of that need. So it seems to be appropriate that we, in Canada, help out our British friends in training people in Britain for that vital task.

I also promised that a group of Canadian scientists will contribute on the research side. This offer, which I made, by the way, without having a single dollar in sight or any authority for making, Gentlemen, was gladly received by the British Ministry of Health and the British Board of Education. And, while it is necessary to collect funds in *Canada* within the next few weeks, in *Britain*, where one feels all the resources should have been exhausted long ago, a little group, without any solicitation on my part, came to me and said, "We would like to start this ball rolling by giving you £1,000, and, if you are finding any difficulty in raising money in Canada, come back and we will give you another £1,000."

Now, as you know, the welfare of children is very close to the hearts of the entire British people. As one East End Londoner put it to me, in the presence of his small boy: "In this war we are fighting for equal chances for nippers like him." Yes, the supreme war aim in Britain is to secure a victory that will make possible the giving to their children of an opportunity to develop a better world than we have ever known. And, during the war, the British want their children to be safe and to be given every advantage in the way of health and education. British morale, magnificent as it is, would be put to a terrific test if those in the fighting forces felt that their children were being neglected.

So,—and I am going to make an amazing statement for some of your ears,—it is quite as important for us in Canada to send children's workers to Britain as it is to send soldiers and the materials of war. At least some such thought was expressed by one of the heads of the British Army, right at the top.

So much for my own mission. I wish I had time to raise a question or two. I will raise one partially, and attempt to give an answer, in the light of my British experience. I just raise this question: Aside from the war effort, is Britain, compared to Canada and the United States, a really progressive country?

The answer here is unquestionably in the affirmative. Indeed, I was continually being surprised, during my two months' stay, with striking evidences of British initiative and with her amazing progress along many lines. I could give you a list of examples in different fields. I will go on just to one or two.

In the domain of industry, I found that splendid attention was being given to the health and welfare of workers. Arrangements at the Enfield Cable Works, for example, employing two thousand men, are indicative of the British policy to labour. I spent an afternoon at these works, in company with Lord Forrester, the son of the proprietor. And what did I find? The vast plant, for the most part, was air-conditioned, with forced ventilation, insuring a refreshing movement of clear air so conducive to health. Lighting was effected by overhead neon lamps, as easy on the eyes as natural daylight. You see there are no more daylight factories in Britain, and, even in daylight, they are all blacked out. A large cafeteria supplied balanced attractive meals at approximately cost prices. But most important of all, the relationship between management and men was ideal. All the workers knew and respected Lord Forrester, but, at his request, he was always referred as to "Mr. Forrester." Gentlemen, there is no distinction in Britain between the classes today. They are all one family. I can tell you that absolutely. To get the men's point of view, Lord Forrester, before the war,—mark you, a graduate of Eton and of Oxford and one of the most brilliant men in Britain,—said, "For management I have got to have the technical side of my business." So he spent several years in Austria, in the steel business, where he learned the latest processes. "But", he said, "the technical side in industry is comparatively easy. The hard side is the human side." So what post-graduate work did this graduate of Oxford take to get the training in the field of men? He spent six years with unemployed miners in Wales, living their lives with them, sharing their hardships, and, for two years, being accepted absolutely as one of them. He said, "Doctor, I learned more in those six years than I expect I will ever learn the rest of my life."

I only wish I could tell you the advances that, at this moment, are being made in education, in health, in invention, in any field which you like to mention.

Now, this word in conclusion. I left Britain with the firm conviction that she is the greatest country in the world; that she possesses inexhaustible strength, mental, physical, and spiritual; that she is a religious country today; and that, by close association with her as a partner we, in Canada, can profit from this strength.

Now on the other hand, Britain needs us. You and I, therefore, should work, in season and out, as you all do in this Empire Club, to knit together more closely our bonds of Empire. (Applause.)

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Your Honour and Gentlemen: I think many of us have wondered what our own reaction would have been to an experience like that which

Dr. Hincks has just described. Many of this audience know from first experience in the last war what it is to be under fire on the ground. Some of this audience saw service in the Navy, but those who know only ground dangers know little of the dangers of the sea, and I was extremely interested to know that Dr. Hincks could describe a gradual immunity from fear even on the sea.

But, Dr. Hincks, those eight days must have been eight long and tense days and nights. We thank you Sir, for your vivacious, for your honest, for your frank, for your cool, story of that crossing. What you have said brings out once more the courage of the Navy and the courage of the Mercantile Marine. But it also brings out the courage of civilians doing a civilian wartime job. That is what you were doing, Sir.

We are glad that you have also let us share once more your social philosophy. A whole-out war effort means much more than lip service, and, if the better world which you envisage for us is to be reached, it involves much more than lip service in our social philosophy. We are grateful to you for letting us share your experiences, and, on behalf of the audience in this hall, and, on behalf of the audience that has been listening to us over the air, may I turn that gratitude into words, Sir, and say "Thank you, very much". (Applause.)

"THE BATTLE AGAINST RISING PRICES"

AN ADDRESS BY

KENNETH R. WILSON

Chairman: Mr. W. Eason Humphreys, Vice-President.

Thursday, March 12, 1942

MR. W. EASON HUMPHREYS: Gentlemen of The Empire Club: The President, Mr. Sanderson, is absent from the Chair today for the first time this season, I believe, but I think he is serving The Empire Club in another capacity by addressing a large audience in Buffalo, the organizers of which have been very gracious to The Empire Club in the past. Mr. Sanderson has requested me to apologize to you for his absence today.

When, Gentlemen, one afternoon last year, the Price Ceiling regulations were announced, most of us were at first startled and then skeptical. Perhaps we went to bed shaking our heads or even talking to ourselves. Next morning we read or heard more about them, and by lunch time we temporarily dismissed the subject by saying that the best we were prepared to do was to accept the scheme with reservations. But, from the first, critics and others were disinclined to dismiss these newly announced regulations as fantastic. In the minds of most, it was not long before the boldness of the scheme resolved itself into a feeling of protection from evils which history, as well as recent reviews, told us were to be avoided at nearly any cost. Since then we have seen the unfolding of these Price Ceiling regulations which are intended to provide security for the health of Canadian economy in wartime.

So, today, Gentlemen, The Empire Club is pleased to welcome Mr. Kenneth R. Wilson, who has been so closely associated with The Wartime Prices and Trade Board in the study of a subject which affects every one of us.

Mr. Wilson knows his subject well. He studied it in Washington and elsewhere and many of us have read his writings on this vital matter.

Mr. Kenneth Wilson is the chief correspondent in Ottawa for *The Financial Post* and *MacLean's Magazine.* As a matter of fact, he is really in charge of the MacLean Bureau in Ottawa and has been with the MacLean organization for the past seventeen years. He is a graduate of The University of Toronto (Victoria College) and he has an intimate knowledge of Canada through intensive travel to all parts of this great land. It is because of Mr. Wilson's reputation for accuracy and his grasp of Canadian business problems that we all look forward with so much interest to his talk to us today. Here, in The Royal York Hotel, Mr. Wilson addresses himself to business men. This microphone, however, will carry his voice to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of other business people, including women in the business of household management.

So, Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Kenneth R. Wilson, who will speak on the subject, "The Battle Against Rising Prices". Mr. Wilson.

MR. KENNETH R. WILSON: Mr. Chairman and Members of The Empire Club of Canada: It is most kind of you to invite me here to meet with you today, and I thank you, Sir, for the very gracious way in which you have introduced me. When a friend of mine sent me a card announcing this meeting, my wife read it and very aptly remarked, "Who is this Wilson? I don't recognize him".

It is very appropriate, too, I think, that you in Toronto should invite someone from Ottawa to come and speak to you. I think there is perhaps an erroneous impression at Ottawa that this matter of information and advice is a one way street, a feeling that Toronto likes to express its views at Ottawa but isn't so keen on having the role reversed.

I think that most of us, casting our minds back to August or September of last year, would have scoffed at the idea that a man named Donald Gordon would (for all his solid, Scotch bulk) be sitting, at this particular moment, on top of the most gargantuan price lid ever clapped over free peoples anywhere, at any time.

When price control first came under public notice, and particularly into business discussion, most of us "pooh-poohed" the idea that such a thing as an "over all" price ceiling was even remotely possible. When we did tune our dials on Saturday, October 18th, to hear Prime Minister King announce the new policy, there were even more of us who, while wishing the plan Godspeed, again shook our heads and said with loud acclaim, "It can't be done".

Well, we all of us know, it *is* being done.

It is being done, not perfectly, to be sure, but with, perhaps, an even greater degree of success than any but the boldest were willing to foretell.

As business men, many of you are contributing day by day to the administration of the price ceiling. It is your problems, your business experience, and your co-operation, which form the very warp and woof of this far-reaching programme.

And let me explain that I am here today purely as a layman. I am a humble consumer, interested first in seeing how this battle against rising prices can help to win the war, can help stretch my pay cheque, and keep my income taxes from soaring completely out of sight.

Professionally, I am interested, of course, in observing and reporting on new developments as they occur, and anxious, as I believe all Canadians citizens should be anxious, to see this experiment work.

It may help our discussion here today if I review very briefly the essential reasons for this programme. As you know, Canada instituted a price control mechanism a few hours after the outbreak of war in September, 1939. This proved not a moment too soon, as we found very quickly, when housewives with long memories started a nation-wide run on sugar.

For almost two years this first Prices Board kept an increasingly active finger on the controls. But, for the most part, these controls had to do with removing bottlenecks of supply rather than with the administration of a price control mechanism. There was very little recourse to price fixing, except of rentals in certain war-congested areas, a temporary price lid on butter, and so forth. Most of the Board's powers were used to channel the supply and distribution of wool, hides, sugar, coal, and other "necessaries of life".

By midsummer, 1941, it was felt that more drastic action must be taken.

The nub of the problem was this: too much money for too few goods. Let us enlarge on this valid though, perhaps, over-simplified explanation of the dangerous inflationary spiral which was developing.

(1) *Too much money*: The cost to the Government, of the last war (including demobilization) was something less than $1.7 billions. In this war we have already spent $3.4 billions—exactly twice as much as in the entire conflict of 1914-18. Furthermore, in the next fiscal year alone, we plan to spend on war costs alone, another $3 billions—within twelve months.

On this basis, a five-year war will cost Canada not less than $15 to $20 billions, or ten times what seemed a gigantic expenditure in 1914-18.

Most of this money is being spent in Canada. To the Government it represents war costs. To the man in the street it means a full pay envelope and more spending money than at any other time in history.

Including the armed services, there are well over a million more men and women employed than at the beginning of the war. Our annual wage bill has risen between $1.5 and $2 billions. Our purchases of materials are colossal. Thus we are now pouring billions of dollars into the manufacture and purchase of war goods, the payment of troops, etc.

(2) *Too few goods*: But war purchasing power, while putting more money into the pockets of most Canadians, has diverted more and more manpower and materials into war production. At the very moment when many of us have more money to spend than ever before, we find considerably less to spend it on.

Finance Minister Honourable J. L. Ilsley described this last November when he said:

"If the total work done by the people of the nation is represented by eight hours, and three hours of that work are devoted to war purposes, and only five hours to the production of peacetime goods and civilian supplies, then there are eight hours' wages to be spent on the products of five hours' labour".

In the last war, only about ten per cent of our national income was actually directed into war production. In this war, the ratio is said to be as high as thirty to forty per cent, and must go higher if we are to overcome the efforts of nations which are devoting probably seventy per cent of their production to this purpose.

The more manpower and materials we divert to war production, the fewer the goods and services that are left for civilians. Yet the greater our war costs, the more spending power there is throughout the country. As wages of wage-earners rise, consumers bid for diminishing supplies of goods. Prices rise. This is what happened in alarming degree last summer and autumn.

Fortunately the Government's economists and financial advisers had been preparing for a long time for such a contingency. As early as the first month of the war, Finance Minister Ilsley predicted the economic and financial pattern which it was believed the war would take. He also indicated the broad steps which the Government planned, to meet these contingencies.

Actually there are five chief weapons in the Government's anti-inflation programme. These weapons may be described as: (1) fiscal policy, (2) supply control, (3) labour policy, (4) agricultural policy, and (5) price policy.

By fiscal policy we mean the heavier taxes and increased sale of Victory Loans and War Savings Certificates, whereby the Government hopes not only to raise money to help pay the costs of war, but also to channel away a considerable portion of excess purchasing power created by the war effort.

Supply control means increasing pressure on priorities and rationing necessary to ensure adequate material and supplies for war needs.

Labour policy involves the stabilizing of wages and salaries and has its genesis originally in Order-in-Council P.C. 7440.

Agricultural policy involves the supplementing of agricultural income in order to maintain supplies of essential farm products in face of the ceiling on all consumer prices. The lifting of the ceiling on flax the other day was an example. We need an increasing amount of flax to secure the vegetable oil. The Government has pushed aside the ceiling and taken control of the whole flax crop at a considerably higher price, in order to encourage substantial production.

And, finally, the price ceiling: the most revolutionary step ever taken by a free people.

Obviously, these controls are interdependent, or at least closely related. You cannot, for example, successfully freeze wages unless you prevent prices from rising.

You cannot hope to administer a price ceiling unless you impose high taxation or find some means of funnelling excess purchasing power into war loans and savings.

Even in the last war, with only a fraction of the inflationary elements which are present today, the cost of living rose about 90 per cent. In this war, since it is impossible to channel away this purchasing power as fast as it is created, the possibilities of a fantastic and probably a catastrophic wage and price spiral are very real.

So the question really boils down to this: what shall we do about it? Should we impose a "selective" ceiling on ten, fifty, or hundreds, of individual items where pressure of increased prices is particularly great? Or should we attempt to impose an "overall" ceiling on almost all commodities and services everywhere?

We know, of course, that the Government made the latter choice. It even rejected the advice of competent business men who urged what is called a "progressive" ceiling—that is, a price ceiling which would be introduced first at the primary producing end of the business assembly line and then, progressively, at the other stages.

What we have instead is what is called a "retail freeze" or a price ceiling which freezes most prices individually at retail. It is a ceiling which places on business the responsibility for "rolling back the squeeze" which must inevitably develop where there is a time lag between production and sale, and where the retail or "frozen" price is less than the price at which this same merchandise can be replaced.

I think we should face also the fact that the price ceiling we now have is not the price ceiling which Prime Minister King announced on October 18. If you read that speech closely, you will find that Mr. King outlined a price control programme which would have frozen all prices at every level of production. It soon became apparent that this was unworkable, and in its place was substituted the "retail freeze".

Even this programme was intended as a rigid ceiling on the individual prices of every item of merchandise. But this has also been modified, and individual administrators are now clothed with power to permit the smoothing of price inequalities even at the retail level.

Quite frankly, I think it is still an open and a debatable question, whether or not we are going to be able to hold this kind of price ceiling. And let us make no mistake about it—the degree to which it can be held is, I think, everybody's business.

Only a few days ago, a writer in the *Wall Street Journal* estimated that, in the month of January alone, the American consumer paid $600,000,000 for inflation through higher costs of goods and services. Proportionately our stakes are just as high.

Most of the difficulties in holding down an overall price ceiling are linked with what might be called our new national pastime: "Rolling Back The Squeeze". So far, what success we have achieved in playing this game, has been due, I think, to three reasons: (1) Big Volume; (2) Big Business; (3) Big Subsidies.

Let me elaborate briefly on each of these:

First, Big Volume: it has not been too hard to "roll back the squeeze" so long as business volume or turnover is being maintained at the same or a higher lever than 1941. It will be a very different story when scarcity of raw materials, or other war shortages, dry up sales to the point where business is cut to one-half or even one-third of last year's turnover. For example: the manufacturer who is asked by the Board, or by the trade, to absorb a 4 per cent "squeeze" on a turnover of $100,000, is in a very different position when his volume of business shrinks to $50,000 or less.

Second, Big Business: most of this "rolling back the squeeze" has been, so far, either in Big Business or in areas where relatively few firms have been involved. The harder task yet to be accomplished is to roll back this "squeeze" through the hundreds of thousands of individual transactions of smaller merchants and general storekeepers who honeycomb rural and small town Canada.

Let us try to explain the way this "squeeze play" is actually being worked out. It is worth elaborating, because this problem strikes at the heart of the price ceiling mechanism as it affects tens of thousands of merchants and business men in every part of Canada. Suppose Mr. General Merchant, in Pleasantville, B.C., is now replenishing his stock of spring merchandise. He sends in his order for boots, axes, groceries, hats, and a score of staple and special lines which he is accustomed to buy and sell. But he finds that the merchandise—most of which he buys perhaps only once or twice a year, at most—costs him more than he paid the last time he bought. He himself cannot legally increase his selling price, yet manufacturers and wholesalers are within their rights in charging him a higher price because their higher costs have been establised during the base period. Anxious to co-operate in the ceiling policy and knowing as well that he faces the threat of a jail sentence for selling these goods above his "ceiling" price, our general merchant writes to his Regional Prices and Supply Representative in Vancouver and lists his problems. This official writes in turn to Edgar G. Burton, Retail Trade Administrator in Toronto. Mr. Burton passes the correspondence along to various trade administrators—some of whom may be off in the Maritimes or, perhaps, out in Western Canada trying to solve some of these very matters. Since the average general store carries 1,500 to 3,000 different kinds of merchandise, you can visualize the colossal job which faces the Board and its Administrators as they attempt to roll back this "squeeze" for 150,000 or 200,000 storekeepers. You must remember, too, that many grocery lines, for instance, sell (at retail) for about 10 cents each. If a manufacturer has, during the base period, established a higher cost of say, one cent, this may mean an actual loss on this particular item in a field where margins are very close—a loss which may have to be absorbed for the duration of the war, unless the Board gives relief either by means of puncturing the ceiling or by subsidy.

I am told that, in one recent test study of 150 retail grocery prices, the bulk of the items were found to be now selling at or within one or two cents of actual cost. No average retailer could afford to carry on under such conditions. In this particular case the "squeeze" was being absorbed voluntarily by a big organization in the belief that eventually an adjustment would be made. I understand, in fact, that the Board may issue shortly a ruling ordering the payment of a public subsidy on a considerable list of grocery items of domestic manufacture, simply to enable the general merchants and other to keep in business and sell merchandise within the price ceiling.

That brings me to the third reason why business has so far been able to keep within the ceiling: Big Subsidies. I use the word "big" advisedly. Actually, the number of claims paid or payable is not yet large. This is partly because the mechanism for clearing subsidy payments is only now beginning to function, partly because many lines of business are still negotiating for ways and means of rolling back the "squeeze" without recourse to subsidy. The sudsidy problem is, therefore, only now assuming a critical importance in the administration of the ceiling. It looms as a very vital factor in future development.

In the early days of the price ceiling, subsidy payments were thought of largely as going to importers. Subsidies were to be the price of isolating Canada from the rest of the world. If foreign coal prices were 50 cents a ton, the Government would contribute $7 millions to enable Canadian dealers to carry on within the Canadian price ceiling.

Today, the larger claims to subsidy seem to be coming from domestic manufacturers and distributors. Milk producers, shoe manufacturers, and an increasing list of essential and non-essential groups, are demonstrating their inability to operate under the ceiling unless they receive some aid from the public purse.

One possible alternative is to have recourse to a modified form of progressive ceiling as in the case of meats where, according to press reports, the Board is considering a plan to freeze prices for packers, wholesalers, and processors, and permit puncturing of the retail ceiling so long as the butcher uses a normal cost-plus markup not to exceed the level of his previous profit.

So far, the Board has not drawn a line very clearly between essential and non-essential goods. I think the distinction will have to be made much more sharply in the future.

May I here make a point in defence of the subsidy payment which the Board uses very strongly in its argument, and which, potentially, is a very strong point: on a list of goods which were studied it was estimated by the Board, that, in order to keep within the ceiling, the cost of the subsidy would be about $15 millions. However, if on the same list of goods, prices were to be allowed to rise, the cost to the public, by the time the prices had pyramided through the sales tax and similar imposts, would be about $25 millions. By reason of the higher prices, there would have been an increase in the cost of living index of one point, which would mean a bonus payment to workers of something like $30 millions.

Thus, the Board argues, it is much cheaper to pay the $15 millions direct from the Treasury than to have the indirect costs of an extension of the price ceiling mounting up.

My guess would be that the public will not take kindly to subsidizing $100 china plates, grapefruit juice, and hundreds upon hundreds of domestic and imported goods, irrespective of whether they are necessary to maintain life.

Just here, I was interested in an editorial in one of the

Newfoundland papers the other day, in which the Editor had listed the prices of various necessaries of life in his country and in Canada. The comparison was so favourable to Canada that he simply wrote at the bottom of the editorial, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Confederate".

In short, I believe that the extent to which the Government is prepared to continue paying very substantial subsidies is one of the most important gauges, if not the most important, of how long we can continue to operate under this sort of prices ceiling. Certainly, more changes and adjustments are inevitable to adapt this economic strait jacket to the common sense needs of everyday business. The willingness of the Prices Board to make these adjustments rather than to hold blindly to a preconceived economic theory is, I think, a tribute to, rather than a criticism of, the men who are administering this control. It is also fair comment to say that business men, by and large, have so far been generous in withholding criticism of the price ceiling, pending a clearer understanding of just how this and similar problems will be resolved.

Just here I would like to raise a personal protest against what seems to me an indefensible order of one of the Administrators, decreeing that henceforth there shall be no extra pants to a suit of clothes. I feel very strongly (from personal experience) that there is a decided economy in having two pairs of pants with a suit of clothes. If my research in Ottawa in the last day or two is correct, I think few things have stirred the Capital so much as the implication that an extra pair of pants is a luxury and not an economy. I think that, if we added our voices to those at Ottawa, it might effect a change that would be very beneficial. I think also that, probably, we could get considerable support from the womenfolk if we protested against the ban on extra patches on knees and elbows and seats of boys' pants.

Having discussed some of the difficulties and problems of administering the price ceiling, I should like to draw your attention today to some of the "dividends" which this price control programme is already beginning to pay.

First, there is the very tangible evidence of the halt which has taken place in the cost of living index. This index rose almost 9 points between February and November, 1941, but, since the ceiling was introduced, it actually declined in two consecutive months.

Without being deceived into thinking that all price increases have been stopped for the duration (I can assure you they have not) it is nevertheless interesting to attempt an estimate of what it means to hold the cost of living index at or near its present level, compared to what might happen during, say, another 10-point rise.

Speaking now very generally, a 10-point rise in the cost of living index would mean an increase in living costs of about $140 per year for the average Canadian family. This is the amount of the annual "dividend" which would be received through any price ceiling which checked rising prices to that extent.

For this saving to be fully realized, one would have to assume that the income of his family did not rise proportionately. This, of course, is true for many people. For example, one important group whose income would not increase along with a rise in living costs is the men in our armed forces and their dependents. Let us be conservative and assume that a 10-point rise in the index would raise the living costs for a soldier's family not by $140, but by $100, each year. Since 40 per cent of soldiers draw pay for dependents, any price ceiling which prevented such a rise would net these families a "dividend" of about $16 millions a year. Then, as a taxpayer, I am interested in another form of price ceiling "dividend". A price ceiling which prevented a 10-point rise in the cost of living would save the federal government $10.5 millions a year in cost of living bonuses. This is the saving merely on the so-called civil service list apart from government-owned corporations and similar enterprises.

In the same category is the dividend which would be found in economies on Canada's war industry bill. At the present time this wage bill amounts to something close to $900 millions annually. Under the price and wage control measures announced last October by the Prime Minister, this wage bill has been stabilized for the duration and will fluctuate only with changes in the cost of living index. Each 10-point rise in the cost of living index would add $78 millions annually to war costs on the basis of 25 cents per week for each of 600,000 workers.

The final "dividend" which all of us are going to experience, and which will accrue to business and merchants not only for the duration of the war but perhaps for many years after, is the enforced standardization and simplification of products.

Already the list of "little" things that have been accomplished or are contemplated is quite impressive. We start in the morning with fewer kinds of cream for breakfast and with unsliced bread. Our socks, suits, hats, underwear, garters, are being streamlined to weed out costly styles and unnecessary packaging. Tomorrow's shirt will be without pockets and wrapped up with only one pin instead of seven. To the consumer, this means that we can get similar quality merchandise at "ceiling" prices in spite of rising costs. To the manufacturer and the distributor, it means an opportunity to cut out frills and costly competitive practices so that costs may be adjusted to absorb the price "squeeze".

Almost immediately, hundreds of costly containers of tin, glass, and other materials, will disappear, partly to enable business to keep within the price ceiling and partly to conserve essential raw materials.

One simple example of what can be done may interest you: a 10 ounce tin requires six square inches of tin for every ounce of food; a 26 ounce tin needs only three square inches per ounce.

The war would normally bring many such changes through shortages of material and supply, but unquestionably the price ceiling is playing an important role in demanding more economical merchandising methods, and simpler, more standardized, business practices.

Let us not think for a moment that our price control problems have been licked. There is room for some satisfaction in what has been achieved, but no cause for complacency. Indeed, the real testing time still lies ahead as we face increasing shortages in agricultural goods and in manufactured products, and increasing demand on the public purse as the alternative to "puncturing" of the retail ceiling. Some students of the ceiling policy even incline to the view that, having permitted wholesalers, manufacturers, and others, to adjust their prices in line with base period costs, it is inevitable that a gradual upward lifting of the retail ceiling must take place sooner or later.

Just here, I think, it might be worth making this point: what we are now trying to do is almost to improve on perfection. I think many people felt, when we embarked on this programme, that if, in a six months period, we could hold the price index within five or six points of where it is now, we would have achieved an almost perfect result. Actually we are now considerably ahead of any such programme.

The final test is not what price control does to profits or even to our personal standard of living. What matters supremely is the effect on our war effort. Already, the stabilization programme has had an extraordinary effect on the morale and general attitude of Canadian wage-earners. It has undoubtedly allayed the fears of consumers against a run-away wage-price spiral. I believe it deserves whole-hearted support and co-operation as a courageous, imaginative programme worthy in every respect of the Canadian people. (Applause.)

MR. W. EASON HUMPHREYS: Gentlemen, Mr. Stirrett of The Canadian Manufacturers Association will respond to Mr. Wilson.

MR. J. T. STIRRETT: Mr. President and Gentlemen: For many years we have been reading with pleasure and benefit the admirable articles by Mr. Kenneth Wilson in *The Financial Post* and other national publications. Today, we have had the additional privilege of hearing Mr. Wilson speak in a very clear and convincing manner on a subject of national importance and also of vital interest to every one of us. I gather that you think that Mr. Wilson's standard of speaking compares favourably with his standard of writing—and that is meant for very high praise. (Applause.) On your behalf I tender to Mr. Wilson our very sincere thanks for his excellent address. (Applause.)

"THE MERCHANT NAVY: THE FOURTH ARM OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES"

AN ADDRESS BY

ARTHUR RANDLES

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, March 19, 1942

[Prior to the formal opening of the meeting, the President extended a warm greeting on behalf of The Empire Club to the large number of ladies who were present, and a bouquet of roses was presented to Mrs. Arthur Randles by Mrs. C. R. Sanderson.]

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Ladies and Gentlemen: We continue today that series of addresses by outstanding men who are occupying chief positions in different phases of our war effort, by having as our guest-speaker, Mr. Arthur Randles, who will speak to us about "The Merchant Navy". Each and every one of us knows that the striking force is at its best when all the different arms are so synchronized that the army, the navy, and the air force, are all enabled to strike together. But that synchronization depends not merely on co-ordination, it depends also on the adequate provision of supplies. We all know that, at this very moment, our long hoped for action in several fields of war is delayed by the extreme difficulties of getting the supplies to the right spot at the right time. The Merchant Navy is the artery through which those supplies, the very life-blood of our striking forces, flows. The Empire Club and its ladies are, therefore, today particularly fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing Mr. Randles address us, his subject being "The Merchant Navy".—Mr. Randles.

MR. ARTHUR RANDLES: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :I have prepared, I hope, an interesting speech on a most important subject and I am afraid I am not going to do it full justice; but I will do my best to bring to you some facts about The Merchant Navy of which you are probably not aware.

Although I have been connected with Ocean Steamship traffic all my business life—a period of nearly thirty-five years—I, myself, did not realize the ramifications of the job that was imposed upon me when the Minister of Transport asked me to become Director of Merchant Seamen. As that title suggests, it is purely the Seamen or the Human Element of The Merchant Navy with which it is my duty to deal. Therefore, I will confine my talk to that subject, which, I think, will be extensive enough for the time at my disposal. Besides, it is not permitted to speak of ships, nor is it my function to do so, even if the censors allowed. Ships, their names or whereabouts, should quite rightly not be spoken of or even identified in this present conflict. I would like to say here that, even with the restrictions imposed, there is still too much publicity given to the movement of ships,—hence the reason for the most excellent series of posters which all of you must have seen, so admirably done by the Department of Publicity, with such captions as: "He Spoke—This Happened", or "Careless Talk—Costs Lives". This secrecy is quite necessary but there is no secret about the dangers and the hazards that the men themselves are undergoing and, if I may, I will deal with that subject as I go along.

My function was defined by Order-in-Council, of which I will read a paragraph:

> "That the merchant marine, on which our sea-borne commerce depends, is, under present conditions, vir-

> tually an arm of our fighting services, and the provision of merchant seamen, their training, care and protection is essential to the proper conduct of the war, and vitally necessary to the keeping open of the sea-lanes on which the successful outcome of the present conflict so largely depends".
>
> And further the Order goes on to say:
>
> "That a special branch of the Department of Transport be established for the recruiting and training of officers and men for the Canadian Merchant Navy".

I think I can probably deal with my subject better by dividing it into three parts, like the proverbial sermon: 1, Welfare of Merchant Seamen; 2, Merchant Seamen's Manning Pools; 3, The Training of Merchant Seamen.

First, the Welfare of Merchant Seamen. I am going to devote the major part of my address to this subject, because this is the branch where the help of the public is most needed. It was found at the outbreak of war that seamen of all nationalities, when in Canadian ports, were sadly in need of some place to go, some place where they could rest in a comfortable bed, eat in comfort, have a bath, secure entertainment, and,—may I mention it here,—get a glass of bear,—legally.

You can imagine their conditions at the other end of the voyage, with the black-outs, the frequent bombings, English seamen learning their homes had gone and that their families were dispersed—most of our Allied seamen who are playing an equal part come from countries overrun by the foe. It is pitiful to talk to some of these fellows who wonder what has happened to their wives and families in Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and so on. On this side of the Atlantic there is a measure of peace but the facilities for enjoying it are inadequate. Here in Canada there were in all the ports, I think, sailors' homes or hostels which had been long established, but War, with its vastly increased problems, overtaxed their capacity. In one of the most important ports of all, there was not even a vestige of such an organization.

Sick and ship-wrecked men in our ports had also to be thought of, so that they too would not be overlooked and would receive special care over and above the regular care provided by the excellent official facilities already in operation.

Although the seaman now carries a badge, called the Merchant Navy Badge, he still wears civilian clothes and is not inclined, because of his civilian attire, probably most shabby, to use the Clubs and other facilities so generously provided for the other arms of the fighting forces. It is very difficult for a man of 21 or so, although a very good seaman doing his part, to rub shoulders with a soldier, when he is not in uniform.

Therefore, some club or institution in each port was necessary, and I thought the men of the fighting services were entitled to have their own show. We also had to have an outlet to control the constant supply of comforts, such as woollen clothing, candies, cigarettes, and reading matter, so that they could be distributed to meet the needs of all.

Finally, a way out was found and the means discovered to deal with that angle of the situation. But, in speaking of the particular medium that we found,—I mean the Navy League of Canada,—I do not want to fail to emphasize the importance of the work and to thank the other important bodies for doing so much for the Merchant Seamen. I mean the I.O.D.E., the Salvation Army, the Catholic Women's League, the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Women's Naval Auxiliaries, and so on.

Well, as I said, the major part of the situation confronting us was how, first of all, to give the seamen some comfort ashore. I got into touch immediately with Mr. David L. Gibson, our dear friend and a member of your Club, who heads the Navy League in Canada.

The Navy League of Canada, at the outbreak of the war, had some beautiful premises in one port that were needed for some other purpose. The Navy League lost them and the Merchant Seamen had nowhere to go in that particular port. However, the compensation received and other funds procured, incidentally $80,000 in United States money from the British War Relief Society of the United States,—an evidence of the usual generosity of our friends and Allies across the border,—solved the financial difficulty.

I suggested at the time to the Navy League of Canada, through Mr. Gibson and his Council, that, as the League had already established an interest in merchant seamen, probably they could extend themselves and help me solve my problem in other ports, and they gladly assumed the responsibility of establishing institutions in all the ports where we jointly agreed it was necessary.

In recognition, it was arranged that the Navy League would be permitted by the Government to participate with other Auxiliary War Services in the next joint appeal to the public for funds. Unfortunately, that appeal is not to be made, as Mr. Thorson, the Minister of National War Services, recently announced it would be inadvisable to make an appeal to the public for a large sum of money when money is more needed for the War Loan and War Savings Certificates. However, the Government has decided, in some measure, to underwrite the war effort of the various societies involved.

Well, I went a long way around to come to it, but I think this preliminary explanation was necessary.

As a result of these arrangements made last year, we have now Allied Merchant Seamen's Clubs in various ports. They are all operated by the Navy League Divisions, but are financed from the Dominion Council in Toronto. There are now Clubs in full operation in Halifax; Saint John, N.B.; two Clubs in Sydney; two Clubs in Montreal (one of the latter especially reserved for officers) ; and another Club for officers is being developed at Halifax. There is also a new Club operating in Louisburg.

I think I can demonstrate why the Clubs were so badly needed, by quoting a few figures covering the services of one of them for the month of January. The Club at Halifax, with a capacity of 450 beds and 1500 to 2000 meals a day, provided nearly 9,000 seamen with beds for a night; served nearly 35,000 meals; gave concerts, film shows and entertainment for six or seven thousand others; and performed a host of other services for seamen's welfare. For instance, in one month they gave initial care to nearly 400 men who had been picked up after ship-wreck. The ladies will be interested to learn that two of the rescued "seamen" were women.

As I said at the outset, the moving spirit behind the Navy League activities, the man who made my task so light, is my friend, Mr. Gibson. I am glad to see him at the table today. I had an opportunity of thanking him in public once before, but I am glad to do so again.

Ladies in Canada are working industriously for the various organizations who supply comforts to the various forces, including the Merchant Navy, as is evidenced by the most magnificent contributions from the I.O.D.E., the Salvation Army, the Y.W.C.A., the Catholic Women's League, the Canadian Red Cross Society and the Navy Women's League. It is astonishing the number of comforts these ladies contribute. But we can use more. There are a great many men involved and, as the war goes on, the ordeals at sea increase. Contributions come in increasing volume from one and all. For instance, one Social Club in Toronto held a dance and made up a sum of $200 for the benefit of the Merchant Seamen. Another Ladies' Club asked me how to dispose of $7,000 for the same purpose. I gave some suggestions to the ladies to which, as yet, they haven't given effect. The Art Loan Exhibition of Old Masters, recently held in Montreal, was for the benefit of the Allied Merchant Seamen. What the proceeds were, I don't know, but it must have been a very substantial sum. A unique form of service that came to my notice was devised by the fur dealers of Montreal. They collect old furs and line vests or waistcoats with them and the work of cutting and sewing is all done by the workers in the fur trade of that city, who each give four hours a week free, a service for which I think they should be commended.

I had a letter the other day from a poor woman in Northern Ontario. She had sent two parcels of clothing which she probably needed herself. She had a relative in the Merchant Navy and, having read in the newspapers the story of the distress of these men, had sent these two parcels, which I passed on.

Our Allies have not been forgotten and in the Allied Merchant Seamen's Club in Halifax a room has been set apart for each nationality, where the seamen of that nation can rest together, speak their own language, and read their own papers and so on and so forth.

I can't leave the subject of comforts for the merchant seamen without acknowledging publicly the prominent part played by the Royal Canadian Navy, not only in contributing to these comforts through Naval auxiliaries, but also (more important still to my way of thinking) in rendering irreplacable services through its officers at all ports, in receiving, storing, and distributing to ships as they arrive, clothing and comforts as they may be needed. This enables all ships to be contacted and covered.

While all this is being done there is more and more needed. The need for comforts can be ascertained by those interested, if they will call Mr. Gibson. The needs are too numerous to enumerate. I do want you to bear in mind that, as the war goes on, the ordeals at sea increase; the enemy is almost on our doorstep and the seamen's morale must be maintained. It is only when they reach a Canadian port that they can cast aside care and anxiety. They come in with the strain of having month after month undergone incessant danger and hardship, and, sitting in our comfortable homes, we ought to give thought to these heroes. If we keep on thinking, probably some of the additional needed comforts will be contributed.

Now, I should like to go on to the other two phases of my subject, on which I will be somewhat briefer. The question of the welfare of merchant seamen is the subject nearest to my heart, and I am glad it is my duty to look after it. This opportunity of addressing this distinguished Club and of transmitting my words to my unseen listeners, gives me the first chance of letting this important problem be widely known.

You will remember, when I enumerated my duties, I said that the second one was the provision or formation of Merchant Seamen's Manning Pools. You probably know what Manning Pools are. I think it is an Air Force expression. These establishments for Merchant Seamen are erected and maintained by the Dominion Government at selected ports in Canada. The pools admit experienced officers and seamen who are there provided with board, lodging, and pay, according to their rank, while awaiting appointments to ships. Our seamen in Canada are drawn from many quarters of this extensive Dominion, and, so long as there was no adequate place of assembly at the ports, men couldn't be found when they were needed. There are numerous deficiencies in crew from one cause and another—sickness and death—and a ship can't sail unless it is fully manned. Therefore steps of an energetic nature have to be taken to keep a reserve of men available and thus avoid delay in sailing the vessels, all of which, of course, are loaded with valuable and most important war cargoes urgently needed abroad.

I said that only experienced officers and seamen can be admitted to a Manning Pool to share those privileges, including board, lodging, and pay, but the short time the Pools have been in operation has already demonstrated their necessity. Shipwrecked seamen, or those who need a week or two of rest before going back into the turmoil of the Atlantic, may enter the Pools. We also house men waiting the manning of the ships.

As I said, before the introduction of Manning Pools, experienced unemployed Canadian seamen often walked up and down the docks of our ports, probably a thousand miles from home, and nobody knew where they were, nobody could contact them, and they couldn't be marshalled together when they were needed. Now, we have cured that, I think.

If we take care of the seamen of other nations in our Manning Pools, they naturally defray the cost of any services extended, though for many reasons they prefer to take care of their own men. There is the question of language difficulty, the different rates of pay, and so on. However, it is established that all seamen shall be treated equally well. They are all running the same risks and they are all giving equality of service.

I don't think I can be more specific as to the work and scope of the Manning Pools. As I have already said, I can assure you their operation is an extremely important effort in the prosecution of the war.

I come to the third part of my job. That is the training of Merchant Seamen. It is, perhaps, not widely known that the profession of a Seaman is one requiring the highest qualifications and, incidentally, it is a profession which doesn't always bring an adequate reward. The steamship business is probably the one business that is international in competition and rates and wages are governed thereby. During wartime, however, the earning power of seamen is very much better, but, despite its lack of prizes, the sea as a profession, continues to attract the bold and adventurous youth, which is at it should be.

I spoke of the qualifications of seamen. To secure the lowest certificate of rank as a Navigating Officer, a man serves four years at sea. Then he must come back home, stay ashore, and study a variety of subjects including trigonometry. This enables him to sit for examination for the purpose of receiving his Second Mate certificate. When he passes he must go to sea again for a period, and then ashore, some more study, another examination, and then he becomes a First Mate. Again he goes to sea, passes through the same procedure, comes back to study again, takes another examination to secure his Master's (Foreign-going) Certificate, then an Extra Master's Certificate. By the time he is so qualified he is technically capable of taking command of any ship afloat, even the *Queen Mary,* but he has to wait a good many years before he gets to that time.

The Engineer on a ship has a much harder task to qualify, because, according to most international regulations, he must have served many months ashore in a machine shop. He has to qualify in even stiffer mathematics right from the lowest rank up to the highest. Even to reach the rank of Able Seaman, in the true sense of the word, a man requires three years' sea service.

Canada, while producing three types of seamen, is not actually a maritime nation. War conditions have demonstrated that, to man our ships, some facilities for training men from the bottom step up would have to be provided.

Our three types of seamen in Canada are: First, the men who man the lake vessels; secondly, those in Coastal Service; and finally, the Deep-sea or Foreign-going seamen. Each of these categories has a different kind of service and, unfortunately, they are not interchangeable, although it is quite true a man serving on the lakes would qualify for the second or third category quicker than a greenhorn.

Nevertheless, there are a great many Canadians at sea, not only on ships flying the Canadian flag but also on vessels of other flags, principally on ships of United Kingdom registry, and it is my job to try to keep in touch with them and try to find out where they are and make sure they are looked after.

For instance, the Government has devised extensive measures for the protection of Canadian seamen while serving at sea, whether on a Canadian ship or otherwise. These provisions provide scales of compensation for injury and for loss of effects, a scale of pensions to widows and dependents, and an allowance to be paid should seamen be unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners of war. We have a number of Canadian seamen who are prisoners of war and their dependents are now being taken care of by the Canadian Government.

The demands for more and more qualified seamen from Canada, not only to man our own ships but also to assist in the manning of others, are becoming increasingly more numerous and, therefore, in an effort to produce trained men, I was obliged to evolve an entirely new method whereby progressive training could be given, taking advantage of and utilizing certain existing facilities, as well as creating new ones. Under this programme it is made possible for men with qualifying sea experience to receive instruction at existing Nautical Schools to enable them to sit for examination for Officers rank, where we have our greatest shortage. Such selected men will receive pay and lodging and, therefore, it will be no sacrifice for them to stay ashore for a couple of months to qualify as officers. It will improve their own status and we need them badly. Men with necessary qualifications, therefore, receive free tuition, and will be admitted to Manning Pools to enable them to receive board and lodging, or will be granted an adequate subsistance allowance if no Manning Pool is adjacent to the school of instruction.

To procure young men without any sea experience—and after all, we have to start at the beginning—two schools were devised. The first is a Marine Engineering Instructional School, located in this Province, where young men receive instruction in engine room and stoke-hold duties. As a matter of fact, the first class has graduated and been placed in a Manning Pool, and are now ready for ships needing such men.

The second school is a little more extensive in scope. It is a Sea Training School, located on the East Coast, which is presently being completed. Suitable candidates will be selected and I hope to draw from the Sea Cadet organizations throughout the Dominion. These boys will be placed in school where they will receive an intensive and comprehensive course of seamanship, exactly similar to that given in Sea Training Schools operated in the United Kingdom, which will qualify them to go to sea as Ordinary Seamen. These Ordinary Seamen will pass from the school to the Manning Pool, and from there employment at sea will be arranged.

I am further studying the possibility of boys with better education being admitted to this School, with a view to placing them at sea as Cadets or Apprentices.

At both these schools, board and lodging will be provided during tuition, as well as remuneration at $21 a month for a single man and $50 a month for a man with dependents.

I think my time is going and I am trying to compress into a few sentences what I have to say.

I have told you of the extensive measures taken to protect the Merchant Seamen. These are facts which I have assembled and summarized in public for the first time. There are others that I cannot now state. The opportunity you have given to me of presenting this subject before such a distinguished body as this, as well as the opportunity of having my speech broadcast, will, I hope, give more general knowledge on the question of the Merchant Seamen, who are, as I said at the beginning, the fourth arm of the Fighting Services. They are those of whom the Psalmist says: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep".

I thank you for lisening to me so patiently and I hope that I have done the Merchant Seamen some good by bringing their case, even so inadequately, to your notice. Thank you very much. (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Ladies and Gentlemen: While Mr. Randles was talking to us, there came back to my mind an experience of the last war, when I happened to be in charge of an Infantry working party that was loaned to the Engineers for tunnelling purposes. Miners were doing the actual cutting, but this party of mine had to carry out in sand bags the rock and the dirt that was being dug from the tunnels that were pushed out towards the German front line from our own. There was a main tunnel—branches off it—sub-branches—branches again—and right at the far end, for the first time in my life, I listened to a microphone. Listening to it I could hear "Pick—Pick—Pick—Pick"—and I said to the Engineer officer in charge, "Is that the Germans digging?" "Yes". I asked, "Doesn't it scare you?" He answered, "It doesn't scare us as long as we hear him. It is when he stops digging that the trouble starts". Apparently as soon as either side stopped digging, the other side also stopped, and then began a hectic tamping up with an explosive followed by a so-called "blow" by one side or the other. This happened at least once every twenty-four hours.

The Engineer officer in charge was on continuous duty for ten days, just taking cat-naps when he could. Ten days of intense responsibility, often with men buried and having to be dug out by themselves and the remainder of their miners, with danger of gas as well as falling earth. I wasn't surprised to learn that when his turn of ten days was completed, he had twenty days leave, with a free pass covering all France, and with a motor bicycle and gasoline. There were three Engineers working in shifts like that of ten days on, twenty days off.

I think that the job that the Merchant Navy is doing today must be somewhat comparable with that tunnelling job. The men of the Merchant Navy are civilians doing their own peace time job under the tensest war conditions, with bravery that is unexcelled, with inadequate self-defence, often with inadequate defence even in convoy, and yet returning to their job, time and time again, despite disaster. Even if we sustain the appeal which Mr. Randles has presented to us today, the provision of a few of the ordinary material comforts of life, which we ourselves have in such abundance, is a pitiably trivial recognition of what these men are doing and facing.

Canada is fortunate that it has at the head of its Merchant Navy a man who has had a lifetime of experience in shipping organization. Canada is fortunate that Mr. Randles should be on loan to the Dominion Government from the Cunard White Star Line, in order to accept the responsibility for the administration of this vital life-line which is doing so much toward helping to win the war. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, in your name I say to Mr. Randles, that we thank him sincerely for sparing time out of an over-full, crowded, busy life, to tell us something about this Fourth Arm of our Fighting Services. (Applause.)

"THE PROSPECTS OF INTERNATIONAL ORDER"

An Address By

DR. WILLIAM PATON

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, March 26, 1942

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen: Our guest-speaker today, Dr. William Paton, from London, England, has been justly described as a world citizen and a world statesman.

There are certain movements in which the British Commonwealth of Nations takes part, that are far beyond one country, far beyond one language, far beyond one creed. Some of these movements centre in one outstanding personality. Dr. Paton is one of those outstanding personalities. For five years he was Secretary of the National Christian Council in India, and, just as we know the complexity of the problem of India, we know also the responsibility attaching to the man occupying that position. Since 1938 he has been Secretary of the World Council of Churches, again embracing an enormous movement, stretching over continents.

At this time, Gentlemen, when the world is not only in a state of physical flux but also in a state of mental flux, it is a good thing for us that we should have the opportunity of listening in person to people of the knowledge, the understanding, and the status of Dr. Paton. Therefore, Gentlemen, it is my pleasure and my privilege to present to you Dr. William Paton, who will talk to us on "The Prospects of International Order". Dr. Paton.

Dr. William Paton: Mr. President and Gentlemen: I should like to begin by saying that I am conscious, as a person wearing a clerical collar and consorting normally with people in church life, that I am perhaps doing a rather bold thing in suggesting as a talk to this Club, "The Prospects of International Order". I recognize that I am addressing men of affairs who have a detailed knowledge of the problems of secular life and the choices which have to be faced which I cannot pretend to have. Nevertheless, I hope that I carry you with me when I suggest that we wholly misread the signs of the times, that we fail to understand the nature of the forces which are reshaping the world, unless we realize that political and economic issues are only a part of those that have to be faced, and that moral and, indeed, spiritual questions are at least as fundamental as those of a political or economic type. We need, in fact, almost more than any other single thing, that temper of mind, both in the church (in the narrower sense) and in the great mass of instructed thoughtful lay opinion, which seeks to join together a realistic understanding of the actual choices which confront peoples and statesmen today, and, on the other hand, an appreciation of those ultimate laws, shall I say laws of God, which the universe can only transgress on pain of disaster. And those two things belong together.

A purely realistic outlook—I use the word *realistic* rather in a cant sense—leads one sometimes to a mere determinism, simply waiting for events, and saying, when each one happens, that it was inevitable. Equally, an idealistic attitude leaves one weaving beautiful fabrics of a future world order, which at no point have any real contact with actualities out of which in the present the future is being made.

Now, may I first premise, as the condition of international order, of any kind of international order that we need waste our time in thinking about, the necessity of victory. I am not going to argue that point. It seems to me quite clear that, on the basis of a Hitlerian victory, none of us here will be consulted about the prospect of international order, but, while I am not one of those who identify the Christian religion with victory in war, I do hold that the chances of building up a Christian civilization—I say *the chances,* I don't say more than that—the chances of building up a Christian civilization do in fact depend upon a victory. By a victory I mean at least these three things:

First of all, the complete evacuation of the conquered territories;

Secondly, the ending of those tyrannies which are associated with such phrases as "Gestapo" and "the Nuremberg Decrees," and similar offences against the moral law in Japan;

And, thirdly, adequate guarantees against the revival of militaristic and aggressive tyranny.

I shan't say more about that. We have now the Atlantic Charter. Some think it doesn't go far enough. Some think it goes too far. It is the statement made by the leaders of the two great Democracies, the British Commonwealth and the United States. Remember, in that statement it is laid down clearly that those who set their hands to that statement desire that, beyond victory, there shall be a world order, economic and political, in which all, including vanquished, get a fair deal.

Now, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, let us recognize the extreme complexity—indeed, I would say, the extreme grimness—of the prospect which in fact will face the world. I sometimes find people who seem to think that victory will in itself solve all problems. I doubt if any of you here, with your personal knowledge of affairs, are likely to fall into that kind of trap.

My mind naturally is full now of Europe. I only left England in the middle of February. I have, even under war conditions, had a good deal of touch through the various channels still open, with the Continent of Europe, and none of us who live on the edge of Europe can have any illusions about the nature of the situation which is going to face us, of widespread chaos and hunger, (and of need, therefore, for feeding and for policing on a great scale), and psychologically, of an immense amount of fear, revenge, hopelessness, and utter disillusionment.

Think of a young German who has worshipped an idol which is broken and the bottom of whose universe has fallen out. We are going to have all that kind of thing to face in Europe, and, when we think of the Far East and the Middle East, we can see already that there will be problems of a complexity and gravity which we can only yet barely begin to apprehend or indeed even to guess at.

The first necessity, as I say, will be feeding and policing and the starting again of the wheels of industry, and I suppose that none of us doubts that these tasks can be carried out only under some kind of International Reconstruction Commission, at least through the collaboration of nations, and preeminently the collaboration of the British Commonwealth and the United States.

Now, I should like to go a little further on that because there is here, I think, something to be laid hold of, which is far more readily evident to the minds of laymen and men of affairs than it is to some of us who, by our clerical profession, are natuarally addicted to general propositions. I use the word *realistic*. Now, one of the things which has, I believe, to be faced—may I put it in a rather general, almost pedantic, way—is that the future is organic with the present. I mean by that that you never in fact make a jump from where you are now to a more ideal construction of things.

If there is to be in the years after the war, in Europe or anywhere else, a reconstruction of world order, either we use the instruments which are being forged in time of war between the nations, or we have nothing at all to use.

Let me illustrate that from our own experience in the British Isles. We are, as you know, under a regime which grows more and more national and planned day by day. It must be so. We are rationed and, may I say, as one who has enjoyed the sumptuous meals still available on this Continent, it has on the whole done us good! We have lost weight, but that is, in the case of most of us, a very desirable thing to achieve. We have now realized that the national control of food stuffs in time of war, while nobody would desire it to be continued in peace time, has shown us the things that can be done for the mass of the common folk by some coherent dealing with problems of nutrition.

Take the whole mobilization of labour. The Government of Great Britain has complete control of manpower and womanpower. Nobody desires that that shall be continued into the future in its present form, but, when you face the gigantic problems of the future, and the place of Great Britain in them, and the reconstitution of Great Britain itself as it gets back on a peace basis, does anybody imagine that we shall not use (transmuting them, if you like, but, nevertheless, use) the kind of intruments which have been forged in this time of war?

We are doing things for education in Great Britain. There is an intensity of public interest in regard to educational problems and especially in regard to the problems of religious education, such as I have never known in my lifetime. That is a healthy sign. It means that people are instinctively realizing that, under the tension of war, things begin to get done that might not have been done in the more complacent times of peace. Our task is, therefore, so to use and to develop and, as I have said, to transmute these instruments which have been created in wartime, that they become the nucleus of a more organized order in the days to come.

Now, if that is true, as I think it is true, of a single country like Great Britain, and, as I have no doubt it is, of Canada, it is surely true internationally. Let me take one example. Take the blockade. Now, the Ministry of Economic Warfare in Great Britain, a very large far-reaching organization with ramifications over the entire globe, in the days when there were neutral countries in Europe, had to develop a very elaborate knowledge of the needs of different countries. There was a kind of rationing. We had to find out how much ought to go through for the needs of a country in order that they might not have more that might be passed on to the enemy. The matter is simple and well known to you all. But it is also the case that there has been gathered together both a mechanism and a mass of knowledge which will be turned to the vast task of feeding and reorganizing great tracts of the earth. That kind of knowledge and that kind of instrument can be transmuted into the interests of peace.

And so I might go on. We have in Great Britain a number of governments of United Nations. They are now periodically gathering together. I, as a mere lay outsider, know no more of their operations than anybody else does through the columns of the press. Yet, it is difficult to repress in one's mind the thought that here is something beginning in wartime, a collaboration of governments, which may be developed into something greater and more permanent in time of peace.

The point I wish to make is simply this (and the precise content of it will be enlarged according to the knowledge of each one of you) that, unless we do in fact use these instruments which are being created under the stress of war, nationally and internationally, *we shall have nothing to use.* And that is to my mind the great argument against all efforts to create ideal constructions. Things don't happen that way. What we need to do rather is to discern what is happening; to understand the direction in which things can be got to move; to see the dangers, the possibilities, the hopes, that are inherent in the trends of the time; and in that way to make the future, as I say, organic with the present.

Now, Mr. President, behind all that there lies, of course, the question: what is to be the aegis of power under which world order can be rebuilt? I take it that none of us here is likely to doubt the essential political truth that there can be no stable organization, whether national or international, which is not undergirded by power. Power is not evil, neither is it good. It is in our human world, a world of frail and sinful men, a necessity to any stable society. As Lord Acton said in one of his most famous remarks, "Power is corrupting; absolute power is absolutely corrupting." Christians, in particular, should not forget that. I shall come back to that later.

That does not alter the fact that there is no such thing as stable organization, whether national or international, which is not undergirded by power. Therefore, let us ask the question: what is to be the aegis of power under which the aims of men for an international order can be carried out? It seems to me that, in the great march of history, (which, I think, by a Christian or any other of theistic mind is to be regarded as the working of the Providence of God), there is emerging a fourfold concentration of power. And by "power" I don't, of course, mean only, nor perhaps even primarily, armed power, though I do mean that. I mean also economic power.

Those four great blocs of power are, I think, coming to be seen to be the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of America, Soviet Russia, and China. Acting on my principle that the future begins now, that you do not make a jump, but that you build on what is happening, the task of creating in the world a responsible control of power, is, in other words, the task of drawing together these four great blocks of power—the British Commonwealth, the United States, Soviet Russia, and China. I say China, because, while she may be less organized in power than are the other three, it is upon her that Far East peace depends. Upon the drawing together of these four great blocs of power, with the Atlantic Charter open behind us, depends the hope of evolution into a fully international system of power. It is upon the correlation of these four blocs of power, then, that, I think, the future depends, and I would say again, that it is far better, far more useful, far more hopeful, to think in that way. I may be wrong about my details, but I claim it is more sensible, it is more fruitful, to think in that kind of way than only to give oneself to the ideal construction of international government of world states. These things are valuable as directing and corrective, but the question that practical men, and, I would say, Christian men, have got to face is: where do we go from here?; what do we do next?; what are the concrete steps that offer?

I have often quoted a remark once made in my hearing by the late Lord Lothian, who said "The task of a statesman is to do the best that a given situation will allow him to do." That is also the case with us and I claim therefore, that what we have got to do, whether we agree with each other or not, is to try to discern the signs of the times and to strive to see how the things that are happening and that may be brought to happen can themselves become the nucleus, the token, if you like, of a fuller and more international order.

Now, may I, at this point, interject something on a problem which I feel is in the minds of all thoughtful people. That is the problem of Russia. I am not going to minimize the depth and the gravity of the differences which exist between the Soviet, with its economy and its ideology, (if you will forgive me for using that nasty word), and the fundamental practices and institutions of the British Commonwealth or of the United States. No man who is not a fool will fail to realize that, as these differences are great, so also are the difficulties in understanding. Nevertheless, my belief is that we are living in one of the great historic moments of the world. Last June there happened something of world-historic importance. The isolation of Russia was ended. Russia, with her 180 millions of people, occupying a tract of land from Poland to Japan and from the North Pole to the borders of India, that vast people with vast resources had been cut off by a great high wall from virtually any knowledge of the western democracies, and the western democracies were cut off from any knowledge of Russia. There had grown up much ignorance, much misunderstanding, and now, by the action of Adolf Hitler, the veil has been torn away, the wall has been broken down, and there is now the opportunity of something happening which could not have happened at any time in the last generation. As I see it, you have the meeting of these two great opposites, or rather I would say, complementary forces: on the one hand, ourselves, with our, may I say, Christian civilization, our love of freedom, our incarnation of freedom in political institutions, and, at the same time, our inability in peace time—I think now of my own country—to eradicate from our body politic the enervating, paralyzing fact of unemployment; and on the other hand, Russia, under a tyranny, governed by an atheistic philosophy, yet still largely a country of Christians. I have mentioned to one or two audiences in Toronto that the *Journal of the Militant Godless League,* which has now been wound up,—I mean the Journal, I don't think the League has,—says in the last number that two-thirds of the people in the Russian villages and one-third of the people in the Russian cities and towns are still Christian.

We may not too rashly equate Russia with atheism. She has a government which is pursuing a clear cut and intelligent view of life and understanding of man, which must be taken seriously, and is based upon a clear cut and coherent philosophy. At the same time, none of us can fail to realize that the organized working class all over the world, whatever its thought about Russian tyrannies, has always looked to Russia as a place where the economic security of the common man ranks among the first things in the consideration of the state.

Now, these two diverse bodies have come together. The opportunities of understanding and intercourse are still very slight. They will grow, they must grow. In proportion as our help to Russia becomes real, our countries will be drawn closer together in understanding. I have no proposition to make; I have no easy solution to offer. I do earnestly hope that the question of religious freedom will be raised again between us. I do believe that in this vast matter of Russia we should recognize the magnitude of the issues at stake, that these are great world historical moments in which we are living, and that we should lend our influence to processes of understanding and mutual learning from each other.

Then a word, a very brief one, just to get in the thought that we in the Western Democratic countries must learn to take the East far more seriously,—and I don't mean by that merely to take it more seriously as a field of industry. I mean to take it more seriously as being populated by peoples of ancient civilizations, people who have dignity, people we ought to recognize as having their own initiative in the affairs of the world. I imagine that there are but few of us who have lived through these last weeks and have thought of China and Japan and Malaya and the Dutch East Indies and Burma and India, who haven't realized that a whole chapter was being rolled up before our eyes, and that we were moving on into a new period of world history in which at least we may be quite certain that the East will have a place of her own, as, in the eyes of so many Western men, she has not had.

Now, in closing, I don't think I abuse the hospitality of this Club if, very shortly, I mention one or two things in which I think the church, by which I mean the whole great body of persons who call themselves Christian, can help in this whole business. Much of what I have said depends upon the decisions of statesmen, backed up by public opinion. But there are, as I said before, deeper issues at stake than either the political or the economic. I would say first that, if there is to be a real control of power, it must, in the last resort, rest upon the sense that earthly power is derived from God and is to be responsible to Him.

I quoted Lord Acton with his famous remark about the corrupting nature of power. Part of the case for democracy is, I think, that, by the diffusion or distribution of power, you tend, so far as any political system can, to minimize the dangers of absolute power. Even so, you are never fool-proof. There is no short cut, in terms of politics, to the complete avoidance of tyranny, and I know no way whereby power can, in the last resort, be made responsible, except that there be people who will constantly witness to the fact that all power is of God, that the state enjoys power which is given to it by God, and that, therefore, the state, the government, the ruling people, the judges, are responsible to the God who made them, for the power which they use.

And I can conceive one of the jobs of the church in any decent society to be a constant reminder of that supremacy of the power of God.

Secondly, many of you must have realized, even with the very scanty news that the cables bring us, how important in Europe today is the stand which is being taken by the Churches. I don't want to exaggerate. I hate, very much, exaggeration by what I might call professional Christians, of the power of the church, its influence, its extent. I am well aware that Christians are a small minority in the world, even perhaps in our so-called Christian countries. Yet, in Norway, in Holland, in the little occupied countries of Europe, in the Confessional Church in Germany, in the little church groups in France, you have got case after case of the fundamental protest against iniquity, the fundamental witness to righteousness, centering in groups of Christian people, and with leaders who have shown, I think, quite amazing courage. I think of Bishop Berggrav, now thrown out of his Bishopric, Primate of Norway. I think of the churches in Holland with their protest against the anti-Semitic laws imposed against Holland. I think of the same things in France. I think of Niemoller, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Muenster with his noble protests against the iniquity of the Gestapo. These men in Germany are not on our side, politically. They want Germany to win the war, but they are still people prepared, at immense personal risk, to lift up their voices for righeousness against the entrenched and embattled power of evil in high places. I say those people are people we can talk to, and there are a lot of men in Europe today whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, who have stood things most of us would not have the courage to stand, who know one another, and who, in these years of the drawing together of the churches of the world, have learned to love and trust one another, and who, although they can't meet now, have a fellowship present in faith, if not in sight.

Now, all I urge is this, that, when the statesmen are looking for the principle of world order, deciding between this and that,—Federal Union, and regional organization, and world courts, and all the rest of it,—there is in existence a certain fundamental human unity, a kind of cross section of humanity, of people who differ in language and colour and forms of government and wealth and education, but who are united in one thing, which is common religious loyalty. This is not just words. I remember, some years ago, I had the good fortune to visit Japan. I remember talking with various Christians whom I got to know, about some most difficult questions on which our respective countries radically differ. One had the sense all the time, that, while there were great differences between us, yet, nevertheless, we started from a certain unity which we had not created. We started from within a certain loyalty which bound us both. And that, I think, is a real fact of some importance for the world.

Here we are going to have this grim future, with all this chaos, and hate, and revenge, and fear, of which I have spoken. At least we are going to have little islands, little oases, scattered about, of people who have been through the fire, of people who have held fast, of people who have gone on believing in one another across the boundaries of race.

I don't claim too much for this. I claim very little, in the secular sense, but no man of imagination, no man, I think, of spiritual imagination and sensibility, can fail to see how great might be the possibilities inherent in such a supra-national fellowship as that of the Christian Church.

Now, in my last minute, may I venture one other suggestion, which I think goes very deep down to the basis of our very understanding of man and the world. I suppose, Sir, that most democratic persons of British stock, if we were asked what the war is about, would say something about freedom, liberty, or, perhaps, the value of the individual man, the sacredness of the individual. I can well understand that, and I say it, too. But I would just say this, that we need to realize on what all that is based. There are great masses of people in our western lands who, in fact, have ceased to believe in God, and for whom the world of reality is an unending flux of change, matter in motion, rising and falling cultures, civilization, economic forces interlocking, an endless flux and change, and that is all that is known.

Now, if that is all that we know, I do not know what we can say to the people who urge that a great nation or race or class is a more important thing than a man. There is more of it, it is bigger. Why should it not be right, if all we know is this endless moving flux, for the larger entity to have more importance than a man?

But, if, on the other hand, the thing that Christians have believed, placing themselves—don't let us forget this—upon the noblest insight of Old Testament prophesy, if the things Christians believe are true, then man is fundamentally one whom God made, one to whom God speaks, one who has been made so that he knows no peace on earth until he does the will of God.

More than that, a man is one for whom the Son of God was content to die. Now, this isn't going to become a sermon, but surely, if this is true, it is of the most immense and immediate relevance to this question of freedom. And if these things are true, there is a link between the humblest human creature and Eternity. You can't make such a one, of whom this is true, into a cross-section of a racial bloodstream, or a mere unit in a national entity, or anything like that, because he has a link with Eternity.

I say, therefore, this doctrine of God is the basis of human freedom and, as I mentioned to our Chairman during the luncheon, it is one of the paradoxes of our time that mankind has been trying during the whole humanistic period to erect the values of humanity in their own right, and has landed in various kinds of idolatry of nation and race and class. The paradoxical truth is, that it is when you place the values of humanity upon man's dependence upon God, that you achieve real freedom, and either these things are not true or they are of supreme relevance to the world of politics as well as to the world of religion. (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Dr. Paton, it is my privilege, on behalf of the audience in this hall, and on behalf of the audience on the air, to try to say "Thank you" for this thoughtful and thought-provoking address. I think, Sir, you put your finger on the thing of which some of us are already half conscious. That is, our acceptance, so to speak, of the inevitability of inevitability. Perhaps it is our greatest weakness of this moment, because, Sir, as you say, it tends to make us misread instead of discern the signs of the times.

Gentlemen, on the physical side, history has to reach back to the time when invading hordes spewed themselves over Euro-Asia, to find a world conflict as great as the conflict today. On the mental side, history has to reach back to the Renaissance or the French Revolution for anything that can possibly parallel the mental influences of this conflict. As we look back at the vast panoramic changes that have taken place in one epoch and another, we cannot help wondering—couldn't people then see what was happening?

Sir, you have asked us today: Can't we see what is happening? Or do we not follow that human failing of tending to take the landmarks in life as solving future problems? When a boy goes to public school, when he goes into high school, life is solved. When he leaves school and goes into the university, life is solved. When he leaves the university and goes to work, life is solved. When he falls in love, life is solved. When he gets married, life is solved. Instead of this being true, we know that these landmarks merely open up new problems which require not only stability of character but also real wisdom for their solution, because, as one grows older, the problems of life become more and more complex.

We stand facing another landmark today, and, Sir, as you have so emphatically pointed out to us, a stable peace will depend not only on victory, which is a physical thing, but also on preparedness for peace, which is mental as well as physical. On behalf of this dual audience, Sir, may I express to you our gratitude for your stimulating, your thoughtful, and, as I said before, your thought-provoking address. (Applause.)

"THE CIVILIAN FRONT LINE"

An Address By

A. E. ROBERTS

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, April 2, 1942

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen: The whole world knows that Hitler has introduced a totally new kind of warfare. It isn't merely the intense mechanization of forces; it isn't merely the use of that mechanism as a spearhead which, so to speak, mushrooms out once it has penetrated the opposing line; it isn't merely the development of an Intelligence Service and of spies in co-ordinated Fifth Columns; it includes also the intensification of bombing from aeroplanes, and the bombing not only of military but also of civil targets. And in this, as we know, he is making a calculated attempt to impede military strategy, to stop, if possible, military mobility; and, secondly, he is aiming to destroy civilian morale.

Where the destruction of civilian morale has succeeded, the populations have been able to do nothing but endure. Where these tactics have failed, as they have so notably in England, it is because of the carefully organized preparations which were made for meeting the attack. Those preparations in Britain have, in effect, put the whole civilian population in the front line.

The Empire Club of Canada and its visitors are particularly fortunate today in having Mr. Roberts come from London, England, to tell us of his own experiences in organizing that civilian front line. As you all know, he was Warden of District D in the east end of London during that terrific blitz there, and he was an A.R.P. official for Manchester. It is, therefore, a particular pleasure, Gentlemen, to present to you Mr. Roberts, who will talk to us on "The Civilian Front Line". Mr. Roberts. (Applause.)

MR. A. E. ROBERTS: When Mr. Comber telephoned to me, and asked me to come along and give you this talk, I had rather mixed feelings about it. You see, these introductions I have had for my various talks in Toronto have been very pleasing to listen to, but I still feel a little embarrassed about it all, because over home I am only a small cog in a very vast machine. I felt, however, that it is my duty, as it is also the duty of any other of us who are over here, to give at least some idea of what you can do to prevent the repetition here in Canada of the blitzing of England.

The civilian front line is a rather vast subject to cover. It embraces the fire service, bomb disposal squads—our old friends "delayed action", that the Jerries are fond of. It embraces the first aid services, the public utilities, the transport, with the problem of feeding thousands of people and clothing them when they are bombed. All these problems can only be settled by an efficient, well organized, and well trained, organization.

Up to the time of the war in the Pacific, Canada had not, in my opinion, felt it very necessary to do more than ground work in air raid precautions. But I think the entry of Japan, especially in one particular, the Pearl Harbour incident, has taught us the real lesson of how fast this mobile type of warfare can move. Had I been asked in London six months ago, to which part of the Empire I would evacuate all our children for safety, I would have said, without hesitation, that the point furthest removed from the centre of conflict was British Columbia. As you all know, in a few short hours British Columbia came straight into the front line, as close to the fighting as our southeast coast.

Interest has, therefore, been developed more greatly in A.R.P., and I am here to give you an idea of how the organization works, and how a Warden works, and also to tell you that the blitz is not altogether the grim affair that some people would like to have it. It even has its light side.

I am going to give you an idea of the control room. In that room, buried twenty feet underground, we have a table, and on that table is marked a complete map of the whole area of ——— in Manchester and ———, barring the big industrial centre. On that map is marked every fire hydrant, every doctor, police station, fire post, first aid post, public utility—that is the gas and light and water—and from that map we work out our plan of action for the blitz.

With his usual mechanical regularity, Jerry, when he starts out to blitz a place, develops it in the one spot he wishes to go to. That is to say that, in England, if we have the warning at half past six in the evening, during the winter months, we can guarantee practically that we are in for a twelve hour blitz, at least, and that area becomes a focal point of all control rooms around us.

Attached to the control room you have a certain number of fire pumps, a certain number of ambulances, a number of messengers, nurses, doctors, decontamination squads, bomb disposal squads. But, with the intense blitzing a district can go through, these services are sometimes inadequate. That has been provided for, as the control room, which is only a district control, is linked with the larger controls, going back to regional.

It is, therefore, possible for the A.R.P. officers at each table to pass through these controls an idea of what he will need as the raid progresses. Sitting also at the table, each with a 'phone in front of him, are your Fire Officer, Gas Officer, Rescue and Excavation and First Aid Officers.

These men have a direct line to a switchboard which is connected with their headquarters. Also on the wall are other 'phones. We have a 'phone direct to the Fighter Command, to Police Headquarters. In other words, practically every contingency that can happen is already provided against in that control room.

But I can liken that room to a body that is dead. It has no life. It has all the means of life at its disposal, but it lacks nerves. And for the A.R.P. work we must have nerves. The nerves are the ordinary wardens on the street. He is, after all, the most important man in the whole organization. He is the General on the battlefield, in that he is the centre of operations, and it is only by means of his information that we in control can move to his point the various services that are required. For this reason, then, it is obvious that the warden himself must be a well-trained man.

I am going to introduce the warden as the wet nurse to the general public, which is what he has become. He has to be an encyclopedia of information for his own area. Before the war, we were issued with certificates of training, in peacetime, which entitled us to act as Air Raid Wardens. I am going to read the certificate to you, because I want to say a few words about it:

"Air Raid Precautions: This is to certify that Arthur Ernest Roberts, of so-and-so, has completed a course of anti-gas training, held under the auspices of the A.R.P. Committee of the ———— Council, and passed an examination of proficiency, proving sufficient knowledge of anti-gas measures to act as a member of the Air Raid Wardens Service."

As you know, gas has never been used, but, when we trained, we, like yourselves, had a very poor picture of what aerial warfare could develop into and the damage that it could cause. However, we read of the blitz of Warsaw. We saw pictures, not moving pictures, but still life pictures of some of the damage that was caused. We heard of Spain, but we still did not appreciate or even realize the magnitude of the work that had to be done. So we went around trying to get people interested in A.R.P. and were fairly unsuccessful.

The forty day blitz that developed in September taught us a thousand things that we had to learn under fire, that we should have learned in peacetime. I think I can say that quite a number of people who are casualties and dead now would not have been, had we had even part of the standard of efficiency that we have now.

The Warden, then, must know his area thoroughly; he must know every house, every individual family; he must know how many live in that house, their sex, how many children.

But he has to know other things as well. He has to know, for instance, whether Mr. Smith is on night work, as he may well be for a month. If that is the case, will Mrs. Smith shelter in her own shelter, or go down the street to Mrs. Brown? For this reason we have often sent our rescue and demolition squads to dig up debris, with men endangering their lives all the time, only to find that a few words from the householder to the warden would have obviated this work and would have allowed us to place it where it was really needed. It is a Warden's duty to obtain this information, but it is the householder's duty to keep him up to date. The householders may well ask him: "where do I go when I am bombed?" He has to know where his rest centres are and exactly how much these rest centres will do for the people. He must be prepared to carry out all sorts of little jobs.

The great public of England are still as skeptical as ever, and still as scared of ridicule as we always have been. One of my wardens reported that a delayed action bomb had dropped at a junction of a street, in a garden, and, following out his normal duties, he started to evacuate the area. There was a house very close to the bomb and he went down into the shelter. He happened to know the chap and told him that Jerry had dropped a bomb in the garden in Number 12. This man, who had been up before on false alarms listening to this and that, said: "Are you sure there is a bomb there?" The warden has to be capable of convincing these people. He has got to be a man of tact, of understanding. He may have to hold the baby while the lady of the house dresses, in her basement, to get out of the area. On occasion he has even had to pack a suitcase for her.

The point there is that this type of person endangers everybody around, for that bomb is ticking, ready to go off. How long it will take, I don't know. I have known a bomb to explode after ten days. It was a bomb that we didn't bother to take up. It was dropped in a field, and it lasted ten days, and then went up with a terrific crash at ten o'clock in the morning. Everybody had forgotten about it.

We cannot afford any lack of education on the part of our public. Everybody here in this room, everybody that I am talking to, has a responsibility not only to himself, but also to his neighbours. He has all this work to learn. When delayed action bombs drop, as I say, he has to evacuate to a safe area. The exact area cannot be defined in the black of night, so he evacuates up to a two hundred yard radius. Then the bomb disposal squads go out, the experts, the Royal Engineers, and the biggest heroes of this war, and they take over, dive down to form an estimate of the size, and, if necessary, we evacuate even further. These boys in the Royal Engineers, I am pleased to have the opportunity of saying, have a complete disregard for danger. There is also the humorous side of their work, which is illustrated by one particular story in London. This delayed action bomb, in its passage through the earth, had cut into a sewer, with the result that a great flood followed. They capped the sewer and pumped the hole out. The following morning, a Royal Engineer laddie was lowered down the hole to defuse the bomb. I would like you to appreciate the fact that he was sitting on half a ton of high explosives and had no knowledge when it was going off, when, much to everyone's horror, his voice came up: "Get me out of here." Up came the lifting tackle, according to routine, and the squad dispersed. Nothing happened, so the Officer, keeping his men away, approached the hole very gingerly. Everything seemed in order, so he called the squad back and asked what was the trouble. The Engineer said: "There's a damned rat down there." A half ton of high explosives that could take him into eternity did not bother him at all, but he definitely wasn't going down the hole while the rat was there. Somebody had to go down and despatch the rat and he was perfectly happy to go down about his work with the bomb. It is the unconsciously acted happenings that they rather lightly laugh at over home.

As regards the first aid, one cannot say sufficient about these girls and men, who go out with their ambulances, and wait while the debris is removed, and then care for the injured. It is not a question of a bomb dropping on a house and these little squads going out and dealing with it. I want you to remember that, all the time they are working, bombs are still dropping, shrapnel is coming down from the barrage. One can never know in which area these high-powered aircraft are, for they move with such speed that the barrage on the sky, lit up against the sky, moves from point to point with astonishing rapidity. One moment a shower of shrapnel will come down, then you will come out and, thinking it is perfectly clear, you will race away to do whatever job you are doing, and again you are peppered. The next morning while you are working, there is the scream of another type of bomb, and down you go again. You see, one has to work through the night. One cannot work as you have been working in your practice blackouts, with streets, and houses, and transports, all there and working.

With regard to that, I should like to stress the importance of the blackout. A light brings bombs. We have proved this conclusively in many areas. One person's carelessness can cause quite a number of casualties. One skylight unscreened brought very severe bombing in a small part of the residential quarters of a town, which probably would have escaped. Actually, everything had been blacked out, but the skylight screen had been taken away by bomb blast.

It is necessary for the warden to be able to move into that area all the services for the incidents that he is reporting. Without his training, he is useless. We have had wardens who have "panicked"—not necessarily "panicked" in the sense of panic, but, in the actual moment of the incident, they have rather lost their heads. They have asked for the wrong services, and we have sent along fire pumps instead of ambulances. Incidents like that could have been avoided by training.

I feel very deeply that, although the vast majority of people here think Toronto is safe, I am going to be totally opposed to the idea and to say "probably safe". In England, we have lost a lot of our famous buildings. A lesson was gained in bitter experience—very bitter. Over here, you have the lesson provided for you and placed at your disposal, which should prevent a repetition of it in Canada.

To go back to our general wet nurse, he is, I think, in about the most dangerous job that we have over there. He must be out during the entire raid. If he doesn't know where to go or what to do, your life and your property are in danger.

I feel that that would be the position here, should the Japanese try a suicide raid. I hear it will probably be in the nature of an advertising stunt. But remember, from the planes will drop real bombs in the nature of advertisements. And if you have failed to take up A.R.P. work, or, at least, to have gained a knowledge of the duties of the householder, what he is required to do, then you are, without doubt, helping Jerry to produce a condition that he has failed utterly to produce in England. The reaction of the general public to the raids over there is one of growing determination to prevent repetitions of each blitz, as it occurs.

To give you some idea of this: in the great fire blitz of 1940, apart from half the City of London blazing, there were two thousand individual fires in Greater London. I want you to visualize the vast amount of material, the large numbers of men, required to bring all these fires under control. Remember that each fire produced its own casualties, a large number of people were required for first aid, a large number of people slept on the wreckage and required beds, a large number of people were required for demolition and excavation. Two thousand fires and the fire of the City of London! Those fires were under control, including the vast blaze, by 3.00 a.m., and were put under control whilst Jerry still droned over the top in waves, dropping his bombs.

How many planes you get in a raid is a problem still. I have never yet known how many planes are in a raid, but we estimated in one raid that the planes came over the City every four and one-half minutes. Each plane can carry two thousand incendiary bombs. Each bomb is capable of starting a fire.

We were caught in the fire blitz. We had paid a lot of attention to A.R.P. regarding high explosives, but had not yet been tested by fire, with the result, as everybody knows, the great fire of London. But now, in later raids—that of the 15th of May, to take a particular one of last year. I was in Manchester when Jerry came over on his heaviest raid since the December blitz. He dropped thousands of incendiary bombs. He started only three fires and those fires were under control, or out, before the raid had finished. This shows how the people have become conscious of the necessity of preparing themselves, and, again, this can be done only in one way. It is, again, the job of the warden, who must patiently go around to form street groups and get one man to act in putting on the roster, the roll of honour, every man and woman, and every boy and girl over the age of sixteen, in that street, to act as fire watchers.

Then, through your letter box, in the evening, comes a small slip of paper, informing you that Mr. A. E. Roberts of Number 11, Mr. Brown of Number 10, Mr. Smith of Number 6, and so on, will form the group for that night's watch.

We have to do this in addition to our A.R.P. duties. I have been in the control one night, and fire watching in the street the next night. Apart from these duties in the blitz, each warden has to go to work, so, you see, his job is no sinecure. But he still finds time to laugh.

There is one story of a lady, who rushed down to the cemetery close to her home, at five o'clock in the morning, when day was breaking. The policeman found her peering through the railing. She asked if there was any damage, and he said: "No, they all look peaceful and safe in there." She said: "I am not so sure of that. My old man is in there and I am thinking of moving him to a safer place." You see the reaction there. The woman thought that the grave of her dead had been desecrated, and, when she found it hadn't been, she reacted against it in the normal way in which they do in London,—they make a joke of it.

People have very often decried the British humour, and have said that we are losing the war because of that sense of humour. I think that is "tommyrot." I think that it is due to that sense of humour that we have been able to take what we have taken at home. (Applause.)

Our small boys are always in the news—the Cockney street news vendor. They are out in the raids, and, before the raid is finished, they are up in the printing offices to get their papers. They paint their small blackboards and put them on the corners and one gets very amusing headlines. They make these up by glancing at the papers. They open the paper, look at it, and then make up the headline and place it on the blackboard. I came down the street one morning on my way to work, and happened to glance at one of the boards. In the paper, at breakfast, I had read that, for the third night in succession, our bombers had blasted Hamburg and Bremen. On this board were these four words: "Hamburg and Bremen. Amen."

The shops also have their own little humorous touches. One morning my Mother said to me: "I am afraid you will get no breakfast—at least no bacon." I said: "Oh, what happened to the pig?" She said: "Well, the shop has been bombed." I asked: "Badly?" She said: "No, it will be opening some time this morning, but we will have to wait until they dig the bacon out from among the margarine and all the rest of the things." On the way to work I passed the shop, and the owner had a notice out: "Yes, we are damaged; but you should see our Branch in Berlin."

Another humorous story is of two charwomen. It is very typical, and I think most of you have heard it before from a gentleman speaking here from England. It is absolutely true. You know the famous charwomen who used to go to the City of London, to clean the offices in the early hours. On the bus, one said to the other: "Thank goodness, the bloomin' raid is over." The other said: "Yes, but it does take your mind off the war."

So you go on from shop to shop. When I refer to the general reaction of the public, I mean this, that each and every one tries to help each and every one else, by doing his best to keep the chin up, and that the only way this can be done is with a smile.

To give a really good illustration of it: one of our big confectionery stores, where jars and jars of sweets and candies used to stand, now shows the same jars absolutely empty. They have had no candies for the kiddies,—at least a very restricted supply,—for some considerable time. Now, that had a damaging effect on the public. The parents looked at those jars and worried, "Why can't the kiddies have candy?" The kiddies looked and thought of the candies they used to have. It was a depressing picture, but the shop proprietor must have gone outside and had a look at the window, and decided that it looked pretty cold. So he got some black crepe, and draped huge bows over each glass jar, and put a card in the centre, "In Sweet Remembrance." Now, whenever they go past the shop, they get this impression, that things aren't so bad, because, before they can think of the empty candy jars, they see the card, and so they get their morning smile.

Thousands of illustrations could be given, but I am afraid I haven't time to give them. You can take it from me, that that sense of humour is going to take England right to the end of this war, and beyond it, in the upbuilding once again. (Applause.)

I have written out a message that I am going to give to you, and I would like everybody to know that I speak from the heart when I say that, in my opinion, these points apply to each and every one of you.

A.R.P. is the business of providing protection for everyone, when, and if, the bombs begin to fall. It is not the other fellow's business. It is a job for everyone, men and women, boys and girls. The trained members of the Civilian Defence Service will be there to help, but maximum protection can be secured only when every Tom, Jack, Margaret, and Harry, stands ready, and knows how, to help himself or herself.

Canada is very lucky that she has been given the chance to get ready. How long that chance will last, no one really knows. But whether the risk of air raids be great or small, it is a gamble we cannot afford to lose on. Preparedness is a small price to pay when our lives, our families, our homes, are at stake.

Every home and building has been furnished with an Instruction Card which tells you most of the things you ought to do in an air raid. Sensible people, no doubt, have studied it carefully and have made their preparations. It's better to be sure than sorry.

The Toronto Civilian Defence Committee is now arranging for public meetings for the purpose of further informing the general public what they may be up against. Films depicting actual raids in Britain will be shown, and experts will be there to show you how to "beat the Blitz." Watch for the announcements of these meetings and make a point of being there. The citizen who is liable to become panicky during a raid because he or she doesn't know what to do, is a poor neighbour. Though unintentionally, he or she is helping the raiders.

Thousands of men and women and young people in Toronto and District have already devoted their leisure, their ability, their time, and, in a good many cases, their money, to train themselves for your protection. They are people, like yourselves, from all walks of life. They do not get a nickel of remuneration. Their spirit is the spirit of London and the spirit of Coventry. They want only to help their neighbours and to make their contribution to the war effort on the Toronto front.

All of us have not the opportunity of getting into the Civilian Defence Services as active members, but we can fit ourselves to co-operate with these Services. Keep in touch with your wardens; consult them; follow their advice. Co-operation and co-ordination of all efforts add up to maximum protection and safety.

But, if you can afford the time to join one of the Civilian Defence Services, why be a slacker? The Fire Services need active, healthy men as auxiliaries, and there can't be too many of them. Think this over: one bomber can carry 2,000 incendiary bombs; allowing for all contingencies, experts figure about 83 of these would start fires in an area of which only 15 per cent was built over; if the bomber were flying at 200 miles an hour, there would be a fire every 60 or 70 yards; and that is only one bomber.

There is also an urgent need for messenger boys, 16 years old and over. These boys have a real job to do—no less than maintaining communications between those who need help and those who can give it, when ordinary means of communication fail.

Have them tell you about a Refuge Room. When and if the air raids come, there should be one room in every house to which the family can move with comparative safety, whatever may be happening around you. It may be your basement. At little expense, it can easily be converted into a fairly comfortable shelter, where you can sit the raid out with a minimum of discomfort. And those who have been through the Blitz are now fairly well agreed that such a shelter provides the maximum of safety.

However, an air raid is no picnic. It is a desperate effort of the enemy to cripple you, because you are important in the war effort. That brings you right into the front line. You have a responsibility to yourself, to your loved ones, to Canada, and to the Allied Nations. You start to discharge that responsibility when you learn how to handle yourself in an air raid.

If and when an air raid comes, there will be no advance publicity. You will be up against the stark reality of fire and destruction dropping from the skies. If you are prepared, you will not be apt to lose your head in the crisis. You will be ready and able to help yourself and to help your neighbours. You will be taking your proper place with those other Canadians, here and overseas, who are saying, "This is my job", and saying it with deeds.

Sufficient progress has been made with Civilian Defence Work in and around Toronto so that it may be expected that future test warnings will be of a surprise character, with no other notification than that of the sirens sounding the warning for action. The good citizen will be ready. He will know what to do. He will not start running around in circles, or jamming the telephone wires, or pestering people who know their jobs and are doing them.

He will be standing on his own two feet, shoulder to shoulder with other good citizens, helping to stand off the Blitz.

As a good Irishman might say: "The worst never happens; but, when it does and you are ready, it's not so bad."

So, I call on all citizens who are listening to me, to ensure that they are prepared to do their jobs, if air raids come. If they never come, so much the better; we shall all be better citizens for having striven to help one another in the face of an emergency.

England has lost a number of her famous buildings—buildings which will never be replaced. She has placed at your disposal the experience gained in a bitter lesson, to help you prevent a repetition of such happenings here.

Your own brothers and fathers are fighting overseas in an effort to halt the enemy at that point. It is your responsibility here not only to keep them supplied with the materials they need, but also to guard their homes and families, to guard your factories, to keep the wheels turning and the material line growing.

You can learn your lesson in one of two ways: in peace and comfort or beneath a rain of bombs.

I have heard, on several occasions, over your radio, the inspiring call: "Come on, Canada, buy Victory Bonds." I am going to add another call, a call to every citizen with a stake in this country, a call to the civilian front line of Canada, now so close to the war: "Come on, Canada, be in Time." (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Many people in this audience, and many people who have been listening over the air, are giving all they can to Air Raid Precautions. But, Mr. Roberts, you make me, for one, feel a little humble and a little ashamed that, taking our communities as a whole, we are so lacking in vision and so lacking in imagination, that we are slow to give an adequate response to the leadership of our Province, our City, our fire and our police officials. We are thrilled by the stories of bravery that come from England, but, Mr. Roberts, you have driven home today the fact that bravery itself, however admirable, isn't enough. We feel that bravery, wherever it is needed, will be forthcoming wherever English speaking peoples live. But you have made us realize that it is discipline and organization, as well as bravery, that have enabled Britain to face this physical destruction without morale disruption.

We offer you, Mr. Roberts, our gratitude for bringing us this invaluable gift of your own practical experience, and we thank you for urging us to do something now, during this, perhaps very short, period of borrowed time—borrowed time which has been thrown to us with a brave gesture by those people who have been, and who are still, facing the actual blitz.

Mr. Roberts, I convey to you the thanks of this audience and the audience on the air for your most interesting, most instructive, and most stimulating address. (Applause.)

"AXIS OCCUPATION OF HOLLAND"

An Address By

MR. K. S. FUNG

Consul at Toronto of the Republic of China

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, April 9, 1942

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Your Worship and Gentlemen: There are a great many lessons that we have already learned from this war. I mention just two. One is illustrated by the cartoon that, doubtless, you all saw in the *New York Times* last week, where a small boy and an elderly gentleman with a beard represented "Too Little and Too Late." It is only too true that we did too little and too late to save our outposts in the Pacific, and now it is taking precious time for us to consolidate our forces and our material in order adequately to strike back.

The second big lesson, I think, is that of under-estimation. We underestimated the strength and the brutality of Japan, and I think it is true to say that her atrocities have aroused a hatred that has not been called up by any previous episode in an already bitter war. We also underestimated (and again thank God that we did) the force, the vitality, and the bravery of China. (Applause.) Until quite recently we had a very inadequate idea of what China had been enduring and had been doing in the cause of democracy long before we entered the war ourselves.

Therefore, it is a pleasure today to present to this audience Mr. Fung, the Chinese Consul at Toronto. His presence with us, so soon after his arrival in Canada, enables us to extend to him our most cordial welcome, and gives us an opportunity of hearing his story of what China is doing, side by side with the Allied Nations, in this fight for the freedom of the world. I present to you Mr. Fung. (Applause.)

Mr. K. S. Fung: Mr. President, Your Worship, and Gentlemen: May I say what a great honour and privilege I consider it to be here as the guest of this distinguished gathering. I arrived in Toronto only a week ago, and at present have not found even a Consulate or living quarters. When your distinguished President extended the cordial invitation to me to be your guest here, I intended, therefore, to plead with him to delay it for a few weeks, but he did it so kindly, I had not the heart to decline. I accepted with the greatest pleasure.

I have read your announcement, and you pay me the great compliment to say I have a perfect command of English. I wish it were true, but, as you see, it is not. As a matter of fact, I have not been speaking much English for nearly nine years, and it was not until six months ago that I returned to an English-speaking country.

Now, I have not prepared an address, a formal address, but I have thought out some of my ideas to present to you. I believe a written speech is not interesting, because, then, you are hearing not the person who is addressing you, while, I suppose, your cordial interest is in the speaker as well as in what he has to say.

I would like to tell you a few experiences I had in Holland. I was in that country when the War started, and left only six months ago, being there for a year and a half during the German occupation. There are many reports and many despatches from the country in the newspapers, but I will tell of things I saw, heard, and learned, personally.

When the Germans came to Holland, they came without warning, and none was aware of it. Holland was well prepared, and the people were determined to fight the Germans. They thought they could prevent invasion, but found that they could not. They then became discouraged, and it was a tragedy, because the Dutch are a most brave and patriotic people. I cannot relate all the things that happened in the invasion. However, the Germans came first to Rotterdam, being a half hour's journey from The Hague. They said to the Dutch, "Surrender", and, of course, the Dutch, who were so well prepared, did not surrender. The Germans wiped out the whole business section of Rotterdam. When I went back the next day, I could not recognize the place because everything in that section of activity was entirely wiped out.

People say that that was a warning Germany was giving to France, that, unless the latter surrendered, it would suffer the same fate as did Rotterdam. When the Germans completed this job, they forwarded a message to the Commanding General at The Hague, something like: "Well, will you surrender? If you don't, other cities such as The Hague and Utrecht will suffer the same fate as did Rotterdam." The Commanding General had absolute power to say whether or not they would surrender. The reply was that Holland would surrender. But, please bear in mind, it was not because the Dutch wanted to surrender, but because the enemy's power was so overwhelming.

When the Germans completed the occupation, they set up two branches of government to rule Holland. One was the Military Branch, and the other, the Civil. The former took charge of policing, and the latter, of administration. Now, here was the clever thing that the Germans did. They branched out all the Quisling Associations, that is, all the Dutch National Socialist Party. They branched them out, and they were like drug stores—one at every corner. The other thing they did was to attempt to appease the people, with the least advantage to the government, so they abolished all taxes on the bicycle. As you know, the majority of Dutch people ride bicycles, and the

Germans, therefore, were trying to please the masses, without any cost to themselves. Next, they took possession, without compensation, of goods and food. I actually saw miles and miles of vehicles filled with goods and food which the Germans took from individuals, organizations, or shops. Of course, no one knew what they were going to do with these things, but one theory was that they would exchange them for oil or other articles. The vehicles, too, did not stay very long in Holland. They also disappeared, and only a very few were left.

Another thing the Germans did was to ration food and all goods and materials. When the Germans took away food, they did not take it away by robbery. No! They had a cleverer way of doing it—they bought it. And where did the money come from? From the Dutch Treasury which they had cleaned up. The people said they even took the government printing press and turned out paper money. So, when the Germans bought anything, they paid for it with money. The Dutch couldn't say they were robbed of the foods or of their goods. That is the way the Germans are doing things in Holland. By this method, they were able to buy four million pounds of cheese, and also, in this way, to take so many things that very soon there was little left for the Dutch. Even six months before I left, the egg ration was only one per person, per month. Therefore, when you had two eggs and a piece of bacon, you would have had two months' rations. The whole food question was like that.

Did the Germans suffer from this? No! Only the Dutch suffered.

Beside German soldiers, there were also German civilians, and almost all of these men and women belonged to war work sections. Their ration cards were not issued by the Civil branch, but by Military headquarters, so how much the Germans got, no one knew.

The Germans had many privileges I will recount one to you. I happened at that time to know a German girl who came from Berlin on a visit, and she wanted to buy many things. I asked her whether or not she had any coupons, and her reply was that she hadn't—as a matter of fact, that she didn't need any. So I went with her to the store, and was very much surprised. She got everything she asked for by only showing her German passport. I saw her buy sixteen pairs of stockings and four pairs of shoes. That would last a Dutch woman between four and six years. In actual fact, no Dutch woman could buy a pair of shoes without applying for them six months ahead of time, or without having three personal examinations, a personal search, and a personal affidavit,—but this German girl could buy, by simply showing her German passport. Because I knew her, I said, "Why, these things belong to the Dutch!" The Dutch couldn't get these things, but the enemy received everything they wanted. This is only one incident, but there were many even more significant than this.

Talking of incidents, you have naturally heard of the concentration camps in Germany. They are surrounded by barbed wire, and there is a rule that no inmate can go near a fence without his name being called. So, when a guard in one of these camps felt lonely or dull, and wanted to amuse himself, he would call the names of the newcomers, who, because of their ignorance of the rule, would naturally walk towards the fence. When they did so, the German guard, for sheer amusement, would shoot them dead on the spot. I have not seen it myself, but have read of this German amusement in confidential reports.

Germans, generally, do not allow people to be in the street after midnight, and sometimes they made the curfew at 6.00 p.m. If men or women were caught in the street after midnight, they were arrested and turned over to the Gestapo. What did they do with them? They simply lined them up, standing at attention, and ordered them to hold up both hands. From that time, from the time of their arrest 'till sunrise, they had to stand with their arms up. As you know, in the double summertime, the sun doesn't rise in Holland until 9.00 or 9.30. Think of any Dutchman, or of anyone, having to stand that way for twelve or more hours, just for being found in the street without a permit after curfew.

The Dutchman couldn't fight because of the strength of the occupying force, but the former didn't sit quietly and do nothing. What did they do? They had their ingenious way of sabotage. This sabotage was not limited only to skilled agents. Sometimes a little schoolboy would do sabotage work; sometimes a gentleman of sixty or even eighty. I cannot say too much about this, because I do not want the Germans to get the benefit of it, but I can mention some things that are known to a great number of people.

The chief act of sabotage, of course, was to cut the cables, or in any way to interfere with German communication. In Holland there are many canals. Sometimes they would lure German soldiers to a quiet spot and push them into the water.

There is also the telephone. Patriotic Dutchmen found out the 'phone numbers of Quislings, and many would call them. One loyal Dutchman would say to another, "When you have time, just call this number and say, How do you do?" Having called the number, he would add, "Why don't you go to the moon?" In Holland, perhaps you don't know, to "go to the moon" means to "go to the devil."

Yet another method, and one that interferes with German communication, is for people to write many letters, each giving a wrong address, so that there would be a great waste of time in the postal service.

Some of the newspapers, too, helped a great deal, but not openly. When the Germans issued an order, an editor would write it up in his paper for the people to read, but would twist it so cleverly that the public wouldn't know what was meant by it.

The Dutch did even cleverer things, too. As you know, they make a lot of canned goods, especially canned milk and canned beef. When the Germans ordered a quantity of canned goods, the factories said, "Alright. We are glad to have your order, and it will be ready at your disposal at the exact time." But, when the stuff got to the German frontier, it was found to be rotten. The Dutch did not put poison into the cans, which would be inconvenient for the producer. What did they do? They put a tiny hole in each can.

The Dutch are suffering mentally, physically, and spiritually, and, before I left Holland, their hope was pinned on England. Now, of course, they pin their hope on the United Nations. I wish you could see how the people rejoice when they hear English planes over Holland. They say, "Z-z-z-z-z— there is an English plane." At one time at Rotterdam, a British bomber came so low that the crew could almost shake hands with the population. How anxious they were to see the British bombers come, either to bomb Holland or to go on their way to Germany!

What the Germans are doing in Holland is, more or less, what the Japanese are doing in China and all lands they occupy. Under such despotism, cruelty, inhumanity, barbarism, there is no joy in living, and we have to clean up this Naziism and this Nipponese despotism.

China has lived thousands of years, and we have suffered brutality and cruelty, not just once, but many times, and we could cite historical instances parallel to Naziism and what Japan is practising. Our race has suffered these things before, but, in every instance, we have had the victory, the last being the 1911 revolution, when we gained our present system of government, our liberty, and our independence.

When the Japanese invaded China again, this time, they were quite confident that they would conquer China in six months. It has gone on for five years, ten times the Japanese estimate, and, today, they find China stronger, every day, every month, and every year. Yes, we are still going strong, and I am sure that China will lick Japan. (Applause.)

Is there any secret here? Gentlemen, there is no secret at all. The reasons for which China has fought Japan so well are: first, the people are determined to maintain their absolute liberty and independence; secondly, they have absolute confidence in, obedience to, and respect for, our Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek; thirdly, there is absolute unity in China.

China fought Japan alone for five years, and now she has allies. So the confidence of China is greater today than ever, for there is no combination of powers so strong as the United Nations, in resources, in manpower, and in determination to win this War.

So, gentlemen, a toast to our Victory! (Applause—prolonged.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Your Worship and Gentlemen: I think this audience would be particularly interested to know—if I am not impertinent in calling attention to it—that Mr. Fung has spoken to us from a very few brief notes written in Chinese characters. Reading his notes written in his own language he has spoken to us so succesfully in ours. May we compliment you, Mr. Fung, on your faculty and facility.

We are glad to share his experiences in Holland, to know the resistance that is being maintained by that overrun and devastated country, and to learn of the sabotage which they are so successfully accomplishing under incredibly difficult conditions. We have one more illustration of the duplicity of Germany, when she goes through the motions of paying for what she commandeers from the occupied countries, but pays in a manufactured paper currency which she knows from her own experience of inflation in the last war can be worth little more than the paper on which it is printed.

As you talked to us, Mr. Fung, about the conditions which are being faced in Holland, and as you describe to us again the destruction of Rotterdam as a threatened foretaste of total obliteration that was Holland's alternative to capitulation, it not only adds to our admiration of the Dutch people, but also drives home a recognition of what the Chinese have been enduring and suffering, a large portion of their land over-run, but fighting on, outside as well as inside their own borders, and, as you say, growing stronger day by day because of that determination to win which your race and our race now hold in common.

In saying Thank You for your address, Mr. Fung, may I once more express our cordial welcome to you, a newcomer to our city, as the official representative of your nation, and may we offer you all our wishes for happiness and for success in your new position. (Applause.)

"CANADA'S DEFENCE FORCE—ITS RELATIONSHIP TO THE WORLD CONFLICT"

An Address By

MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. CONSTANTINE, D.S.O.

Chairman: First Vice-President, Mr. E. F. Thompson.

Thursday, April 16, 1942

Mr. E. F. Thompson: Gentlemen of The Empire Club, Members of the Greater Toronto War Service Council, and our Honoured Guests: Owing to a last minute unavoidable absence of our President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson, I have been given the great honour of introducing our Guest-speaker today.

As you know, a campaign is presently under way to strengthen the Reserve Forces of Canada, and, with a view to giving an impetus to the movement, The Empire Club has prevailed upon the Officer Commanding this Military District to give us something of the setup.

Our speaker, Major-General C. F. Constantine, was born in Winnipeg and educated at Upper Canada College, in Toronto, and the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario. He entered the Permanent Force in 1905, and, in the Great War, rose to the command of an Artillery Brigade, winning the D.S.O. and bar and the Legion of Honour. Since the war he has held many important military posts, including O.C. of the Royal Canadian Artillery, Commandant at R.M.C., Adjutant General, and District Officer Commanding in Districts seven, six, three, and two.

The subject of today's address is "Canada's Defense Force", and it is now my privilege and pleasure to present to you our Guest-speaker, Major-General C. F. Constantine, D.S.O. (Applause.)

MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. CONSTANTINE: Mr. President, Honoured Guests, and Gentlemen: I feel very flattered and honoured at having been asked to speak to you today, particularly at this particular time when we are trying to bring the Reserve Army up to strength.

I trust that the title of this short talk may not have led you to expect a deeply studied thesis or a long excursion into the realms of strategy or the details of tactics. The tactics I might have tackled, but strategy, so far as this war is concerned, is far beyond the sphere of anyone who has not a definite knowledge of all the factors concerning time, distance, rate of production, naval power, air power, supplies of all sorts, means of transportation, and manpower. Without knowledge of authentic detail of these and other vital matters, the answer is, at best, a guess, or might as well be drawn out of a hat. The chances of being right are equal.

The true answers to our questions of today will be read by our children's children in history books twenty-five or more years from now.

Our job today is to provide money, munitions, and men, and to hold high morale, in order that those who know best how and where to use them, may have them in the proper times and places and quantities to give us final and complete victory.

Before I go any farther, I should like to make it amply clear that anything I may say is my personal opinion only and in no way reflects Departmental policy, and that my remarks have not been inspired by any special knowledge which some might think I possess in my official position. My knowledge of the events which are taking place around the world is derived from exactly the same sources as yours, namely, the press and the radio.

My job here is purely to implement and administer the pronounced policy of the Government, in so far as the Department of National Defence is concerned.

Now, Canada has taken part in many wars. I need only mention a few of them. Since the struggle of Wolfe and Montcalm, which I don't intend to include, we have fought with our present Allies and very good friends across our southern border, shaken hands, and settled down side by side in peace and mutual respect. We defeated those misguided bands known as Fenians, who attacked us. We fought within our own boundaries in 1870 and 1885. We sent men to the Nile in the Soudanese Wars, and we sent contingents to South Africa, and you all know our contribution to the last Great War in Europe. It cannot be said that Canada is new to war or has failed to take up arms effectively when required. Such is our tradition.

At this time there can be no doubt that we are again required to live up to the record of the past, to the very utmost of our ability.

Canada has always had a Reserve Army, from the days when citizens turned out for one or two days a year with their own guns, brought their own powder and ball, and often their own food. It was a simple organization without any need of complex administration, but it did work and it produced fighting men when required. In other words, when the country was threatened, the men turned out to defend their homes.

This stage gave way to an organization which was known as the Canadian Militia, which trained periodically according to a set scheme of training approved by the responsible Minister.

This stage culminated with the beginning of the last war. It produced the men and officers who made up that grand First Division from which grew the Canadian Corps.

Following the last war, the world was engaged in recovery and in solving the problems created by war. People lulled themselves into a state of indifference to things military. They thought there could be no more wars. Money was badly needed for so many things of an urgent nature that none was available for the maintenance and training of an army. For lack of money the training strengths of the reorganized and newly created units were kept to a bare minimum. New and up-to-date equipment was lacking, for financial reasons. The public were apathetic towards war preparations and were fully occupied in the pursuits of peace. The Militia was kept alive by a comparative few who believed that war was bound to occur again at some future date.

The attitude of the general public towards military preparedness during that period is well described by Kipling in his poem "Tommy", written before the last war, in which he says:

> "Oh! its Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy
> go away;
> But, it's thank you, Mister Atkins, when the Band
> begins to play."

I may say these same bands were largely maintained by the officers of the regiments concerned.

About this time the Militia was reorganized by changing units about to give a proper distribution of troops by arms. On taking stock, it had been found that there was a preponderance of infantry and a shortage of other arms. Gradually it was being felt that all was not well in the world and that possibly there might be need for troops. The Militia played their part and trained conscientiously to the best of their ability. Officers pooled their pay, as did the men, to some extent, for the benefit of their units. The actual organization called for six divisions and a mounted division, but units were at low strengths. The permanent staff and permanent force amounted to only about 4500 of all ranks, who carried the administration, and, to a very large extent, the instruction of the Non-Permanent Force.

Now, Canada was not alone in her dream of peace. The Democracies were earnestly striving and hoping to keep the world at peace in spite of sinister indications and rumblings that were commencing. In the hope of maintaining peace, Great Britain had let down her naval strength to a dangerously low ebb. Her never large army was down to a point where it could just furnish reliefs for its units abroad. Her territorial army—the counterpart of our militia—was not up to strength. Such was the picture when Hitler called out his hordes of Huns, armed to the teeth with all the latest implements of war, on sea, on land, and in the air.

War had come. In the first line stood Great Britain. The younger members of the Commonwealth were not farther behind than the second line at best.

True to its tradition, Canada at once took up arms and mobilized a division by calling out the component units from various parts of Canada. These were formed into brigades of infantry, regiments of artillery, and the other necessary units which go to make up a division, and training started at once.

I may say, Gentlemen, I think it was marvellous, the speed with which some of these units got together and started training—much quicker than any of us expected, and all due to the conscientious efforts and work of their officers, who had been working at these things for a long time.

In a short time this division proceeded overseas as a first instalment of what was to follow and complete its training. It has now grown to approximately the equivalent in numbers of what we had in the last war, and it is expanding. It has been superbly trained and is in the finest of condition and ready to take on the enemy at any time.

This force must be kept up to strength with trained reinforcements. We have got to face the fact that casualties occur in battle. Reinforcements must be forthcoming, and they must be young, strong men, capable of standing the terrific pace and strains of modern war. We have had ample demonstration of that in the older chaps who have been coming back, crocked up. They can't stand the pace.

Let us look at our resources and commitments, considering manpower alone. In the last war our Navy was but a fraction of what it is now; it has to be kept up in manpower, and it is growing. In 1914-1918 there was no R.C.A.F. Look at it today—a large organization, doing a wonderful job. It, too, has to be kept up to strength if it is to remain the effective force that it now is. Canada's war industry is many, many times what it was the last time. Men and women in thousands and thousands are required, not only to keep the production up, but also to increase it.

Manpower is the primary problem, if all these vital requirements are to be filled. In the last war, in the Army alone, some 630,000 men were required from start to finish to keep the Canadian Corps strong and efficient. We have overseas at present approximately the equivalent of the Corps daily strength returns. You will see in the press that it is to be expanded.

Is our increase in population since the last war going to meet the increased needs over the last war? It will only if every man and many women are employed in an economical way in active service, in reserve service, or in the production of all things needful for our own requirements and those of our Allies, to ensure our ultimate, complete victory.

The principles of strategy do not change. Tactical employment of troops does change with the nature of the weapons and the employment of new types of arms. To compare the pace of the fighting of today with that of the last war is to liken the modern high-powered truck to the old farm wagon with its strong plodding horses. The air and mechanized equipment have speeded things up to an extent unbelievable to the soldiers of the last war. Even those working with these things all the time find it frightfully hard to recognize this, as compared with the last war. The side that has the preponderance in these things together with the necessary strength at sea will win. The sea, the air, and the land, must be in proper proportions in any operations of the United Nations, and these things must work together like parts of a well-designed and well cared-for machine.

Look at the map today and see what countries are now under the heel of the enemy and recall how long it took him with his mechanized forces and highly trained personnel to bring them there. Put your finger on the Islands of Japan and note how far the Jap has gone since Christmas. Can any spot on earth feel confident that it is beyond the reach of these pirates and their friends unless they are checked, held, and thoroughly beaten?

In war, victory comes only when the enemy's main forces in the field are found and beaten. As long as his main forces remain intact he is undefeated and capable of fighting again. The means of defeating an enemy are completely equipped and thoroughly trained troops, amply supplied with trained reinforcements and the other essentials of food, replacements, and ammunition.

Canada's active army is out on such a job alongside its sister nations of the Commonwealth and our good Allies. Canada must literally produce the goods in quantity and quality, and train the men to use them. The day of calling up men to bring their own guns and grub with them to stand off an enemy is long past. The day when putting a man in a uniform, and teaching him to shoot a rifle or a muzzle-loading field piece or to sit on a horse with sword and lance, and calling him a soldier, is also a matter of history.

The soldier of today must be very highly trained, thoroughly self-reliant, and confident in himself and his weapons. Here are the weapons that an infantry soldier must be capable of using effectively: rifle, bayonet, bomb, Lewis gun, Bren and other light automatics commonly known as "Tommy guns", machine gun, anti-tank rifle, 2 inch mortar, 3 inch mortar, rifle grenade, smoke bomb, and revolver for certain personnel. In addition, he must be able to protect himself against gas and know how to read a map and find his way across country. A rather tall order for Tommy Atkins, but, if he hasn't got it, he just doesn't come across. He must know all this and his minor tactics as well. A large proportion must be drivers and mechanics capable of driving fighting and other vehicles and keeping them running and repaired under all sorts of conditions. About ninety per cent of the men in the armoured units must be competent mechanics of some sort. A stalled tank is no use in battle, and, when it stops, the odds are that it will be wrecked by gun-fire or bombs. The same applies to all other armoured fighting vehicles.

Men are being trained here in special training schools and technical schools. They range in trades from rough blacksmiths and carpenters up to the highest skilled electrical and instrument mechanics. In Toronto alone there are several hundred young men, working literally day and night, in technical schools, learning the ground work of various trades before they pass on to higher training establishments.

The system is roughly this: John Jones enlists for general service and goes to the Depot, where he is clothed, inoculated, documented, dentally examined, and then does elementary drill until it is time for him to go to the Basic Training Centre. At this training centre, he is carefully examined by special officers, who determine his ability and decide where that ability can be best used. This is where he gets his basic training. It takes eight weeks.

As a matter of interest, I think I may tell you, we are finding a certain number of recruits who are illiterate, or very nearly so, and *that,* in this part of the country. Other parts of the country we can imagine. To take care of them, we are setting up special training schools to give them the necessary education as quickly as possible, to make them good and efficient soldiers.

When this eight weeks' training period is passed, he goes to the Advanced Training Centre, according to the arm for which he has been selected, and, after eight weeks there, he goes to a trained soldier company, where he continues training and hardening until required as a reinforcement, or is sent to a new mobilizing unit.

Just a word on this hardening. A man not absolutely in the pink of condition can't stand the gaff. To give an idea of what a hard man can do: he ought to be able to do about twenty miles a day on his flat feet and then fight. I was told that. Last summer I happened to mention to one of my Commanders in Borden that one thing that people overseas did was ten miles on their feet in two hours. I was a bit skeptical, the Commander said I was crazy, but he tried it. He did his ten miles in an hour and fifty-five minutes and the men were yelling for more pace at the end of it. I wouldn't like to do it myself without a couple of weeks of training. That is what we mean by hardened troops. Anybody who can't do that sort of thing just doesn't get there, that is all. Wherever possible we put them in trucks and busses and roll them there, for speed, but yet they have got to march at times.

I mention all this just to show how necessary it is to have a constant steady flow of recruits coming in. It is essential that all men do their basic and advanced training in the fighting training centres, except, of course, some individuals in very highly specialized units. These have to do basic training only.

So much for the requirements of the Active Army. Now, what is going to be left for the defenses of this country against an attack?

There are the fixed coast defences, consisting of fortresses covering harbours and supported by certain mobile coast defence troops, *and* the Reserve Army.

I think that, considering what we have read of Hong Kong, Java, and Singapore, and now the very serious view Australia takes of its situation, and what it is doing, it would be very well if our Reserve Army were as strong and as well trained as possible. It is added insurance and a further safeguard to our own safety.

To this end provision has been made to train the Reserve Army at full strength. In each district a brigade group of all arms has been arranged for. These are self-contained units, capable of moving to a threatened point, on short notice, to fight. They are the first backing of our coast defence forces, should the necessity arise. I say "necessity", for it is not expected that these troops will be moved except in the case of dire need and emergency—in fact, invasion or expected invasion.

These brigade groups have their own full time skeleton staffs for training purposes. The units of the Reserve Army not selected for these brigade groups form a further force which could be called upon, if necessary.

The following are eligible for these services:

(a) Young men 17 or 18 years of age in Category A, B, or C, for training until 19, when they become eligible for voluntary enlistment in the Active Army;
(b) All men 17 to 50 in Category C;
(c) Single men 36 to 50 in Category A, B, or C;
(d) Married men 31 to 50 in Category A, B, or C.

Single men 19 to 35 in categories A or B, and married men 19 to 30 years of age in categories A or B, are not eligible for the Reserve Army.

The training period for Reserve Units for the fiscal year 1942-43 will be 40 days, consisting of: 15 days at camp; 45 evenings (equivalent to 15 days) at local headquarters; 10 days on outdoor training (either one or two days exercises). In addition, officers, N.C.O.'s, and specialists, will be authorized to train for an additional 15 days (equivalent to 45 evenings) or a total of 55 days.

These men are needed now—next month may be too late. Every effort will be made to make the training interesting and progressive. It is the intention to have only enough drill, as such, to have a quick army movement of troops and the understanding of what is required on receipt of orders. The rest will be instruction in the use, handling, and care, of weapons and equipment, and such lectures and exercises as are necessary to round out the training.

I may say that the Department of National Defence lays a great deal of stress on the raising to strength of these troops and the giving them some useful amount of training.

May I, in closing, Gentlemen, again quote Mr. Kipling to you, as a fitting windup for a talk of this sort? In 1914 Kipling wrote, "For All We Have and Are":

"Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old—
'No law except the sword,
Unsheathed and uncontrolled'.

Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go,
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.

There's but one task for all,
For each one life to give;
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?"

(Applause.)

Mr. E. F. Thompson: We have with us today the Honourable Dr. H. A. Bruce, who has very kindly consented to say a word of thanks to Major-General Constantine.

Honourable H. A. Bruce: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of The Empire Club: I am sure you would wish me to express your appreciation for the very admirable address to which we have just listened. I may say that it pleased me particularly, because I noticed that there was not a word wasted in the presentation. I have recently had to take exception to the length of speeches in another place, and I am glad to know that the distinguished and gallant officer has supported me in the effort that he has made today to give this audience a very concise and complete account of what is expected of us in this district at this time. His address has been very illuminating and I am sure will be very beneficial to us all.

As Commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston, he did splendid work for Canada, and has helped to train up a great many young men who are today serving in their country's cause overseas. I am sure we all owe a debt of gratitude to General Constantine for the able and efficient way in which he is administering Military District Number 2, and, in order to live up to my precept, I will conclude by extending to you, Sir, a very hearty vote of thanks for your admirable address today.

Mr. E. F. Thompson: Thank you, Dr. Bruce, and thank you, General Constantine.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

Chairman: The President, Mr. C. R. Sanderson.

Thursday, April 30, 1942

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: Gentlemen, we are called together today to hold the Annual Meeting of The Empire Club of Canada, and it is customary at this meeting for your President to submit a brief report upon the year's work.

The Year Book is now in preparation and will be distributed to each member as soon as it is completed. We have held in all twenty-nine meetings, four of which have been joint meetings with The Canadian Club, and, in addition to verbatim reports of the addresses given at all these meetings, the Year Book will contain the annual Financial Statement. At this moment, therefore, I need merely give you a summary of our position by saying that, compared with last year, our Receipts are less by $650, and our Expenses are less by $220. Last year the Club donated $500 to *The Evening Telegram British War Victims' Fund*. Without that expenditure this year, we finish with about $60 more in the bank than twelve months ago.

We have regretfully to report a decrease of 14 in the total membership. But we have lost 17 members by death during the year. This should remind us that we are all getting older and that there is an urgent need for new and younger members in order to guarantee a continuance of the life and vitality of the Club.

Amongst our losses by death during the year are three Past Presidents: Brigadier General C. H. Mitchell, Sir William Hearst, and Mr. Norman Somerville. It is also with great regret that we record the death of the Club's patron, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.

Your Executive has had to face during the year the retirement from active duties of Mr. H. C. Bourlier, for several years the Honorary Secretary-Treasurer of the Club.

The present and past members of the Executive presented to Mr. Bourlier, in the name of the Club, a sterling silver tray. (Applause.) It was presented in your name, Gentlemen, but, if it does not appear in the accounts of the Club, it is because the present and past members of the Executive Committee gladly took it upon themselves to subscribe the whole amount without any appeal to Club funds.

Only those who have the experience of working behind the drop curtain which goes up at 12.30 each Thursday know the enormous contribution made by Mr. Bourlier. (Applause.) I will confess that his retirement was a sad blow to the incoming President. The gift from the Club to Mr. Bourlier was a mere gesture of our feelings—nothing can repay his devotion, his loyalty, and his hard work.

But, Gentlemen, Providence was kind to us. Mr. Comber, who had served as assistant to Mr. Bourlier, immediately responded to an invitation to take over Mr. Bourlier's duties, and he did so with the rejection of any personal recompense for the additional work that he was undertaking.

I trust Mr. Comber will not feel embarrassed if I ask his permission to let me make a public acknowledgment of appreciation of his never varying courtesy, of the fine mind which he has brought to bear on the day-to-day problems of the Club, and of the generosity of his co-operation which, I fear, has more than once led the President to trespass unduly on his time and his energy. (Applause.)

The next order of business is the report of the Nominating Committee appointed by unanimous vote at the regular meeting of the Club on March 16, 1942. The report has been handed to me, and, It is moved by Mr. R. A. Stapells:

THAT the unanimous recommendation of the Nominating Committee of the following Officers and Executive Committee for the year 1942-43 be adopted:

President —Mr. J. C. M. MacBeth, K.C.
First Vice-President —Mr. Sigmund Samuel LL.D.
Second Vice-President—Mr. F. Hedley Marsh
Third Vice-President —Mr. C. R. Conquergood
Hon. Sec.-Treasurer —Mr. H. C. Bourlier
Secretary-Treasurer —Mr. W. W. Comber
Honorary Auditor —Mr. H. T. Jamieson, F.C.A.

Executive Committee (17 members as required by the Constitution):

Mr. S. J. Andrews
Mr. Hector Charlesworth
Mr. F. L. Clouse
Provost F. H. Cosgrave, D.D.
Mr. F. B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C.
Mr. Horace Harpham
Mr. W. Eason Humphreys
Mr. A. T. Hunt
Mr. T. Clark Kinnear
Mr. Tracy Lloyd
Mr. John Maxwell
Mr. Gordon R. Munnoch, K.C.
Mr. J. P. Pratt, K.C.
Mr. Loftus H. Reid
Mr. A. Ross Robertson, B.A.Sc.
Mr. Sydney F. D. Sampson
Mr. E. F. Thompson

Ex-Officio members of the Executive:

Immediate Past President

Mr. C. R. Sanderson

Past Presidents
Mr. Robert H. Fennell, K.C. (1928)
Mr. John D. Spence, K.C. (1930)
Mr. H. G. Stapells, K.C. (1931)

That is the report of the Nominating Committee, Gentlemen. Are there any further nominations?

MR. W. M. HARGRAFT: Mr. President, I have pleasure in seconding the motion for the adoption of the Report of the Nominating Committee.

MR. C. R. SANDERSON: It is moved and seconded that the report of the Nominating Committee be adopted. Are there any further nominations, Gentlemen? If there are no further nominations, I declare the nominations to be closed, and those whose names you have heard, to be elected by acclamation to the respective offices of The Empire Club of Canada for the year 1942-43.

You will notice, Gentlemen, that, amongst those whom you have just elected to your Executive, there are seven new members: Mr. S. J. Andrews, Provost F. H. Cosgrave, Mr. T. Clark Kinnear, Mr. John Maxwell, Mr. Gordon R. Munnoch, Mr. Loftus H. Reid, and Mr. Sydney F. D. Sampson. I think, Gentlemen, the Club is to be congratulated on this accession of strength.

As the retiring President, I would ask that I be allowed to take this opportunity of expressing my sense of obligation to my colleagues on the Executive Committee and, in particular, if I may mention anybody by name, to Mr. J. P. Pratt, as Chairman of your Speakers Committee; to Mr. F. Hedley Marsh, as Chairman of the Finance Committee; to Mr. Horace Harpham, as Chairman of the Head Table Committee; and to Mr. Eric Thompson and Mr. W. Eason Humphreys who, as Vice-Presidents, have generously occupied this chair on two occasions in my unavoidable absence.

It is now my pleasure to call on your President-Elect to take his place in the seat at my left—Mr. MacBeth. (Applause.)

Mr. J. C. M. MacBeth, K.C.: Mr. President, Gentlemen of The Empire Club: I am deeply grateful for the honour of this election, but, in accepting the dignity of the office, I am not unmindful of some of the difficulties which presently surround me. In the first place, I have a very difficult predecessor to follow. In over-all length, displacement, and beam, we are somewhat comparable, but in speed he has it all over me in knots per hour.

Then, I think that I foresee that we are not going to have so many foot-loose emissaries of Empire among us in this coming year. That is a problem for the Speakers Committee.

In addition, the times themselves, Gentlemen, are difficult.

However, I think that, with patience and tolerance and loyalty and co-operation, we are going to win through, but, of these four virtues, I think that I would particularly commend to ourselves this year those of tolerance and loyalty. Thank you. (Applause.)

Mr. C. R. Sanderson: Gentlemen, your Executive Committee felt that this Annual Meeting had to be rounded out, and, instead of inviting an outside speaker with the possibility that his time for speaking would be curtailed, they invited your outgoing President to address this final meeting of the season, with the proviso that, despite the fact that it was an Annual Meeting with a certain amount of business to do, the meeting should definitely end at its normal period. That shall be done.

I cannot live up to the flattering remarks of the announcement card because, Gentlemen, I am no oracle.

Actually, what I propose to do is to be deliberately provocative, and to ask a few questions rather than to try to answer them.

Suppose we begin this way: No one can have come to our meetings Thursday after Thursday and have listened to the speakers that your Executive Committee have produced, without a very vivid consciousness that we are living here in security—and I don't mean even relative security—that we are living here in security and watching the rest of the world tumble in ruins.

Masaryk came and talked to us about Czechoslovakia. Podoski came and talked to us about Poland. Mr. Fung came and talked to us about what is happening in Holland.

As we listened to those talks weren't we conscious that, apart from ourselves, the whole world is on fire? Weren't we conscious of the fact that we are watching both on the European side and on the Oriental side of the world a repetition of history, a re-enactment of the incursions of the barbaric hordes which, centuries ago, swept over whole continents, just as if someone brushed a blackened hand over a map of a large portion of the globe?

After we had listened to those talks, just what did they do to us?

We doubtless said that it was a good address. We honestly felt that we were glad to have heard it. We welcomed the information which the speaker brought to us. But my first question, Gentlemen, is: Haven't those addresses still left us with something of that same complacency for which we have been criticizing governments and criticizing individuals—a complacency for which, even at this very moment, we are criticizing governments and individuals? Aren't we ourselves guilty of the very sin for which we are stoning others?

If we really felt what we ought to feel, shouldn't we now be filled with an overwhelming and vitalising faith in the sacredness of our cause? Have we that faith, or are we merely doing a little lip service? The only other country that, so far, has been able to stand up against Hitlerism is a country with a fanatical faith in the righteousness of its own case. Does that fact mean nothing to us?

Actually, how little is my life, how little is your life, really affected by the war? Somewhat less gasoline! Prospectively, somewhat less rubber! We are officially told over the radio that the war is going to be driven home to every household and every housewife. She is going to have to accept her fruit in bottles instead of cans. Isn't all this a travesty in face of the fact that pretty well the entire world outside our own continent is burning up in a conflagration that moves with the rapidity of a gale-fanned forest fire?

Where do we stand as individuals? Don't we today think we are personally hard pressed and look for possibilities for a little relaxation? We tell ourselves that all people have had and must have relaxation. Disraeli wrote novels. Gladstone translated Homer. Lord Grey and Chamberlain went fishing,—though not together. Churchill lays bricks or paints pictures. Ruskin used to go to the zoo and look at the penguins. Robert Burton, the 17th century writer, used to go down to the Thames-side and listen to the bargees swearing. They all obtained their relaxation in one form or another.

I wonder if today, Gentlemen, we are not thinking of ourselves a little sorrowfully as hard pressed individuals who have sacrificed even relaxation? It may be true that our working hours are fully occupied, even over-occupied. But how much of it is really going into an all-out war effort? Or, how true is it that the over-pressed day of which we complain merely means that we are earning our living in the same old way, with really very little difference except that we have a little more work?

We say, perhaps, that we do all the government requires us to do. But, in saying that, are we not in effect once more tending to turn back and blame a government, or, perhaps, blame some leader, for the limitation of our own personal war effort? If we have any faith in what we say when we claim ourselves to be a democracy, shouldn't we, at the same time, remember who controls a Democracy? Isn't it the people? Isn't it you and I?

What made Chamberlain readjust? What made Churchill remodel his Cabinet? Democracy! Public opinion! The public opinion of Britain! Exactly the same controls are in operation in Canada. The very sanction and enforcement of action rests on public opinion—in effect, it depends on you and on me.

This is not intended as any arm-chair criticism of Canada's war effort. My friends who are close to the inside of war production tell me that they are contented, honestly contented, with the progress that is being made, and that the volume of production is rapidly swelling up. I have had my moments of pessimism about the war, but I have none now. Looking merely at production, it seems only common arithmetical sense that the Allies must inevitably win. Then the Canadian Air Training Scheme is, I believe, something that will go down in history. We have a substantial army overseas. We have a greatly expanded navy. Yet, in spite of all this, when we look at it from a personal point of view, we know how far we are from an all-out war effort; we know that, personally and as individuals, we are not moved and dominated, day and night, by a singleness of purpose and an overwhelming faith. I wonder to what extent we were arrested by the comment made some three or four weeks ago by Sir William Beveridge. He is a constructive economist with some brilliance of mind. You will recall that he originated the Labour Exchanges in England. A few weeks ago Beveridge said that what seemed to him one weakness in British munitions production (and he was not talking about us or about the United States, he was talking about Britain) was that all-out war effort in Britain was impossible so long as it was left in the hands of men who, while they were doubtless working hard for war production, nevertheless must inevitably have an eye to the future productive and profitable use of their expanded plants in an industrial way in peacetime.

Let me turn for a moment to submit another thought. We talk about a different world after the war. What kind of a different world do we mean? Sir Clutha Mackenzie, one of our guest speakers, told us about the poor impoverished individual in New Zealand whose gross unearned income of £80,000 a year was now so reduced by taxation that New Zealand had to pass a special law in order to guarantee him a reasonably comfortable subsistence level. We were interested. We were amused at the thought of the poor benighted individual being reduced to the common economic level. We probably thought it was a move in the right direction that the ultra wealthy should be reduced to monetary speaking terms with other people. It perhaps gave us comfort in thinking of our own personal income tax.

But that involves only money. Is it merely money we are going to think about in this thing? Conscientious objectors in the last war went to prison rather than fight, but I never heard, in Britain at any rate, of a conscientious objector who went to prison because he refused to pay his income tax, which, in turn, was paying for the war. The conscientious objector was willing to pay. Are we satisfied, Gentlemen, by our own willingness to pay? Mere willingness to pay will neither produce an all-out war effort now, nor produce that different world of which we talk as being the outcome of the post-war period and peace.

When we speak of a different world, we might do well to remember what the Scandinavian countries achieved in the pre-war period. Those little nations had felt themselves to be free—free even from fear. Instead of spending their money on armaments, they thought they could safely turn it into social channels, and they had come to accept what we have been slower to recognize,—that Democracy was not achieved because we had freedom of thought, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom of suffrage. One more of the questions I want to ask today is: Have we not tended to think that Democracy was achieved because we had these four basic freedoms, whilst, until they were over-run, these countries were showing us, in their own small way, that these freedoms were merely a condition of Democracy, not the achievement of it? They had realized and had demonstrated that, for their peoples as a whole, life had to be something more than a roulette wheel which stopped for this person at affluence, for that person at sufficiency, for that person at poverty.

I am not talking Socialism, Gentlemen. I am not talking any particular doctrinaire political philosophy. But I do ask: Haven't we a lesson that we could learn?

Whilst we are talking about a different world, may I ask another question? Supposing this war peters out, as it may do in the coming winter, and our lads begin to come back to Canada, in what way will it be a different Toronto, in what way will it be a different Ontario, in what way will it be a different Canada, from the place they left?

You remember, as I do, after the last war, when the fellows came back from the army, they found that others had climbed ahead in their absence; they found that they themselves had returned to meet unemployment and a mounting cost of living. They were dispirited. They were skeptical about the vaunted "land fit for heroes to live in." This war already makes the last war seem comparatively small. But it is not merely the scale of the war; it is also the character of the conflict that counts. And our fighting forces will face a strain and stress, physical and mental, that appals even an imagination based on any personal experience of the last war. If our troops come back to conditions similar to those which we faced when we returned after the last war, they will come back not merely dispirited and skeptical, they will come back with a deep seated bitterness.

In looking for some method of preventing this, perhaps we ask: Why don't they do something? Who are *they*? Whom do we mean? The Dominion Government? The Provincial Government? The City Government? But, Gentlemen, may I repeat once more: If we have faith in the things that we profess, doesn't all action in the last analysis come down to ourselves? Isn't it we ourselves who ought to be doing something? The people are the final and deciding voice in a Democracy. As I asked before: Why did Churchill readjust his Cabinet? The answer is: Popular demand; the public will.

So far from urging now that secure foundations shall be laid for a post-war world, we seem to be complacent enough to believe that, when we come to the Peace-table, we shall be able to solve the enormously complex problems that are going to include both big nations and little nations. When some of those little nations do stand up again after their disruption and physical impoverishment, to say nothing of the way in which every drop of financial blood will have dripped from their wounds, they will be so feeble that they will be able only to totter with bent knees. To whom are these little nations going to look for help, for protection, for guidance, whilst their flags learn once more to fly? To whom can they look except to the English-speaking peoples of the world? Yet we seem complacently to think that we can deal with that problem when it arises, without any thought beforehand.

We look back a little over a hundred years to the Congress of Vienna, manoeuvred by Metternich, the most skilful statesman of his time. It fell to pieces. Why? Because Metternich insisted (and he was powerful enough to get his end) that Europe should be reframed in a status quo. We already recognize that as an impossible basis of the peace following this war.

Or we look back at Versailles. We see the mistakes of Versailles and its basis of rampant nationalism. We now recognize the impossibility of a permanent peace on such a foundation. We think that, with these examples in front of us, we have learned our lesson and that the next world-peace will be a permanent one. We appear to be giving little thought even as to the foundations on which it must be built. Is it not possible that we may be caught as unprepared for the outbreak of peace as we were for the outbreak of war?

We speak so constantly of this new world, a world of amity with all the Allied nations living in one family. Yet, Gentlemen, we haven't in the meantime even solved our own difficulties. How much today am I, how much today are you, trying to do in connection with any domestic problem that concerns Canada? Some of our national problems involve Canada as a whole. We are a continent of Allies, but what are our views on the Pan-America question? Some other problems are purely internal and domestic questions. Every democratic country has them. Canada is not in any way peculiar in this respect. The United States has its colour problem. It also has its migrant problem. Henry Hill Collins, an American, recently wrote a book which he called "America's Own Refugees." According to his findings, four million homeless, drifting Americans are continually on the march in search of jobs, due to soil erosion, mechanization, a growing population facing declining opportunities, and other similar causes.

We, on our side, have the Quebec problem.

When we look at these domestic problems, we tend to think they are so big and so complicated that it is almost hopeless to look for solutions. Yet, Gentlemen, shouldn't we remind ourselves of the internal problems which stood in the way of the establishment of the United States of America? Before Union was established, New York State, to protect its own fuel market, was keeping out Connecticut wood; the New York farmers were keeping out New Jersey butter; Boston was boycotting Rhode Island grain; Philadelphia was refusing to accept New Jersey money; New York troops were aligned on the Vermont frontier.

Might anyone not have thought, at that time, that these were unsolvable problems? Yet, with good-will, with a willingness to reject former conceptions (or perhaps misconceptions), and with a determination to achieve a compromise that was personal, state, and national, the people of the United States made themselves into one of the greatest nations in the world.

Is it not possible, therefore, that, in looking at our own internal problems, we may be overemphasising our difficulties, partly perhaps because we tend to think in stereotypes?

Let me give an illustration of the kind of thing I mean, by recalling an incident from Walter Lippman's book, "Public Opinion." He describes a particular experiment that was staged before a group of trained psychologists. They were in convention, and, while they were actually in session, a door opened at the end of the hall. In ran a white man. Behind him ran a negro with a knife. The white man stumbled. The negro jumped on him and stuck the knife into him. They both got up and ran out.

It took just a few seconds to carry out. It had been rehearsed until there was no mistake as to exactly what was happening or did happen.

The moment the thing was over each member of the convention was asked to write an account of what he had just seen. Lippman says that out of forty accounts that were written immediately, only one had less than twenty per cent of error in main fact, and thirty-four contained ten per cent of detail that never occurred at all. Yet these men were trained psychologists.

It makes one wonder how the human mind works. But it doesn't disturb Lippman. He explains it all by saying that these people were thinking in stereotypes. They had seen such a brawl before, or they had heard such a brawl described before, or they had read of such a brawl before. Therefore, what they were seeing was not what they were actually observing with their eyes at that moment, but was, also, what they were seeing with their minds on which impressions had previously been made. They were thinking in stereotypes.

Have we any stereotypes that colour the picture of things which we think we are observing? Don't we smile at the insularity of the man who lives in England and who, when he crosses the Straits of Dover into another country, expects the people of that country to speak his own language? On the continent of Europe many countries are not merely bilingual, they are trilingual.

Some twenty years ago a young Austrian Jewish girl came to live in my home in England and stayed some months. She was fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she spoke French, German, and English, fluently. Her father once came over from Vienna to see her. I discovered that he had read all the current English books in the Tauchnitz edition—that is, in English, not in translation. He knew the names of all the Cabinet Ministers in Britain. He brought with him his little son who was five or six years of age. That lad had already been taken to all the classical concerts within reach. He was being trained from his childhood to an appreciation of the beautiful in music, from the ground up. And the whole family spoke English, French, and German.

Doesn't an illustration like this make one wonder whether, when we refuse to allow Ontario to become bilingual, we are not only shutting ourselves out from something of cultural value, but also are not guiltless of adding a few bricks to that wall of isolationism which we point at as being built by others?

We say that, as the result of the present war, the democratic communities and nations must inevitably come closer together. We say that we are now citizens of the world. Do we really mean that? Or are we just using a hackneyed phraseology? I wonder, Gentlemen, in these serious times, with death and destruction creeping closer to us week by week, whether we should not ask ourselves just what does Christianity, or Democracy, or Socialism, or Patriotism, or Good-Will, mean to us. Do they mean what we think they mean, or are we merely using phrases that are based on stereotypes?

There is an urgent need—how urgent it is, you know as well as I do—that we take out our preconceived ideas and dust them, that we make an attempt to fit them into this new pattern of personal belief which we say we have in the new world that is coming; that we manage somehow to fill ourselves with an overwhelming faith in the very principles for which our nations are fighting. It may be that we shall have to discard many of our former thoughts which have rested on our shabby personal security. Let us fit ourselves for the job that we say the English-speaking people of the world are going to have to face.

When we talk about ourselves in Canada, and when we talk about Canada being a great country, let us again ask ourselves just what do we mean. Do we mean that Canada is going to be industrially great, agriculturally great? Are we thinking of what a wonderful luxury train this is in which we are going to be able to ride? Or are we thinking of the spiritual contribution that Canada will be able to make to a new world, a new world built on freedom and security, a new world that is going to be worth living in?

Gentlemen, it is a tradition of this Club that it does its utmost to help to weld the Empire together. The future of the world depends on the intellectual honesty and the detached judgment of the English-speaking people, of which you and I form a part.

And now, Gentlemen, before I vacate this presidential chair, may I thank you for the unfailing courtesy which I have enjoyed throughout the past season. I thank you for the scores—I don't think I would exaggerate if I said hundreds—of comments of encouragement that you have been kind enough to give me. I have done my best in serving as your president, and I hope now, at this closing meeting of the season, Gentlemen, you may, in the kindness of your heart, think that, all things considered, it hasn't been too bad a year. (Applause—prolonged, the audience rising to their feet.)

Thank you, Gentlemen. This meeting is now adjourned.

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA, TORONTO, ONTARIO

REPORT AND ACCOUNTS

30th APRIL, 1942

2nd June, 1942.

The President and Members of the Executive Committee,
The Empire Club of Canada,
Toronto, Ontario.

Gentlemen,—

We have examined the books and accounts of The Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, Ontario, for the year ended 30th April, 1942, and have prepared and attach hereto a Statement of Receipts and Payments for the year ended 30th April, 1942.

We report thereon as follows:—

Membership Fees:

We have not verified the receipt by the Club of each individual member's fee, but we are satisfied that in total all 1941-42 fees receivable from members on record as at 30th April, 1942, have been collected.

Membership Roll:

Following is a summary of the Membership Roll for the year:—

	Resident	Non-Resident	Life	Honorary "Active Service"	Total
30th April, 1941	945	38	20	24	1,027
Net Increase or *Decrease* . . .	*23*	3	*3*	8	*15*
30th April, 1942	922	41	17	32	1,012

We have not examined the Membership Roll. The Secretary-Treasurer has certified that the Roll as at 30th April, 1942, contained 1,012 Members as shown above.

Payments:

All payments made during the year were listed in the Minutes of the Executive Committee as authorized, except payments in the month of April, 1942, amounting to $778.94 which had not yet been submitted for authorization.

Liabilities:

The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. W. Comber, has certified that to the best of his knowledge there were no outstanding liabilities as at 30th April, 1942.

Fidelity Bond:

Mr. W. W. Comber, the Secretary-Treasurer, is bonded for $500.00.

Acknowledgment:

We express our appreciation of the assistance and courtesy extended to us by the Secretary-Treasurer during the course of our work.

Reported by,
H. T. JAMIESON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants,
Honorary Auditors.

Toronto, Ontario,
2nd June, 1942.

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA, TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH APRIL, 1942

Cash on Hand and in Bank as at 30th April, 1941					$ 1,343.34
RECEIPTS					
Membership Fees			$ 3,839.00		
Interest:					
On Investment		$ 32.50			
On Savings Account		28.00			
			60.50		
Sale of Year Books			16.00		
				$3,915.50	
PAYMENTS					
Luncheon Expenses		$ 5,614.05			
Less:					
Sale of Tickets:					
By Outside Agencies	$5,027.00				
By Secretary-Treasurer	269.00	5,296.00	$ 318.05		
Printing, Postage and Stationery			2,329.36		
Recording and Publicity			411.14		
Honoraria of Secretary-Treasurer and Stenographer			270.81		
Speakers' Fees and Expenses			226.75		
Miscellaneous Expenses			100.13		
Telephone and Telegraph			205.15		
				3,861.39	
Excess of Receipts over Payments					54.11
Cash on Hand and in Bank as at 30th April, 1942					$ 1,397.45

We report that we have examined the books and accounts of The Empire Club of Canada, Toronto, Ontario, for the year ended 30th April, 1942; that we have obtained all the information and explanations we have required and that, in our opinion, the above statement of Receipts and Payments is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the transactions of the Club according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Club for the year ended 30th April, 1942.

In addition to the above cash balance of $1,397.45, the Club holds $1,000.00 Par Value Dominion of Canada 3¼% First War Loan Bonds due 1st February, 1948-52.

H. T. JAMIESON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants,
Honorary Auditors.

Toronto, Ontario.
2nd June, 1942.

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

PAST HONORARY PRESIDENTS:

*1903-1912	Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L.
*1913-1926	Field Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G., G.C.M.G.
*1927-1931	Rt. Hon. Viscount Willingdon, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.
1931-1935	Rt. Hon. The Earl of Bessborough, P.G., G.C.M.G.
*1935-1940	Rt. Hon. Lord Tweedsmuir, G.C.M.G., C.H.

PAST PRESIDENTS:

*1902-05	Brig.-Gen. James Mason
*1905-06	Rev. William Clark, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
*1906-07	J. P. Murray, Esq.
1907-08	J. F. M. Stewart, Esq., B.A.
*1908-09	D. J. Goggin, Esq., M.A., D.C.L.
1909-10	Elias Clouse Esq., M.D.
*1910-11	J. Castell Hopkins, Esq., F.R.S.
1911-12	F. B. Fetherstonhaugh, Esq., K.C.
*1912-13	Rt. Rev. James F. Sweeney, M.A., D.D., D.C.L.
*1913-14	Mr. Justice James Craig
*1914-15	Lt.-Col. R. J. Stuart
*1915-16	Albert Ham, Esq., Musc. Doc.
*1916-17	James Black Perry, Esq.
*1917-18	Norman Sommerville, Esq., M.A., K.C.
1918	F. J. Coombs, Esq.
1919	R. A. Stapells, Esq.
*1920	Arthur Hewitt, Esq.
*1921	Brig. Gen. C. H. Mitchell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D.
*1922	Sir William Hearst, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D.
1923	Ellis H. Wilkinson, Esq.
1924	William Brooks, Esq.
1925	Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D.
1926	Col. A. E. Kirkpatrick, Hon. A.D.C., V.D.
*1927	Col. Alexander Fraser, LL.D., A.D.C.
1928	Robert H. Fennell, Esq., K.C.
*1929	Hugh S. Eayrs, Esq.
1930	John D. Spence, Esq., B.A., K.C.
1931	H. G. Stapells, Esq., K.C.
1932-34	Lt.-Col. Geo. A. Drew, V.D., A.D.C.
1933-34	Major W. Jas. Baxter, M.C.
1934-35	Dana H. Porter, Esq.
1935-36	J. H. Brace, Esq.
1936-37	Major G. B. Balfour, B.A., K.C.
1937-38	R. M. Harcourt, Esq.
1938-39	J. P. Pratt, Esq., K.C.
1939-40	F. A. Gaby, Esq., B.A.Sc., D.Sc.
1940-41	The Honourable G. Howard Ferguson, P.C. (Can.), K.C.

* Deceased

THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA

Officers and Executive Committee

Year 1942-1943

President: JOHN C. M. MACBETH, ESQ., B.A., K.C.
First Vice-President: SIGMUND SAMUEL, ESQ., LL.D.
Second Vice-President: F. HEDLEY MARSH, ESQ.
Third Vice-President: C. R. CONQUERGOOD, ESQ.
Honorary Secretary-Treasurer: H. C. BOURLIER, ESQ.
Secretary-Treasurer: W. W. COMBER, ESQ., C.A.
Honorary Auditor: H. T. JAMIESON, ESQ., F.C.A.

Executive Committee:

S. J. ANDREWS, ESQ.
HECTOR CHARLESWORTH, ESQ.
F. L. CLOUSE, ESQ.
PROVOST F. H. COSGRAVE, D.D., LL.D.
F. B. FETHERSTONHAUGH, ESQ., K.C.
HORACE HARPHAM, ESQ.
W. EASON HUMPHREYS, ESQ.
A. T. HUNT, ESQ.
T. CLARK KINNEAR, ESQ., C.A.
TRACY LLOYD, ESQ.
JOHN MAXWELL, ESQ.
GORDON R. MUNNOCH, ESQ., K.C.
J. P. PRATT, ESQ., K.C.
LOFTUS H. REID, ESQ.
A. ROSS ROBERTSON, ESQ., B.A.Sc.
SYDNEY F. D. SAMPSON, ESQ.
E. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

Immediate Past President:

C. R. SANDERSON, ESQ., M.A., B.Sc.

Past Presidents:

ROBERT H. FENNELL, ESQ., K.C.
JOHN D. SPENCE, ESQ., B.A., K.C.
H. G. STAPELLS, ESQ., K.C.

CONSTITUTION

INSTITUTED 1903

THE OBJECT OF THE CLUB IS THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE INTERESTS OF CANADA AND A UNITED EMPIRE

Organization of the Club and Branches

Art. 1.—(1) The organization shall be called The Empire Club of Canada.

(2) Branches of the Club may be established with the authority of the Executive Committee, and subject to such conditions and regulations as may from time to time be decided upon by the Club in Toronto.

(3) A committee may be appointed under the provisions of sub-section 2, article 1, for the establishment of branches of the Club, and the word "Unit" shall denote a Branch.

Classes of Members

Art. 2.—The Membership of the Club shall consist of

(a) Active Resident Members,
(b) Non-Resident Members,
(c) Life Members,
(d) Honorary Members,
(e) Associate Members.

All members must be of the full age of sixteen years, and members of classes (a), (b), (c) and (d), must be British subjects.

Active Resident, Non-Resident and Associate Members

Art. 3.—(1) Candidates for Active Resident, Non-Resident and Associate Membership shall be proposed and seconded by two members of the Club in good standing, and shall be elected by a two-thirds maiority of those present at any meetitng of the Executive Committee.

(2) Subject to sub-section 4 of this article active resident and associate members shall pay an annual fee of $4.00 and non-resident members $3.00, payable on the first day of October in each year in respect of the Club year from May 1 to April 30 then current. Payment of such fees shall entitle each member to receive a copy of the Year Book. No member in arrears for fees or dues shall be considered in good standing or be eligible for office.

(3) Associate members shall not have the privilege of voting or holding office.

(4) Members whose applications for membership are received after the first day of April in any year shall pay one annual fee only in respect of the period from that time till the 30th day of April in the following calendar year.

Life Members

Art. 4.—(1) Life Members, not exceeding ten in any one year, may be elected from time to time, at an open meeting of the Club, upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee. Provided, however, that Ministers of the Federal Parliament and Premiers of the different Provinces of the Dominion of Canada may be eligible for election at any time, even though their election may cause the number of Life Members to exceed ten in one year.

(2) Life Members shall pay a fee of $50.00 in one sum.

Art. 5.—(1) Honorary Members may be elected upon the recommendation of the Executive Committee, and at a general meeting of the Club.

(2) Honorary Members shall be exempt from the payment of fees, but shall not have the privilege of voting or holding office.

Officers to be Elected

Art. 6.—(1) The officers of the Club shall consist of an Honorary President; a President; First, Second and Third Vice-President; a Treasurer; a Secretary, or a Secretary-Treasurer; the Executive Committee shall consist of these officers and 17 other members who with the officers shall be elected by ballot, and of the ex-officio members hereinafter mentioned. All Past Presidents shall constitute an Advisory Council under the Chairmanship of the immediate Past President and such ex-officio members of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

Election of Officers

(2) The Election of Officers of the Club shall take place at a general meeting of the members, to be held not later than April 30 of each year, at a date to be decided upon by the Executive Committee, and this meeting shall be deemed to be the Annual Meeting. The officers and Executive Committee then elected shall hold office till April 30 of the following year, and thereafter until their successors respectively have been duly elected and installed. A committee to nominate the officers for the new year shall be appointed at a regular or special meeting to be held not less than four, and not more than six weeks before such Annual Meeting, due notice of such meeting to be given to all members in good standing, and such committee shall report to the Annual Meeting; provided that no member shall be nominated to any office unless and until he has given notice in writing that he consents to such nomination and will act if elected to the position for which he has been nominated.

(3) Two Auditors shall be elected at each Annual Meeting.

Standing Committees

(4) Standing Committees shall be appointed as follows:

(a) Finance Committee.
(b) Speakers' Committee.
(c) Membership Committee.
(d) Constitution Committee.
(e) Luncheon and Reception Committee.
(f) Publicity Committee.
(g) Royal Colonial Institute Committee.

Filling of Vacancies Among Officers

Art. 7.—In the event of an office becoming vacant by death, resignation, or otherwise, the vacancy thus caused shall be filled by the Executive Committee and the person so chosen shall hold office until the next Annual Meeting.

Duties of Officers

Art. 8.—The duties of the officers shall be those customary to such positions in similar organizations.

Holding of Meetings

Art. 9.—(1) The Club shall hold general meetings weekly from October to May, both inclusive, in each twelve months with such intermission as from time to time may be decided upon.

(2) At the Annual Meeting a report of the year's proceedings and work shall be submitted by the President, and this report shall be accompanied by an interim report from the Treasurer. The Treasurer shall, in addition to the interim report presented at the Annual Meeting, present an audited statement of the finances of the Club for the full financial year at a regular meeting of the Club held during the month of May.

Notice of Meetings

Art. 10.—Written or printed notices of all meetings shall be given to the members of the Club. Such notices shall be sufficient if addressed to the members, and deposited post paid in the post office in Toronto.

Quorum at Meetings

Art. 11.—Fifteen members in good standing shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the Club, general, annual or special, and the presiding officer shall have a casting vote. Six members shall form a quorum of the Executive Committee.

Limitation of Business at General Meetings

Art. 12.—No business other than the hearing of the addresses and notices of motion shall be introduced at any meeting of the Club, unless it has been submitted to the Executive Committee and received its approval.

Calling of Special Meetings

Art. 13.—Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be called by the President, or on a requisition signed by three of its members. Special meetings of the Club may be called by the President, and shall be called by him on a requisition signed by twelve members and stating the object of the meeting. This object shall be stated in the notice calling the special meeting.

Financial Year

Art. 14.—The Financial Year of the Club shall begin on the first day of May in each year and end on the thirtieth day of April in the year following.

Amendments to Constitution

Art. 15.—This Constitution may be amended at the Annual Meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose, subject to a two thirds majority vote of the members present.

MEMBERS WITH HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES

Aird, Lieut. W. H.
Armstrong, J. S. P.
Ashlin, C. H. N.
Bond, E. A.
Burgess, Major F. A.
Burnaby, F. Harding
Campbell, E. M.
Clarkson, Major Robert C.
Crawford-Brown, Lyman
Crawford-Brown, Norman
Dunlap, Lieut. D. M.
Fallis, Col. The Rev. Geo. O.
Fleming, Major Robert
Gale, George T.
Gibson, Col. R. B., K.C.
Gilmour, Lieut. Thos. W.
Grassett, Lieut.-Col. S. H. B.
Gundy, C. L.
Harcourt, Major R. M.
Hatch, Carr
Johnston, Lieut.-Col. Baptist
Johnston, Erskine B.
Junkin, Major Lawrence
Lee, Flying Officer, H. T. I.
Massey, Squadron Ldr. Denton
Matthews, Flight Lieut. A. Beech
Matthews, Lieut. F. B.
Matthews, Flight Lieut. Paul W.
Morrow, Flight Lieut. Graham
Nash, Col. A. E., M.C.
Noyes, G. R. Finch
Nunn, Norman A.
Ruttan, Lieut.-Col. C. M.
Watson, Col. W. H.
Wilkes, Major F. Hilton

LIFE AND HONORARY MEMBERS

Bruce, Hon. Dr. Herbert A.
Clouse, Dr. Elias
Coombs, F. J.
Fasken, Alex.
Ferguson, Hon. G. Howard, K. C.
Fetherstonhaugh, F. B., K.C.
Geary, Major B. Handley, V.C.
Kernahan, W. T.
MacDougall, A. Roy
MacKendrick, Col. W. G.
McWhinney, W. J., K.C.
Murdoch, Jas. Y., K.C., LL.D.
Scythes, J. A.
Stapells, H. G., K.C.
Stapells, R. A.
Stewart, J. F. M.
Tindall, H. B.

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS

Arnoldi, Charles
Baker, Robert P.
Beaumont, Jos.
Boyd, Mossom deG.
Brace, J. H.
Bradley, Bruce H.
Bradley, E.
Cawthra-Elliott, Maj. Gen. H. M.
Davis, Aubrey
Fraser, Alasdair D. R.
Hitchcock, C. H.
Hollyman, F. K.
Hughes, Gordon R.
Jackson, E. H.
Kidd, Hon. T. Ashmore
Leather, Harold H.
Livingston, J. A.

Lovell, E. A.
McBain, Alex.
McCrea, T. Arthur
McCulley, Joseph
McIntosh, C. H.
McLaughlin, Col. R. S.
McLean, W. A.
MacKay, G. F. A.
Over, Spencer Henry
Raven, Rev. C. C.
Reaume, Mayor Arthur J.
Reed, Col. LeGrand
Rice, H. E.
Richardson, Dr. R. N. C.
Ryan, John
Sanders, C. J.
Shergold, Lt.-Col. C.
Shore, Harry J.
Sinclair, Dr. D. J.
Steele, C. E.
Tudhope, John H.
Walker, Charles
Whidden, Dr. Howard P.
Wideman, Harvey

RESIDENT MEMBERS

Abbs, Chas. E.
Adams, A. A.
Adams, G. W.
Adams, J. C.
Adamson, H. R.
Agar, Norman E.
Ahuja, M. R.
Alberts, Edgar T.
Alexander, John B.
Alexander, R. W.
Alexander, Samuel
Allen, Geo. H.
Alley, B. P.
Ambrose, J. R. W.
Anderson, J. Murray
Andrews, S. J.
Appleton, C. N.
Archdekin, W. O.
Armour, Rev. J. B. M.
Armstrong, Rev. Dr. W. L.
Arnoldi, Colonel F. F.
Atkinson, Fred
Atkinson, F. L.

Babbitt, G. W.
Babcock, Harold A.
Bain, H. R.
Bainard, R. H.
Baker, Col. E. A.
Baker, E. G.
Baker, Geo. A.
Baldwin, H. A.
Balfour, Gordon B., K.C.
Ball, L. F.
Ballard, B. W.
Band, Chas. S.
Banks, E. Harold
Barber, Geo.
Barber, William
Barbour, Royden M.
Bark, W. A.
Bastedo, Norman H.
Bate, Wm. B.
Batten, Reg. A.
Batten, W. Howard
Baxter, Major W. James
Beairsto, A. H. C.
Bealey, Ernest R.
Beardsworth, H.
Beaton, A. H.
Beatty, Dr. Hy. A., M.R.C.S.
Beatty, W.
Becker, Dr. C. W.
Begg, Herbert
Bell, Dr. W. J.
Bennett, E. J.
Bennett, Norman D.
Benson, D. F.
Berkinshaw, N. W.
Berkinshaw, R. C.
Bernard, M.
Best, T. Harrison
Bevan, G. H.
Bickle, E. W.
Birkenshaw, J. H.
Bishop, G.

Bishop, H. H.
Blackwell, Leslie E.
Bland, Rev. Salem G.
Boase, J. B.
Bogert, C. A.
Bolger, H. N.
Bond, Major F. L. C.
Bongard, Gordon R.
Bongard, R. R.
Bonnell, W. H. M.
Bourlier, H. C.
Bowman, Tom E.
Boxer, Reginald N.
Boyter, J. B.
Brathwaite, F. Y. W.
Bremner, Donald G.
Brittain, Horace L.
Brockwell, Meredith
Brooke, Arthur T.
Brooks, W.
Brown, F. I.
Brown, Henry
Brown, Murray
Brown, Stuart H.
Brown, W. E.
Brunk, R. H.
Bryce, Very Rev. Peter, D.D., D.C.L.
Bryce, Robt. A.
Bryson, R. N.
Burgess, C. H.
Burgess, John H.
Burke, E. T. C.
Burns, H. D.
Burns, Rev. Dr. R. N.
Burt, A. W.
Burton, C. L.
Burton, E. G.
Bush, Clayton E.

Calvin, C. C.
Cameron, Harry
Cameron, Capt. J. Duncan
Cameron, W. A.
Campbell, Andrew
Campbell, Dr. Colin A.
Carl, Gordon A.
Carlisle, C. H.
Carnegie, F. T.
Carradus, Capt. H. R.
Carriere, S. W.
Carroll, Frank J.
Carruthers, Geo.
Carruthers, Geo. L.
Carson, James L.
Carthy, Dr. W. C.
Cartwright, Brig. Gen. G. S.
Cassidy, H. F.
Caulder, J. A.
Caven, Dr. W. R.
Chalmers, Floyd S.
Chalmers, Dr. Wm. L.
Charles, Leo E.
Charlesworth, Hector
Chave, B. W.
Chipman, J. H.
Chisholm, Lt.-Col. Geo. T.
Christian, D. F.
Clark, C. T.
Clark, Herbert A., K.C.
Clark, Dr. Stanley K.
Clark, Dr. Wm. J.
Clarke, Robert B. G.
Clarkson, G. T.
Cliff, Geo. J.
Clouse, F. L.
Coatsworth, Alan
Cody, President H. J.
Coke, Major E. F.
Colberg, A. M.
Colby, S. A.
Cole, Joseph A.
Colebrook, H. G.
Collington, George E.
Collins, A. Barton
Comber, W. W.
Complin, Gordon
Conant, Hon. Gordon D., K.C.
Conquergood, Chas. R.
Coon, H. J.
Cooper, Ashton B.
Cork, J. Milton
Corlett, W. E.
Corrigan, Fred S.
Corson, R. R.
Cosgrave, Provost F. H.
Coste, E. F.
Cottrelle, Geo. R.

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Coulter, W. C.
Coulter, W. Howard
Courtice, A. Roy
Coutts, Wm. E.
Cowan, N. E.
Cowan, Major R. Cecil
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Crighton, A. S.
Crockett, E.
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Crowell, Samuel G.
Cudworth, W. O.

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Dargavel, R. B.
Davies, J. E.
Davis, Bertram N.
Davis, Bruce P.
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Dilworth, R. J.
Dilworth, W. A.
Dingle, Major Gordon R. M.
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Douglas, Howard R.
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Ellsworth, A. L.
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Fletcher, S. S.
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Lovering, His Honor Judge Egerton
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Neilly, Balmer
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Perry, N. R.
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Pettit, Godfrey S.
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Price, Lieut.-Col. W. H.
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Pullan, Harry
Pullen, Frank

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Stanley, R. D.
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Winship, North
Winter, L. A.

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